

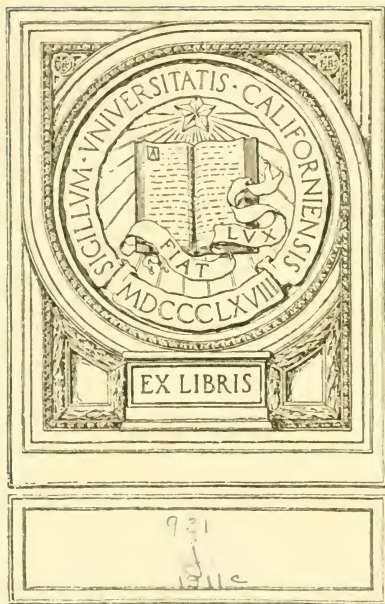
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CAESAR'S JULIUS CAESAR  
WITH  
PLUTARCH'S LIFE  
OF JULIUS CAESAR  
BY NORTH'S TRANSLATION  
EDITED WITH INTRODUCTION  
AND NOTES BY R. H. CARBONELL

OXFORD: AT THE CLARENDON PRESS



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TRAGEDY OF  
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JULIUS CAESAR.

OCTAVIUS CAESAR,  
MARCUS ANTONIUS,  
M. AEMILIUS LEPIDUS,

Triumvirs  
after the  
Death of  
Julius  
Caesar.

CICERO,  
PUBLIUS,  
POPILIUS LENA,

Senators.

MARCUS BRUTUS,  
CASSIUS,  
CASCA,  
TREBONIUS,  
LIGARIUS,  
DECIVS BRUTUS,  
METELLUS CIMBER,  
CINNA,

Conspirators  
against Ju-  
lius Caesar.

FLAVIUS and MARULLUS, Tri-  
bunes.

ARTEMIDORUS, a Sophist of Cnidos.

A Soothsayer.

CINNA, a Poet.

Another Poet.

LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA,

Young CATO, and VOLUMNIUS ;

Friends to Brutus and Cassius.

VARRO, CLITUS, CLAUDIUS,

STRATO, LUCIUS, DARDANIUS ;

Servants to Brutus.

PINDARUS, Servant to Cassius.

CALPURNIA, Wife to Caesar.

PORTIA, Wife to Brutus.

Senators, Citizens, Guards, At-  
tendants, &c.

SCENE.—During a great part of the Play, at Rome ; afterwards, Sardis and  
near Philippi.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Rome. A Street.

Enter FLAVIUS, MARULLUS, and certain Commoners.

Flavius. Hence ! home, you idle creatures, get you home :  
Is this a holiday ? What ! know you not,  
Being mechanical, you ought not walk  
Upon a labouring day without the sign  
Of your profession ? Speak, what trade art thou ? 5

First Commoner. Why, sir, a carpenter.

Marullus. Where is thy leather apron, and thy rule ?  
What dost thou with thy best apparel on ?  
You, sir, what trade are you ?

Second Commoner. Truly, sir, in respect of a fine work- 10  
man, I am but, as you would say, a cobbler.

Marullus. But what trade art thou ? Answer me  
directly.

Second Commoner. A trade, sir, that, I hope, I may  
use with a safe conscience ; which is, indeed, sir, a mender  
of bad soles. 15

Marullus. What trade, thou knave ? thou naughty  
knave, what trade ?

J.C.

336550

*Second Commoner.* Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with me : yet, if you be out, sir, I can mend you.

*Marullus.* What meanest thou by that ? Mend me, thou saucy fellow ! 20

*Second Commoner.* Why, sir, cobble you.

*Flavius.* Thou art a cobbler, art thou ?

*Sec. Commoner.* Truly, sir, all that I live by is with the awl : I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor women's matters, but with awl. I am, indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes ; when they are in great danger, I recover them. As proper men as ever trod upon neat's leather have gone upon my handiwork. 25

*Flavius.* But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day ? Why dost thou lead these men about the streets ? 30

*Second Commoner.* Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work. But, indeed, sir, we make holiday to see Caesar and to rejoice in his triumph. 35

*Mar.* Wherefore rejoice ? What conquest brings he home ? What tributaries follow him to Rome To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels ?

You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things ! O you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome, 40

Knew you not Pompey ? Many a time and oft Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements, To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops, Your infants in your arms, and there have sat The livelong day, with patient expectation, 45

To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome : And when you saw his chariot but appear,

Have you not made a universal shout, That Tiber trembled underneath her banks,

To hear the replication of your sounds Made in her concave shores ? 50

And do you now put on your best attire ?

And do you now cull out a holiday ?

And do you now strew flowers in his way, That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood ? 55

Be gone !

Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,

Pray to the gods to intermit the plague

That needs must light on this ingratitude.

*Flavius.* Go, go, good countrymen, and, for this fault, Assemble all the poor men of your sort ; 60

Draw them to Tiber banks, and weep your tears

Into the channel, till the lowest stream  
Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.

[*Exeunt all the Commoners.*

See whe'r their basest metal be not mov'd ; 65  
They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.  
Go you down that way towards the Capitol ;  
This way will I. Disrobe the images  
If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies.

*Marullus.* May we do so ? 70

You know it is the feast of Lupereal.

*Flavius.* It is no matter ; let no images  
Be hung with Caesar's trophies. I'll about  
And drive away the vulgar from the streets :  
So do you too where you perceive them thick. 75

These growing feathers pluck'd from Caesar's wing

Will make him fly an ordinary pitch,

Who else would soar above the view of men

And keep us all in servile fearfulness.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Same. A Public Place.*

*Enter, in procession, with music, CAESAR ; ANTONY, for the  
course ; CALPHURNIA, PORTIA, DECIUS, CICERO, BRUTUS,  
CASSIUS, and CASCA ; a great crowd following, among them a  
Soothsayer.*

*Caesar.* Calphurnia !

*Casca.* Peace, ho ! Caesar speaks. [*Music ceases.*

*Caesar.*

Calphurnia !

*Calphurnia.* Here, my lord.

*Caesar.* Stand you directly in Antonius' way  
When he doth run his course. Antonius !

*Antony.* Caesar, my lord. 5

*Caesar.* Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,  
To touch Calphurnia.

*Antony.* I shall remember :

When Caesar says ' Do this ', it is perform'd. 10

*Caesar.* Set on ; and leave no ceremony out. [*Music.*

*Soothsayer.* Caesar !

*Caesar.* Ha ! Who calls ?

*Casca.* Bid every noise be still : peace yet again !

[*Music ceases.*

*Caesar.* Who is it in the press that calls on me ? 15

I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,  
Cry ' Caesar '. Speak ; Caesar is turn'd to hear.

*Soothsayer.* Beware the Ides of March.

*Caesar.* What man is that ?

*Brutus.* A soothsayer bids you beware the Ides of March.

*Caesar.* Set him before me ; let me see his face. 20

*Casca.* Fellow, come from the throng ; look upon Caesar.

*Caesar.* What sayst thou to me now ? Speak once again.

*Soothsayer.* Beware the Ides of March.

*Caesar.* He is a dreamer ; let us leave him : pass.

[*Sennet. Exeunt all but BRUTUS and CASSIUS.*]

*Cassius.* Will you go see the order of the course ? 25

*Brutus.* Not I.

*Cassius.* I pray you, do.

*Brutus.* I am not gamesome : I do lack some part  
Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.

Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires ; 30  
I'll leave you.

*Cassius.* Brutus, I do observe you now of late :  
I have not from your eyes that gentleness  
And show of love as I was wont to have :  
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand 35  
Over your friend that loves you.

*Brutus.* Cassius,  
Be not deceiv'd : if I have veil'd my look,  
I turn the trouble of my countenance  
Merely upon myself. Vexed I am 40  
Of late with passions of some difference,  
Conceptions only proper to myself,  
Which give some soil perhaps to my behaviours ;  
But let not therefore my good friends be griev'd,—  
Among which number, Cassius, be you one,—  
Nor construe any further my neglect, 45  
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,  
Forgets the shows of love to other men.

*Cassius.* Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your passion ;  
By means whereof this breast of mine hath buried  
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations. 50  
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face ?

*Brutus.* No, Cassius ; for the eye sees not itself,  
But by reflection, by some other things.

*Cassius.* 'Tis just : 55  
And it is very much lamented, Brutus,  
That you have no such mirrors as will turn  
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,  
That you might see your shadow. I have heard,  
Where many of the best respect in Rome,—



Except immortal Caesar,—speaking of Brutus, 60  
 And groaning underneath this age's yoke,  
 Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.

*Brutus.* Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius,  
 That you would have me seek into myself  
 For that which is not in me? 65

*Cassius.* Therefore, good Brutus, be prepar'd to hear ;  
 And, since you know you cannot see yourself  
 So well as by reflection, I, your glass,  
 Will modestly discover to yourself  
 That of yourself which you yet know not of. 70  
 And be not jealous on me, gentle Brutus :  
 Were I a common laughèr, or did use  
 To stale with ordinary oaths my love  
 To every new protester ; if you know  
 That I do fawn on men and hug them hard, 75  
 And after scandal them ; or if you know  
 That I profess myself in banqueting  
 To all the rout, then hold me dangerous. [*Flourish and shout.*]

*Brutus.* What means this shouting ? I do fear the people  
 Choose Caesar for their king.

*Cassius.* Ay, do you fear it ? 80  
 Then must I think you would not have it so.

*Brutus.* I would not, Cassius ; yet I love him well. ~~—~~  
 But wherefore do you hold me here so long ?  
 What is it that you would impart to me ?  
 If it be aught toward the general good, 85  
 Set honour in one eye and death i' the other,  
 And I will look on both indifferently ;  
 For let the gods so speed me as I love  
 The name of honour more than I fear death.

*Cassius.* I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus, 90  
 As well as I do know your outward favour.  
 Well, honour is the subject of my story.

I cannot tell what you and other men  
 Think of this life ; but, for my single self,  
 I had as lief not be as live to be 95  
 In awe of such a thing as I myself.

I was born free as Caesar ; so were you :  
 We both have fed as well, and we can both  
 Endure the winter's cold as well as he :

For once, upon a raw and gusty day,  
 The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,  
 Caesar said to me, ' Dar'st thou, Cassius, now 100

Leap in with me into this angry flood,  
 And swim to yonder point ?' Upon the word,  
 Accoutred as I was, I plunged in 105  
 And bade him follow ; so indeed he did.  
 The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it  
 With lusty sinews, throwing it aside  
 And stemming it with hearts of controversy ;  
 But ere we could arrive the point propos'd, 110  
 Caesar cried, ' Help me, Cassius, or I sink !'  
 I, as Aeneas, our great ancestor,  
 Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder  
 The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tiber  
 Did I the tired Caesar. And this man 115  
 Is now become a god, and Cassius is  
 A wretched creature and must bend his body  
 If Caesar carelessly but nod on him.  
 He had a fever when he was in Spain,  
 And when the fit was on him, I did mark 120  
 How he did shake ; 'tis true, this god did shake ;  
 His coward lips did from their colour fly,  
 And that same eye whose bend doth awe the world  
 Did lose his lustre ; I did hear him groan ;  
 Ay, and that tongue of his that bade the Romans 125  
 Mark him and write his speeches in their books,  
 Alas ! it cried, ' Give me some drink, Titinius,'  
 As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,  
 A man of such a feeble temper should  
 So get the start of the majestic world, 130  
 And bear the palm alone. *[Flourish. Shout.*

*Brutus.* Another general shout !

I do believe that these applauses are  
 For some new honours that are heaped on Caesar.

*Cassius.* Why, man, he doth bstride the narrow world  
 Like a Colossus ; and we petty men 135  
 Walk under his huge legs, and peep about  
 To find ourselves dishonourable graves.  
 Men at some time are masters of their fates :  
 The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,  
 But in ourselves, that we are underlings. 140  
 Brutus and Caesar : what should be in that ' Caesar ' ?  
 Why should that name be sounded more than yours ?  
 Write them together, yours is as fair a name ;  
 Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well ;  
 Weigh them, it is as heavy ; conjure with 'em, 145

‘ Brutus ’ will start a spirit as soon as ‘ Caesar ’.  
 Now, in the names of all the gods at once,  
 Upon what meat doth this our Caesar feed,  
 That he is grown so great ? Age, thou art sham’d !  
 Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods ! 150  
 When went there by an age, since the great flood,  
 But it was fam’d with more than with one man ?  
 When could they say, till now, that talk’d of Rome,  
 That her wide walls encompass’d but one man ?  
 Now is it Rome indeed and room enough, 155  
 When there is in it but one only man.  
 O ! you and I have heard our fathers say,  
 There was a Brutus once that would have brook’d  
 Th’ eternal devil to keep his state in Rome  
 As easily as a king. ) 160

*Brutus.* That you do love me, I am nothing jealous ;  
 What you would work me to, I have some aim.  
 How I have thought of this and of these times,  
 I shall recount hereafter ; for this present,  
 I would not, so with love I might entreat you, 165  
 Be any further mov’d. What you have said  
 I will consider ; what you have to say  
 I will with patience hear, and find a time  
 Both meet to hear and answer such high things.  
 Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this : 170  
 Brutus had rather be a villager  
 Than to repute himself a son of Rome  
 Under these hard conditions as this time  
 Is like to lay upon us.

*Cassius.* I am glad  
 That my weak words have struck but thus much show 175  
 Of fire from Brutus.

*Brutus.* The games are done and Caesar is returning.

*Cassius.* As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve,  
 And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you  
 What hath proceeded worthy note to-day. 180

*Re-enter CAESAR and his Train.*

*Brutus.* I will do so. But, look you, Cassius,  
 The angry spot doth glow on Caesar’s brow,  
 And all the rest look like a chidden train :  
 Calphurnia’s cheek is pale, and Cicero  
 Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes 185  
 As we have seen him in the Capitol,

Being cross'd in conference by some senators.

*Cassius.* Casca will tell us what the matter is.

*Caesar.* Antonius !

*Antonius.* Caesar.

190

*Caesar.* Let me have men about me that are fat ;

~~Sleek-headed men and such as sleep o' nights.~~

Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look ;

He thinks too much ; such men are dangerous.

*Antonius.* Fear him not, Caesar, he's not dangerous ; 195  
He is a noble Roman, and well given.

*Caesar.* Would he were fatter ! but I fear him not :  
Yet if my name were liable to fear,

I do not know the man I should avoid

So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much ;

200

He is a great observer, and he looks

Quite through the deeds of men ; he loves no plays,

As thou dost, Antony ; he hears no music ;

Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort

As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit

205

That could be mov'd to smile at any thing.

Such men as he be never at heart's ease

Whiles they behold a greater than themselves,

And therefore are they very dangerous.

I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd

210

Than what I fear, for always I am Caesar.

Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,

And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

[*Sennet. Excunt CAESAR and his Train. CASCA stays behind.*]

*Cas.* You pull'd me by the cloak ; would you speak with me ?

*Brutus.* Ay, Casca ; tell us what hath chane'd to-day, 215  
That Caesar looks so sad.

*Casca.* Why, you were with him, were you not ?

*Brutus.* I should not then ask Casca what had chane'd.

*Casca.* Why, there was a crown offered him ; and,  
being offered him, he put it by with the back of his hand, 220  
thus ; and then the people fell a-shouting.

*Brutus.* What was the second noise for ?

*Casca.* Why, for that too.

*Cassius.* They shouted thrice : what was the last cry for ?

*Casca.* Why, for that too.

226

*Brutus.* Was the crown offered him thrice ?

*Casca.* Ay, marry, was't, and he put it by thrice,  
every time gentler than other ; and at every putting-by  
mine honest neighbours shouted.

230

*Cassius.* Who offered him the crown ?

*Casca.* Why, Antony.

*Brutus.* Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

*Casca.* I can as well be hanged as tell the manner of  
it : it was mere foolery ; I did not mark it. I saw Mark 235  
Antony offer him a crown ; yet 'twas not a crown neither,  
'twas one of these coronets ; and, as I told you, he put it  
by once ; but, for all that, to my thinking, he would fain  
have had it. Then he offered it to him again ; then he put  
it by again ; but, to my thinking, he was very loath to lay 240  
his fingers off it. And then he offered it the third time ;  
he put it the third time by ; and still as he refused it the  
rabblement shouted and clapped their chopped hands, 245  
and threw up their sweaty night-caps, and uttered such  
a deal of stinking breath because Caesar refused the crown,  
that it had almost choked Caesar ; for he swounded and  
fell down at it : and for mine own part, I durst not laugh, 250  
for fear of opening my lips and receiving the bad air.

*Cassius.* But soft, I pray you : what ! did Caesar swound ?

*Casca.* He fell down in the market-place, and foamed at  
mouth, and was speechless.

*Brutus.* 'Tis very like : he hath the falling-sickness. 255

*Cassius.* No, Caesar hath it not ; but you, and I,  
And honest Casca, we have the falling-sickness.

*Casca.* I know not what you mean by that ; but I am  
sure Caesar fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap 260  
him and hiss him, according as he pleased and displeas'd  
them, as they used to do the players in the theatre, I am  
no true man.

*Brutus.* What said he, when he came unto himself ?

*Casca.* Marry, before he fell down, when he perceiv'd 265  
the common herd was glad he refused the crown, he  
plucked me ope his doublet and offered them his throat  
to cut. An I had been a man of any occupation, if I would  
not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell 270  
among the rogues. And so he fell. When he came to  
himself again, he said, if he had done or said any thing  
amiss, he desired their worships to think it was his in-  
firmity. Three or four wenches, where I stood, cried, 275  
'Alas ! good soul,' and forgave him with all their hearts :  
but there's no heed to be taken of them ; if Caesar had  
stabbed their mothers, they would have done no less.

*Brutus.* And after that he came, thus sad, away ? 280

*Casca.* Ay.

*Cassius.* Did Cicero say any thing ?

*Casca.* Ay, he spoke Greek.

*Cassius.* To what effect ?

*Casca.* Nay, an I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i' 285  
the face again ; but those that understood him smiled at  
one another and shook their heads ; but, for mine own  
part, it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news too ;  
Marullus and Flavius, for pulling searfs off Caesar's images, 290  
are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more foolery  
yet, if I could remember it.

*Cassius.* Will you sup with me to-night, Casca ?

*Casca.* No, I am promised forth.

*Cassius.* Will you dine with me to-morrow ? 295

*Casca.* Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your  
dinner worth the eating.

*Cassius.* Good ; I will expect you.

*Casca.* Do so. Farewell, both.

[*Exit.*

*Brutus.* What a blunt fellow is this grown to be ! 300  
He was quick mettle when he went to school.

*Cassius.* So is he now in execution

Of any bold or noble enterprise,  
However he puts on this tardy form.

This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit, 305  
Which gives men stomach to digest his words  
With better appetite.

*Brutus.* And so it is. For this time I will leave you :

To-morrow, if you please to speak with me,

I will come home to you ; or, if you will,

Come home to me, and I will wait for you. 310

*Cassius.* I will do so : till then, think of the world.

[*Exit BRUTUS.*

Well, Brutus, thou art noble ; yet, I see,

Thy honourable metal may be wrought

From that it is dispos'd : therefore 'tis meet 315

That noble minds keep ever with their likes ;

For who so firm that cannot be seduc'd ?

Caesar doth bear me hard ; but he loves Brutus :

If I were Brutus now and he were Cassius

He should not humour me. I will this night, 320

In several hands, in at his windows throw,

As if they came from several citizens,

Writings all tending to the great opinion

That Rome holds of his name ; wherein obscurely

Caesar's ambition shall be glanced at : 325

And after this let Caesar seat him sure ;  
For we will shake him, or worse days endure.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*The Same. A Street.*

*Thunder and lightning. Enter, from opposite sides, CASCA, with his sword drawn, and CICERO.*

*Cicero.* Good even, Casca : brought you Caesar home ?  
Why are you breathless ? and why stare you so ?

*Casca.* Are not you mov'd, when all the sway of earth  
Shakes like a thing unfirm ? O Cicero !  
I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds 5  
Have riv'd the knotty oaks ; and I have seen  
The ambitious ocean swell and rage and foam,  
To be exalted with the threat'ning clouds :  
But never till to-night, never till now,  
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire. 10  
Either there is a civil strife in heaven,  
Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,  
Incenses them to send destruction.

*Cicero.* Why, saw you any thing more wonderful ?

*Casca.* A common slave—you know him well by sight— 15  
Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn  
Like twenty torches join'd ; and yet his hand,  
Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.  
Besides,—I have not since put up my sword,—  
Against the Capitol I met a lion, 20  
Who glar'd upon me, and went surly by,  
Without annoying me ; and there were drawn  
Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women,  
Transformed with their fear, who swore they saw  
Men all in fire walk up and down the streets. 25  
And yesterday the bird of night did sit,  
Even at noon-day, upon the market-place,  
Hooting and shrieking. When these prodigies  
Do so conjointly meet, let not men say  
'These are their reasons, they are natural' ; 30  
For, I believe, they are portentous things  
Unto the climate that they point upon.

*Cicero.* Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time :  
But men may construe things after their fashion,  
Clean from the purpose of the things themselves. 35  
Comes Caesar to the Capitol to-morrow ?

*Casca.* He doth ; for he did bid Antonius  
Send word to you he would be there to-morrow.



*Cicero.* Good-night then, Casca : this disturbed sky  
Is not to walk in.

*Casca.* Farewell, Cicero. [Exit CICERO. 40

*Enter CASSIUS.*

*Cassius.* Who's there ?

*Casca.* A Roman.

*Cassius.* Casca, by your voice.

*Casca.* Your ear is good. Cassius, what night is this !

*Cassius.* A very pleasing night to honest men.

*Casca.* Who ever knew the heavens menace so ?

*Cassius.* Those that have known the earth so full of faults. 45  
For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,  
Submitting me unto the perilous night,  
And, thus unbraced, Casca, as you see,  
Have bar'd my bosom to the thunder-stone ;  
And, when the cross blue lightning seem'd to open 50  
The breast of heaven, I did present myself  
Even in the aim and very flash of it.

*Casca.* But wherefore did you so much tempt the heavens ?  
It is the part of men to fear and tremble  
When the most mighty gods by tokens send 55  
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

*Cassius.* You are dull, Casca, and those sparks of life  
That should be in a Roman you do want,  
Or else you use not. You look pale, and gaze,  
And put on fear, and cast yourself in wonder, 60  
To see the strange impatience of the heavens ;  
But if you would consider the true cause  
Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,  
Why birds and beasts, from quality and kind ;  
Why old men, fools, and children calculate ; 65  
Why all these things change from their ordinance,  
Their natures, and pre-formed faculties,  
To monstrous quality, why, you shall find  
That heaven hath infus'd them with these spirits  
To make them instruments of fear and warning 70  
Unto some monstrous state.

Now could I, Casca, name to thee a man  
Most like this dreadful night,  
That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars  
As doth the lion in the Capitol, 75  
A man no mightier than thyself or me  
In personal action, yet prodigious grown



And fearful as these strange eruptions are.

*Casca.* 'Tis Caesar that you mean ; is it not, Cassius ?

*Cassius.* Let it be who it is : for Romans now  
Have thews and limbs like to their ancestors ;  
But, woe the while ! our fathers' minds are dead,  
And we are govern'd with our mothers' spirits ;  
Our yoke and sufferance show us womanish.

*Casca.* Indeed, they say the senators to-morrow  
Mean to establish Caesar as a king ;  
And he shall wear his crown by sea and land,  
In every place, save here in Italy.

*Cassius.* I know where I will wear this dagger then ;  
Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius :  
Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong ;  
Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat :

Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,  
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,  
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit ;  
But life, being weary of those worldly bars,  
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.

If I know this, know all the world besides,  
That part of tyranny that I do bear  
I can shake off at pleasure. [Thunder still.

*Casca.* So can I :  
So every bondman in his own hand bears  
The power to cancel his captivity.

*Cassius.* And why should Caesar be a tyrant then ?  
Poor man ! I know he would not be a wolf  
But that he sees the Romans are but sheep ;  
He were no lion were not Romans hinds.

Those that with haste will make a mighty fire  
Begin it with weak straws ; what trash is Rome,  
What rubbish, and what offal, when it serves  
For the base matter to illuminate  
So vile a thing as Caesar ! But, O grief !

Where hast thou led me ? I, perhaps, speak this  
Before a willing bondman ; then I know  
My answer must be made : but I am arm'd,  
And dangers are to me indifferent.

*Casca.* You speak to Casca, and to such a man  
That is no fltering tell-tale. Hold, my hand :  
Be factious for redress of all these griefs,  
And I will set this foot of mine as far  
As who goes furthest.

*Cassius.* There's a bargain made. 120  
 Now know you, Casca, I have mov'd already  
 Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans  
 To undergo with me an enterprise  
 Of honourable-dangerous consequence ;  
 And I do know by this they stay for me 125  
 In Pompey's porch : for now, this fearful night,  
 There is no stir, or walking in the streets ;  
 And the complexion of the element  
 In favour's like the work we have in hand,  
 Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible. 130  
*Casca.* Stand close awhile, for here comes one in haste.  
*Cassius.* 'Tis Cinna ; I do know him by his gait :  
 He is a friend.

*Enter CINNA.*

Cinna, where haste you so ?  
*Cinna.* To find out you. Who's that ? Metellus Cimber ?  
*Cassius.* No, it is Casca ; one incorporate 135  
 To our attempts. Am I not stay'd for, Cinna ?  
*Cinna.* I am glad on't. What a fearful night is this !  
 There's two or three of us have seen strange sights.  
*Cassius.* Am I not stay'd for ? Tell me.  
*Cinna.* Yes, you are.  
 O Cassius ! if you could 140  
 But win the noble Brutus to our party—  
*Cassius.* Be you content. Good Cinna, take this paper,  
 And look you lay it in the praetor's chair,  
 Where Brutus may but find it ; and throw this  
 In at his window ; set this up with wax 145  
 Upon old Brutus' statue : all this done,  
 Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us.  
 Is Decius, Brutus and Trebonius there ?  
*Cinna.* All but Metellus Cimber ; and he's gone  
 To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie, 150  
 And so bestow these papers as you bade me.  
*Cas.* That done, repair to Pompey's theatre. [*Exit CINNA.*  
 Come, Casca, you and I will yet ere day  
 See Brutus at his house : three parts of him  
 Is ours already, and the man entire 155  
 Upon the next encounter yields him ours.  
*Casca.* O ! he sits high in all the people's hearts :  
 And that which would appear offence in us,  
 His countenance, like richest alchemy,  
 Will change to virtue and to worthiness. 160

*Cassius.* Him and his worth and our great need of him  
 You have right well conceited. Let us go,  
 For it is after midnight ; and ere day  
 We will awake him and be sure of him.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Rome.* BRUTUS' Orchard.

*Enter* BRUTUS.

*Brutus.* What, Lucius ! ho !  
 I cannot, by the progress of the stars,  
 Give guess how near to day. Lucius, I say !  
 I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.  
 When, Lucius, when ! Awake, I say ! what, Lucius ! 5

*Enter* LUCIUS.

*Lucius.* Call'd you, my lord ?  
*Brutus.* Get me a taper in my study, Lucius :  
 When it is lighted, come and call me here.  
*Lucius.* I will, my lord. [*Exit.*]

*Brutus.* It must be by his death : and, for my part, 10  
 I know no personal cause to spurn at him,  
But for the general. He would be crown'd :  
 How that might change his nature, there 's the question :  
 It is the bright day that brings forth the adder ;  
 And that craves wary walking. Crown him ?—that ! 15  
 And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,  
 That at his will he may do danger with.  
 The abuse of greatness is when it disjoins  
 Remorse from power ; and, to speak truth of Caesar,  
I have not known when his affections sway'd 20  
More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof,  
 That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,  
 Whereto the climber-upward turns his face ;  
 But when he once attains the upmost round,  
 He then unto the ladder turns his back, 25  
 Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees  
 By which he did ascend. So Caesar may :  
 Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the quarrel  
 Will bear no colour for the thing he is,  
 Fashion it thus : that what he is, augmented, 30  
 Would run to these and these extremities ;  
 And therefore think him as a serpent's egg  
 Which, hatch'd, would, as his kind, grow mischievous,  
 And kill him in the shell.

*Re-enter* LUCIUS.

*Lucius.* The taper burneth in your closet, sir. 35  
Searching the window for a flint, I found  
This paper, thus seal'd up ; and I am sure  
It did not lie there when I went to bed.

*Brutus.* Get you to bed again ; it is not day.  
Is not to-morrow, boy, the Ides of March ? 40

*Lucius.* I know not, sir.

*Brutus.* Look in the calendar, and bring me word.

*Lucius.* I will, sir. [*Exit.*]

*Brutus.* The exhalations whizzing in the air  
Give so much light that I may read by them. [*Opens the letter.*]

*Brutus, thou sleep'st : awake and see thyself.* 46

*Shall Rome, &c. Speak, strike, redress !*

*Brutus, thou sleep'st : awake !*

Such instigations have been often dropp'd  
Where I have took them up. 50

' Shall Rome, &c.' Thus must I piece it out :  
Shall Rome stand under one man's awe ? What, Rome ?

My ancestors did from the streets of Rome  
The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king.

' Speak, strike, redress ! ' Am I entreated 55  
To speak, and strike ? O Rome ! I make thee promise ;

If the redress will follow, thou receiv'st  
Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus !

*Re-enter* LUCIUS.

*Luc.* Sir, March is wasted fourteen days. [*Knocking within.*]

*Brutus.* 'Tis good. Go to the gate : somebody knocks. 60  
[*Exit* LUCIUS.]

Since Cassius first did whet me against Caesar,  
I have not slept.

Between the acting of a dreadful thing  
And the first motion, all the interim is  
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream : 65

The genius and the mortal instruments  
Are then in council ; and the state of man,  
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then

The nature of an insurrection.

*Re-enter* LUCIUS.

*Lucius.* Sir, 'tis your brother Cassius at the door, 70  
Who doth desire to see you.

*Brutus.* Is he alone ?

*Lucius.* No, sir, there are more with him.

*Brutus.* Do you know them ?

*Lucius.* No, sir ; their hats are pluck'd about their ears,  
And half their faces buried in their cloaks,  
That by no means I may discover them 75  
By any mark of favour.

*Brutus.* Let 'em enter. [*Exit LUCIUS.*]  
They are the faction. O conspiracy !  
Sham'st thou to show thy dangerous brow by night,  
When evils are most free ? O ! then by day  
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough 80  
To mask thy monstrous visage ? Seek none, conspiracy ;  
Hide it in smiles and affability :  
For if thou path, thy native semblance on,  
Not Erebus itself were dim enough  
To hide thee from prevention. 85

*Enter the Conspirators, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, CINNA,  
METELLUS CIMBER, and TREBONIUS.*

*Cassius.* I think we are too bold upon your rest :  
Good morrow, Brutus ; do we trouble you ?

*Brutus.* I have been up this hour, awake all night.  
Know I these men that come along with you ?

*Cassius.* Yes, every man of them ; and no man here 90  
But honours you ; and every one doth wish  
You had but that opinion of yourself  
Which every noble Roman bears of you.  
This is Trebonius.

*Brutus.* He is welcome hither.

*Cassius.* This, Decius Brutus.

*Brutus.* He is welcome too. 95

*Cassius.* This, Casca ; this, Cinna ;

And this, Metellus Cimber.

*Brutus.* They are all welcome.  
What watchful cares do interpose themselves  
Betwixt your eyes and night ? 99

*Cass.* Shall I entreat a word ? [*BRUTUS and CASSIUS whisper.*]

*Decius.* Here lies the east : doth not the day break here ?

*Casca.* No.

*Cinna.* O ! pardon, sir, it doth ; and you grey lines  
That fret the clouds are messengers of day.

*Casca.* You shall confess that you are both deceiv'd. 105  
Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises ;  
Which is a great way growing on the south,

Weighing the youthful season of the year.  
 Some two months hence up higher toward the north  
 He first presents his fire; and the high east 110  
 Stands, as the Capitol, directly here.

*Brutus.* Give me your hands all over, one by one.

*Cassius.* And let us swear our resolution.

*Brutus.* No, not an oath : if not the face of men,  
 The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse, 115

If these be motives weak, break off betimes,  
 And every man hence to his idle bed ;  
 So let high-sighted tyranny range on,  
 Till each man drop by lottery. But if these,  
 As I am sure they do, bear fire enough 120

To kindle cowards and to steel with valour  
 The melting spirits of women, then, countrymen,  
 What need we any spur but our own cause  
 To prick us to redress ? what other bond  
 Than secret Romans, that have spoke the word 125  
 And will not palter ? and what other oath

Than honesty to honesty engag'd,  
 That this shall be, or we will fall for it ?  
 Swear priests and cowards and men cautelous,  
 Old feeble carrions and such suffering souls 130

That welcome wrongs ; unto bad causes swear  
 Such creatures as men doubt ; but do not stain  
 The even virtue of our enterprise,  
 Nor th' insuppressive mettle of our spirits,  
 To think that or our cause or our performance 135

Did need an oath ; when every drop of blood  
 That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,  
 Is guilty of a several infamy,  
 If he do break the smallest particle  
 Of any promise that hath pass'd from him. 140

*Cassius.* But what of Cicero ? Shall we sound him ?  
 I think he will stand very strong with us.

*Casca.* Let us not leave him out.

*Cinna.* No, by no means.

*Metellus.* O ! let us have him ; for his silver hairs  
 Will purchase us a good opinion 145  
 And buy men's voices to commend our deeds :  
 It shall be said his judgment rul'd our hands ;  
 Our youths and wildness shall no whit appear,  
 But all be buried in his gravity.

*Brutus.* O ! name him not ; let us not break with him ; 150

For he will never follow any thing  
That other men begin.

*Cassius.* Then leave him out.

*Casca.* Indeed he is not fit.

*Decius.* Shall no man else be touch'd but only Caesar?

*Cassius.* Decius, well urg'd. I think it is not meet, 155  
Mark Antony, so well belov'd of Caesar,  
Should outlive Caesar: we shall find of him  
A shrewd contriver; and, you know, his means,  
If he improve them, may well stretch so far  
As to annoy us all; which to prevent, 160  
Let Antony and Caesar fall together.

*Brutus.* Our course will seem too bloody, Caius Cassius,  
To cut the head off and then hack the limbs,  
Like wrath in death and envy afterwards;  
For Antony is but a limb of Caesar. 165  
Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius.  
We all stand up against the spirit of Caesar;  
And in the spirit of men there is no blood:  
O! then that we could come by Caesar's spirit,  
And not dismember Caesar. But, alas! 170  
Caesar must bleed for it. And, gentle friends,  
Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;  
Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,  
Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds:  
And let our hearts, as subtle masters do, 175  
Stir up their servants to an act of rage,  
And after seem to chide 'em. This shall make  
Our purpose necessary and not envious;  
Which so appearing to the common eyes,  
We shall be call'd purgers, not murderers. 180  
And, for Mark Antony, think not of him;  
For he can do no more than Caesar's arm  
When Caesar's head is off.

*Cassius.* Yet I fear him;

For in the engrafted love he bears to Caesar—

*Brutus.* Alas! good Cassius, do not think of him: 185  
If he love Caesar, all that he can do  
Is to himself,—take thought and die for Caesar:  
And that were much he should; for he is given  
To sports, to wildness, and much company.

*Trebonius.* There is no fear in him; let him not die: 190  
For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter. [*Clock strikes.*]

*Brutus.* Peace! count the clock.

*Cassius.* The clock hath stricken three.

*Trebonius.* 'Tis time to part.

*Cassius.* But it is doubtful yet

Whether Caesar will come forth to-day or no ;

For he is superstitious grown of late, 195

Quite from the main opinion he held once

Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies.

It may be, these apparent prodigies,

The unaccustom'd terror of this night,

And the persuasion of his augurers, 200

May hold him from the Capitol to-day.

*Decius.* Never fear that : if he be so resolv'd,

I can o'ersway him ; for he loves to hear

That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,

And bears with glasses, elephants with holes, 205

Lions with toils, and men with flatterers ;

But when I tell him he hates flatterers,

He says he does, being then most flattered.

Let me work ;

For I can give his humour the true bent, 210

And I will bring him to the Capitol.

*Cassius.* Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.

*Brutus.* By the eighth hour : is that the uttermost ?

*Cinna.* Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.

*Metellus.* Caius Ligarius doth bear Caesar hard, 215

Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey :

I wonder none of you have thought of him.

*Brutus.* Now, good Metellus, go along by him :

He loves me well, and I have given him reasons ;

Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him. 220

*Cassius.* The morning comes upon 's : we'll leave you, Brutus.

And, friends, disperse yourselves ; but all remember

What you have said, and show yourselves true Romans.

*Brutus.* Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily ;

Let not our looks put on our purposes, 225

But bear it as our Roman actors do,

With untir'd spirits and formal constancy :

And so good morrow to you every one.

[*Exeunt all except BRUTUS.*

Boy ! Lucius ! Fast asleep ? It is no matter ;

Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber : 230

Thou hast no figures nor no fantasies

Which busy care draws in the brains of men ;

Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.



*Enter* PORTIA.

*Portia.* Brutus, my lord !

*Brutus.* Portia, what mean you ? Wherefore rise you now ?  
It is not for your health thus to commit 235  
Your weak condition to the raw cold morning.

*Portia.* Nor for yours neither. You've ungently, Brutus,  
Stole from my bed ; and yesternight at supper  
You suddenly arose, and walk'd about,  
Musing and sighing, with your arms across, 240  
And when I ask'd you what the matter was,  
You stared upon me with ungentle looks.  
I urg'd you further ; then you scratch'd your head,  
And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot ;  
Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not, 245  
But, with an angry wafture of your hand,  
Gave sign for me to leave you. So I did,  
Fearing to strengthen that impatience  
Which seem'd too much enkindled, and withal  
Hoping it was but an effect of humour, 250  
Which sometime hath his hour with every man.  
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep,  
And could it work so much upon your shape  
As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,  
I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord, 255  
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

*Brutus.* I am not well in health, and that is all.

*Portia.* Brutus is wise, and were he not in health,  
He would embrace the means to come by it.

*Brutus.* Why, so I do. Good Portia, go to bed. 260

*Portia.* Is Brutus sick, and is it physical  
To walk unbraced and suck up the humours  
Of the dank morning ? What ! is Brutus sick,  
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed  
To dare the vile contagion of the night, 265  
And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air  
To add unto his sickness ? No, my Brutus ;  
You have some sick offence within your mind,  
Which, by the right and virtue of my place,  
I ought to know of ; and, upon my knees, 270  
I charm you, by my once-commended beauty,  
By all your vows of love, and that great vow  
Which did incorporate and make us one,  
That you unfold to me, your self, your half,  
Why you are heavy, and what men to-night 275

Have had resort to you ; for here have been  
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces  
Even from darkness.

*Brutus.* Kneel not, gentle Portia.

*Portia.* I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus.  
Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus, 280  
Is it excepted, I should know no secrets  
That appertain to you ? Am I yourself  
But, as it were, in sort or limitation,  
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,  
And talk to you sometimes ? Dwell I but in the suburbs 285  
Of your good pleasure ?

*Brutus.* You are my true and honourable wife, 288  
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops  
That visit my sad heart. 290

*Portia.* If this were true then should I know this secret.  
I grant I am a woman, but, withal,  
A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife ;  
I grant I am a woman, but, withal,  
A woman well-reputed, Cato's daughter. 295  
Think you I am no stronger than my sex,  
Being so father'd and so husbanded ?  
Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose 'em.  
I have made strong proof of my constancy,  
Giving myself a voluntary wound 300  
Here in the thigh : can I bear that with patience  
And not my husband's secrets ?

*Brutus.* O ye gods !  
Render me worthy of this noble wife. [*Knocking within.*]  
Hark, hark ! one knocks. Portia, go in awhile ;  
And by and by thy bosom shall partake 305  
The secrets of my heart.

All my engagements I will construe to thee,  
All the charaetery of my sad brows.  
Leave me with haste. [*Exit PORTIA.*]

Lucius, who's that knocks ?

*Re-enter LUCIUS with LIGARIUS.*

*Lucius.* Here is a sick man that would speak with you. 310

*Brutus.* Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spoke of.  
Boy, stand aside. Caius Ligarius ! how ?

*Ligarius.* Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.

*Brutus.* O ! what a time have you chose out, brave Caius,  
To wear a kerchief. Would you were not sick. 315

*Ligarius.* I am not sick if Brutus have in hand  
Any exploit worthy the name of honour.

*Brutus.* Such an exploit have I in hand, *Ligarius*,  
Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.

*Ligarius.* By all the gods that Romans bow before, 320  
I here discard my sickness. Soul of Rome !  
Brave son, deriv'd from honourable loins !

Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjur'd up  
My mortified spirit. Now bid me run,  
And I will strive with things impossible ; 325  
Yea, get the better of them. What's to do ?

*Brutus.* A piece of work that will make sick men whole.

*Ligarius.* But are not some whole that we must make sick ?

*Brutus.* That must we also. What it is, my *Caius*,  
I shall unfold to thee as we are going 330  
To whom it must be done.

*Ligarius.* Set on your foot,  
And with a heart new-fired I follow you,  
To do I know not what ; but it sufficeth  
That Brutus leads me on.

*Brutus.* Follow me then. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. *The Same.* CAESAR'S House.

*Thunder and lightning.* Enter CAESAR in his night-gown.

*Caesar.* Nor heaven nor earth have been at peace to-night :  
Thrice hath Calphurnia in her sleep cried out,  
'Help, ho ! They murder Caesar !' Who's within ?

*Enter a Servant.*

*Servant.* My lord !

*Caesar.* Go bid the priests do present sacrifice, 5  
And bring me their opinions of success.

*Servant.* I will, my lord. [Exit.

*Enter CALPHURNIA.*

*Cal.* What mean you, Caesar ? Think you to walk forth ?  
You shall not stir out of your house to-day.

*Caesar.* Caesar shall forth : the things that threaten'd me  
Ne'er look'd but on my back ; when they shall see 11  
The face of Caesar, they are vanished.

*Calphurnia.* Caesar, I never stood on ceremonies,  
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,  
Besides the things that we have heard and seen, 15  
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.  
A lioness hath whelped in the streets ;

And graves have yawn'd and yielded up their dead ;  
 Fierce fiery warriors fought upon the clouds,  
 In ranks and squadrons and right form of war, 20  
 Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol ;  
 The noise of battle hurtled in the air,  
 Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan,  
 And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the streets.  
 O Caesar ! these things are beyond all use, 25  
 And I do fear them.

*Caesar.* What can be avoided  
 Whose end is purpos'd by the mighty gods ?  
 Yet Caesar shall go forth : for these predictions  
 Are to the world in general as to Caesar.

*Cal.* When beggars die there are no comets seen ; 30  
 The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.

*Caesar.* Cowards die many times before their deaths ;  
 The valiant never taste of death but once.  
 Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,  
 It seems to me most strange that men should fear ; 35  
 Seeing that death, a necessary end,  
 Will come when it will come.

*Re-enter Servant.*

What say the augurers ?  
*Servant.* They would not have you to stir forth to-day,  
 Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,  
 They could not find a heart within the beast. 40

*Caesar.* The gods do this in shame of cowardice :  
 Caesar should be a beast without a heart  
 If he should stay at home to-day for fear.  
 No, Caesar shall not ; danger knows full well  
 That Caesar is more dangerous than he : 45  
 We are two lions litter'd in one day  
 And I the elder and more terrible :  
 And Caesar shall go forth.

*Calphurnia.* Alas ! my lord,  
 Your wisdom is consum'd in confidence.  
 Do not go forth to-day : call it my fear 50  
 That keeps you in the house, and not your own.  
 We'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house,  
 And he shall say you are not well to-day :  
 Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

*Caesar.* Mark Antony shall say I am not well ; 55  
 And, for thy humour, I will stay at home.

*Enter DECIUS.*

Here's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.

*Decius.* Caesar, all hail! Good morrow, worthy Caesar:  
I come to fetch you to the senate-house.

*Caesar.* And you are come in very happy time 60  
To hear my greeting to the senators,  
And tell them that I will not come to-day:  
Cannot, is false, and that I dare not, falser;  
I will not come to-day: tell them so, Decius.

*Calphurnia.* Say he is sick.

*Caesar.* Shall Caesar send a lie? 65  
Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far  
To be afraid to tell greybeards the truth?  
Decius, go tell them Caesar will not come.

*Decius.* Most mighty Caesar, let me know some cause,  
Lest I be laugh'd at when I tell them so. 70

*Caesar.* The cause is in my will: I will not come;  
That is enough to satisfy the senate:  
But for your private satisfaction,  
Because I love you, I will let you know:  
Calphurnia here, my wife, stays me at home: 75  
She dreamt to-night she saw my statua,  
Which, like a fountain with a hundred spouts,  
Did run pure blood; and many lusty Romans  
Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it;  
And these does she apply for warnings and portents, 80  
And evils imminent; and on her knee  
Hath begg'd that I will stay at home to-day.

*Decius.* This dream is all amiss interpreted;  
It was a vision fair and fortunate:  
Your statue spouting blood in many pipes, 85  
In which so many smiling Romans bath'd,  
Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck  
Reviving blood, and that great men shall press  
For tinctures, stains, relies, and cognizance.  
This by Calphurnia's dream is signified. 90

*Caesar.* And this way have you well expounded it.

*Decius.* I have, when you have heard what I can say:  
And know it now: the senate have concluded  
To give this day a crown to mighty Caesar.  
If you shall send them word you will not come, 95  
Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock  
Apt to be render'd, for some one to say  
'Break up the senate till another time,

When Caesar's wife shall meet with better dreams.?

If Caesar hide himself, shall they not whisper 100

'Lo! Caesar is afraid'?

Pardon me, Caesar; for my dear dear love

To your proceeding bids me tell you this,

And reason to my love is liable.

*Caesar.* How foolish do your fears seem now, Calphurnia!

I am ashamed I did yield to them. 105

Give me my robe, for I will go:

*Enter* PUBLIUS, BRUTUS, LIGARIUS, METELLUS, CASCA,  
TREBONIUS, *and* CINNA.

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.

*Publius.* Good morrow, Caesar.

*Caesar.* Welcome, Publius.

What! Brutus, are you stirr'd so early too? 110

Good morrow, Casca. Caius Ligarius,

Caesar was ne'er so much your enemy

As that same ague which hath made you lean.

What is't o'clock?

*Brutus.* Caesar, 'tis stricken eight.

*Caesar.* I thank you for your pains and courtesy. 115

*Enter* ANTONY.

See! Antony, that revels long o' nights,

Is notwithstanding up. Good morrow, Antony.

*Antony.* So to most noble Caesar.

*Caesar.* Bid them prepare within:

I am to blame to be thus waited for.

Now, Cinna; now, Metellus; what, Trebonius! 120

I have an hour's talk in store for you;

Remember that you call on me to-day:

Be near me, that I may remember you.

*Trebonius.* Caesar, I will:—[*Aside.*] and so near will I be,  
That your best friends shall wish I had been further. 125

*Caesar.* Good friends, go in, and taste some wine with me;  
And we, like friends, will straightway go together.

*Brut.* [*Aside.*] That every like is not the same, O Caesar!  
The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The Same.* A Street near the Capitol.

*Enter* ARTEMIDORUS, reading a paper.

*Artem.* Caesar, beware of Brutus; take heed of Cassius;  
come not near Casca; have an eye to Cinna; trust not

*Trebonius* ; mark well *Metellus Cimber* ; *Decius Brutus* loves thee not ; thou hast wronged *Caius Ligarius*. There is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent against *Caesar*. If thou be'st not immortal, look about you : security gives way to conspiracy. The mighty gods defend thee ! Thy lover, *ARTEMIDORUS*. 5

Here will I stand till *Caesar* pass along,  
And as a suitor will I give him this.  
My heart laments that virtue cannot live  
Out of the teeth of emulation.  
If thou read this, O *Caesar* ! thou mayst live ; 15  
If not, the Fates with traitors do contrive. [*Exit*.

SCENE IV.—*The Same. Another Part of the same Street, before the House of BRUTUS.*

*Enter PORTIA and LUCIUS.*

*Portia*. I prithee, boy, run to the senate-house ;  
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone.  
Why dost thou stay ?

*Lucius*. To know my errand, madam.

*Portia*. I would have had thee there, and here again,  
Ere I can tell thee what thou shouldst do there. 5  
O constancy ! be strong upon my side ;  
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue ;  
I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.  
How hard it is for women to keep counsel !  
Art thou here yet ?

*Lucius*. Madam, what shall I do ? 10  
Run to the Capitol, and nothing else ?  
And so return to you, and nothing else ?

*Portia*. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look well,  
For he went sickly forth ; and take good note  
What *Caesar* doth, what suitors press to him. 15  
Hark, boy ! what noise is that ?

*Lucius*. I hear none, madam.

*Portia*. Prithee, listen well :  
I heard a bustling rumour, like a fray,  
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.  
*Lucius*. Sooth, madam, I hear nothing. 20

*Enter the Soothsayer.*

*Portia*. Come hither, fellow : which way hast thou been ?  
*Soothsayer*. At mine own house, good lady.

*Portia.* What is 't o'clock ?

*Soothsayer.* About the ninth hour, lady.

*Portia.* Is Caesar yet gone to the Capitol ?

*Soothsayer.* Madam, not yet : I go to take my stand, 25  
To see him pass on to the Capitol.

*Portia.* Thou hast some suit to Caesar, hast thou not ?

*Soothsayer.* That I have, lady : if it will please Caesar  
To be so good to Caesar as to hear me,  
I shall beseech him to befriend himself. 30

*Por.* Why, knows't thou any harm's intended towards him ?

*Sooth.* None that I know will be, much that I fear may  
chance.

Good morrow to you. Here the street is narrow :

The throng that follows Caesar at the heels,  
Of senators, of praetors, common suitors, 35

Will crowd a feeble man almost to death :

I'll get me to a place more void, and there  
Speak to great Caesar as he comes along. [*Exit.*]

*Portia.* I must go in. Ay me ! how weak a thing  
The heart of woman is. O Brutus ! 40

The heavens speed thee in thine enterprise.

Sure, the boy heard me : Brutus hath a suit  
That Caesar will not grant. O ! I grow faint.

Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord ;  
Say I am merry : come to me again, 45

And bring me word what he doth say to thee.  
[*Exeunt, severally.*]

### ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Rome. Before the Capitol ; the Senate sitting above.*

*A crowd of People ; among them ARTEMIDORUS and the Soothsayer. Flourish. Enter CAESAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, METELLUS, TREBONIUS, CINNA, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POPILIUS, PUBLIUS, and Others.*

*Caesar.* [*To the Soothsayer.*] The Ides of March are come.

*Soothsayer.* Ay, Caesar ; but not gone.

*Artemidorus.* Hail, Caesar ! Read this schedule.

*Decius.* Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read,  
At your best leisure, this his humble suit. 5

*Artemidorus.* O Caesar ! read mine first ; for mine's a suit  
That touches Caesar nearer. Read it, great Caesar.

*Caesar.* What touches us ourself shall be last served.

*Artemidorus.* Delay not, Caesar ; read it instantly.



Caesar. What ! is the fellow mad ?

Publius. Sirrah, give place. 10

Caesar. What ! urge you your petitions in the street ?  
Come to the Capitol.

CAESAR goes up to the Senate-House, the rest following. All the  
Senators rise.

Popilius. I wish your enterprise to-day may thrive.

Cassius. What enterprise, Popilius ?

Popilius. Fare you well.

[Advances to CAESAR.]

Brutus. What said Popilius Lena ? 15

Cassius. He wish'd to-day our enterprise might thrive.

I fear our purpose is discovered.

Brutus. Look, how he makes to Caesar : mark him.

Cassius. Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention.

Brutus, what shall be done ? If this be known, 20

Cassius or Caesar never shall turn back,

For I will slay myself.

Brutus. Cassius, be constant :

Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes ;

For, look, he smiles, and Caesar doth not change.

Cassius. Trebonius knows his time ; for, look you, Brutus,  
He draws Mark Antony out of the way. 26

[Exeunt ANTONY and TREBONIUS. CAESAR and the Senators  
take their seats.]

Decius. Where is Metellus Cimber ? Let him go,  
And presently prefer his suit to Caesar.

Brutus. He is address'd ; press near and second him.

Cinna. Casca, you are the first that rears your hand. 30

Caesar. Are we all ready ? What is now amiss,  
That Caesar and his senate must redress ?

Metellus. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant  
Caesar,

Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat

A humble heart,—

[Kneeling.]

Caesar. I must prevent thee, Cimber. 35

These couchings and these lowly courtesies,

Might fire the blood of ordinary men,

And turn pre-ordinance and first decree

Into the law of children. Be not fond,

To think that Caesar bears such rebel blood

40

That will be thaw'd from the true quality

With that which melteth fools ; I mean sweet words,

Low-crooked curtsies, and base spaniel fawning.

Thy brother by decree is banished :

If thou dost bend and pray and fawn for him, 45

I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.

Know, Caesar doth not wrong, nor without cause

Will he be satisfied.

*Metellus.* Is there no voice more worthy than my own,  
To sound more sweetly in great Caesar's ear 50

For the repealing of my banish'd brother ?

*Brutus.* I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Caesar ;

Desiring thee, that Publius Cimber may

Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

*Caesar.* What, Brutus !

*Cassius.* Pardon, Caesar ; Caesar, pardon : 55

As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,

To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.

*Caesar.* I could be well mov'd if I were as you ;

If I could pray to move, prayers would move me ;

But I am constant as the northern star, 60

Of whose true-fix'd and resting quality

There is no fellow in the firmament.

The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks,

They are all fire and every one doth shine,

But there 's but one in all doth hold his place : 65

So, in the world ; 'tis furnish'd well with men,

And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive ;

Yet in the number I do know but one

That unassailable holds on his rank,

Unshak'd of motion ; and that I am he, 70

Let me a little show it, even in this,

That I was constant Cimber should be banish'd,

And constant do remain to keep him so.

*Cinna.* O Caesar,—

*Caesar.* Hence ! Wilt thou lift up Olympus !

*Decius.* Great Caesar,—

*Caesar.* Doth not Brutus bootless kneel ? 75

*Casca.* Speak, hands, for me ! [*They stab Caesar.*]

*Caesar.* *Et tu, Brute ?* Then fall, Caesar ! [*Dies.*]

*Cinna.* Liberty ! Freedom ! Tyranny is dead !

Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

*Cassius.* Some to the common pulpits, and cry out, 80

' Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement !'

*Brutus.* People and senators, be not affrighted ;

Fly not ; stand still ; ambition's debt is paid.

*Casca.* Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

*Decius.* And Cassius too.

*Brutus.* Where's Publius? 85

*Cinna.* Here, quite confounded, with this mutiny.

*Metellus.* Stand fast together, lest some friend of Caesar's  
Should chance—

*Brutus.* Talk not of standing. Publius, good cheer;  
There is no harm intended to your person, 90  
Nor to no Roman else; so tell them, Publius.

*Cassius.* And leave us, Publius; lest that the people,  
Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.

*Brutus.* Do so; and let no man abide this deed  
But we the doers. 95

*Re-enter* TREBONIUS.

*Cassius.* Where's Antony?

*Trebonius.* Fled to his house amaz'd.  
Men, wives and children stare, cry out and run  
As it were doomsday.

*Brutus.* Fates, we will know your pleasures.  
That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the time  
And drawing days out, that men stand upon. 100

*Casca.* Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life  
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

*Brutus.* Grant that, and then is death a benefit:  
So are we Caesar's friends, that have abridg'd  
His time of fearing death. Stoop, Romans, stoop, 105  
And let us bathe our hands in Caesar's blood  
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords:  
Then walk we forth, even to the market-place;  
And waving our red weapons o'er our heads,  
Let's all cry, 'Peace, freedom, and liberty!' 110

*Cassius.* Stoop, then, and wash. How many ages hence  
Shall this our lofty scene be acted o'er,  
In states unborn and accents yet unknown!

*Brutus.* How many times shall Caesar bleed in sport,  
That now on Pompey's basis lies along 115  
No worthier than the dust!

*Cassius.* So oft as that shall be,  
So often shall the knot of us be call'd  
The men that gave their country liberty.

*Decius.* What! shall we forth?

*Cassius.* Ay, every man away:  
Brutus shall lead; and we will grace his heels 120  
With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Brutus.* Soft! who comes here? A friend of Antony's.

*Servant.* Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel;

Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down;

And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say:

Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest; 125

Caesar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving;

Say I love Brutus, and I honour him;

Say I fear'd Caesar, honour'd him, and lov'd him.

If Brutus will vouchsafe that Antony 130

May safely come to him, and be resolv'd

How Caesar hath deserv'd to lie in death,

Mark Antony shall not love Caesar dead

So well as Brutus living; but will follow

The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus 135

Thorough the hazards of this untrod state

With all true faith. So says my master Antony.

*Brutus.* Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman;

I never thought him worse.

Tell him, so please him come unto this place, 140

He shall be satisfied; and, by my honour,

Depart untouch'd.

*Servant.* I'll fetch him presently. *[Exit.*

*Brutus.* I know that we shall have him well to friend.

*Cassius.* I wish we may; but yet have I a mind

That fears him much; and my misgiving still 145

Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

*Re-enter ANTONY.*

*Brutus.* But here comes Antony. Welcome, Mark Antony.

*Antony.* O mighty Caesar! dost thou lie so low?

Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,

Shrunk to this little measure? Fare thee well. 150

I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,

Who else must be let blood, who else is rank:

If I myself, there is no hour so fit

As Caesar's death's hour, nor no instrument

Of half that worth as those your swords, made rich 155

With the most noble blood of all this world.

I do beseech ye, if ye bear me hard,

Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,

Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,

I shall not find myself so apt to die: 160

No place will please me so, no mean of death,

As here by Caesar, and by you cut off,  
The choice and master spirits of this age.

*Brutus.* O Antony ! beg not your death of us.  
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel, 165  
As, by our hands and this our present act,  
You see we do, yet see you but our hands  
And this the bleeding business they have done :

Our hearts you see not ; they are pitiful ;  
And pity to the general wrong of Rome— 170  
As fire drives out fire, so pity pity—

Hath done this deed on Caesar. For your part,  
To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony ;  
Our arms in strength of malice, and our hearts  
Of brothers' temper, do receive you in 175  
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

*Cassius.* Your voice shall be as strong as any man's  
In the disposing of new dignities.

*Brutus.* Only be patient till we have appeas'd  
The multitude, beside themselves with fear, 180  
And then we will deliver you the cause  
Why I, that did love Caesar when I struck him,  
Have thus proceeded.

*Antony.* I doubt not of your wisdom.  
Let each man render me his bloody hand :  
First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you ; 185  
Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand ;  
Now, Decius Brutus, yours ; now yours, Metellus ;  
Yours, Cinna ; and, my valiant Casca, yours ;  
Though last, not least in love, yours, good Trebonius.  
Gentlemen all,—alas ! what shall I say ? 190

My credit now stands on such slippery ground,  
That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,  
Either a coward or a flatterer.

That I did love thee, Caesar, O ! 'tis true :  
If then thy spirit look upon us now, 195  
Shall it not grieve thee dearer than thy death,  
To see thy Antony making his peace,  
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,  
Most noble ! in the presence of thy corse ?

Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,  
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood, 200  
It would become me better than to close  
In terms of friendship with thine enemies.

Pardon me, Julius ! Here wast thou bay'd, brave hart ;

Here didst thou fall ; and here thy hunters stand, 205  
 Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy lethe.  
 O world ! thou wast the forest to this hart ;  
 And this, indeed, O world ! the heart of thee.  
 How like a deer, stricken by many princes,  
 Dost thou here lie ! 210

*Cassius.* Mark Antony,—

*Antony.* Pardon me, Caius Cassius :  
 The enemies of Caesar shall say this ;  
 Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.

*Cassius.* I blame you not for praising Caesar so ;  
 But what compact mean you to have with us ? 215  
 Will you be prick'd in number of our friends,  
 Or shall we on, and not depend on you ?

*Antony.* Therefore I took your hands, but was indeed  
 Sway'd from the point by looking down on Caesar.  
 Friends am I with you all, and love you all, 220  
 Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons  
 Why and wherein Caesar was dangerous.

*Brutus.* Or else were this a savage spectacle.  
 Our reasons are so full of good regard  
 That were you, Antony, the son of Caesar, 225  
 You should be satisfied.

*Antony.* That 's all I seek :  
 And am moreover suitor that I may  
 Produce his body to the market place ;  
 And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,  
 Speak in the order of his funeral. 230

*Brutus.* You shall, Mark Antony.

*Cassius.* Brutus, a word with you.  
 [Aside to BRUTUS.] You know not what you do ; do not  
 consent

That Antony speak in his funeral :  
 Know you how much the people may be mov'd  
 By that which he will utter ?

*Brutus.* By your pardon ; 235  
 I will myself into the pulpit first,  
 And show the reason of our Caesar's death :  
 What Antony shall speak, I will protest  
 He speaks by leave and by permission,  
 And that we are contented Caesar shall 240  
 Have all true rites and lawful ceremonies.  
 It shall advantage more than do us wrong.

*Cassius.* I know not what may fall ; I like it not.

*Brutus.* Mark Antony, here, take you Caesar's body.  
 You shall not in your funeral speech blame us, 245  
 But speak all good you can devise of Caesar,  
 And say you do 't by our permission ;  
 Else shall you not have any hand at all  
 About his funeral ; and you shall speak  
 In the same pulpit whereto I am going, 250  
 After my speech is ended.

*Antony.* Be it so ;  
 I do desire no more.

*Brutus.* Prepare the body then, and follow us.

[*Exeunt all but ANTONY.*]

*Antony.* O ! pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,  
 That I am meek and gentle with these butchers ; 255  
 Thou art the ruins of the noblest man  
 That ever lived in the tide of times.  
 Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood !  
 Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,  
 Which like dumb mouths do ope their ruby lips, 260  
 To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue,  
 A curse shall light upon the limbs of men ;  
 Domestic fury and fierce civil strife  
 Shall cumber all the parts of Italy ;  
 Blood and destruction shall be so in use, 265  
 And dreadful objects so familiar,  
 That mothers shall but smile when they behold  
 Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war ;  
 All pity chok'd with custom of fell deeds :  
 And Caesar's spirit, ranging for revenge, 270  
 With Ate by his side come hot from hell,  
 Shall in these confines with a monarch's voice  
 Cry ' Havoc ! ' and let slip the dogs of war ;  
 That this foul deed shall smell above the earth  
 With carrion men, groaning for burial. 275

*Enter a Servant.*

You serve Octavius Caesar, do you not ?

*Servant.* I do, Mark Antony.

*Antony.* Caesar did write for him to come to Rome.

*Servant.* He did receive his letters, and is coming ; 279  
 And bid me say to you by word of mouth— [*Seeing the body.*]  
 O Caesar !—

*Antony.* Thy heart is big, get thee apart and weep.  
 Passion, I see, is catching ; for mine eyes,

Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,  
 Began to water. Is thy master coming? 285  
*Servant.* He lies to-night within seven leagues of Rome.  
*Ant.* Post back with speed, and tell him what hath chanc'd :  
 Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,  
 No Rome of safety for Octavius yet ;  
 Hie hence and tell him so. Yet, stay awhile ; 290  
 Thou shalt not back till I have borne this corpse  
 Into the market-place ; there shall I try,  
 In my oration, how the people take  
 The cruel issue of these bloody men ;  
 According to the which thou shalt discourse 295  
 To young Octavius of the state of things.  
 Lend me your hand. [*Exeunt, with CAESAR'S body.*]

SCENE II.—*The Same. The Forum.*

*Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS, and a throng of Citizens.*

*Citizens.* We will be satisfied : let us be satisfied.

*Brutus.* Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.

Cassius, go you into the other street,

And part the numbers.

Those that will hear me speak, let 'em stay here ; 5

Those that will follow Cassius, go with him ;

And public reasons shall be rendered

Of Caesar's death.

*First Citizen.* I will hear Brutus speak.

*Second Citizen.* I will hear Cassius ; and compare their  
 reasons,

When severally we hear them rendered. 10

[*Exit CASSIUS, with some of the Citizens ;*

*BRUTUS goes into the pulpit.*]

*Third Citizen.* The noble Brutus is ascended : silence !

*Brutus.* Be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers ! hear me for my cause ;  
 and be silent, that you may hear : believe me for mine 15

honour, and have respect to mine honour, that you may  
 believe : censure me in your wisdom, and awaken your  
 senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any

in this assembly, any dear friend of Caesar's, to him I 20

say, that Brutus' love to Caesar was no less than his. If  
 then that friend demand why Brutus rose against Caesar,  
 this is my answer : Not that I loved Caesar less, but that  
 I loved Rome more. Had you rather Caesar were living,



and die all slaves, than that Caesar were dead, to live all  
 free men? As Caesar loved me, I weep for him; as he  
 was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour  
 him; but, as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is  
 tears for his love; joy for his fortune; honour for his  
 valour; and death for his ambition. Who is here so base  
 that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have  
 I offended. Who is here so rude that would not be a  
 Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who  
 is here so vile that will not love his country? If any,  
 speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

*Citizens.* None, Brutus, none.

*Brutus.* Then none have I offended. I have done  
 no more to Caesar, than you shall do to Brutus. The  
 question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory  
 not extenuated, wherein he was worthy, nor his offences  
 enforced, for which he suffered death.

*Enter ANTONY and Others, with CAESAR'S body.*

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony: who,  
 though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the  
 benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as  
 which of you shall not? With this I depart: that, as  
 I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the  
 same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country  
 to need my death.

*Citizens.* Live, Brutus! live! live!

*First Citizen.* Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

*Second Citizen.* Give him a statue with his ancestors. 55

*Third Citizen.* Let him be Caesar.

*Fourth Citizen.* Caesar's better parts

Shall be crown'd in Brutus.

*First Citizen.* We'll bring him to his house with shouts and  
 clamours.

*Brutus.* My countrymen,—

*Second Citizen.* Peace! silence! Brutus speaks.

*First Citizen.* Peace, ho! 60

*Brutus.* Good countrymen, let me depart alone,

And, for my sake, stay here with Antony.

Do grace to Caesar's corpse, and grace his speech

Tending to Caesar's glories, which Mark Antony,

By our permission, is allow'd to make. 65

I do entreat you, not a man depart,

Save I alone, till Antony have spoke.

[*Exit.*]

*First Citizen.* Stay, ho ! and let us hear Mark Antony.

*Third Citizen.* Let him go up into the public chair ;

We'll hear him. Noble Antony, go up. 70

*Antony.* For Brutus' sake, I am beholding to you. [*Goes up.*]

*Fourth Citizen.* What does he say of Brutus ?

*Third Citizen.* He says, for Brutus' sake,

He finds himself beholding to us all.

*Fourth Citizen.* 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here.

*First Citizen.* This Caesar was a tyrant.

*Third Citizen.* Nay, that's certain : 75

We are bless'd that Rome is rid of him.

*Second Citizen.* Peace ! let us hear what Antony can say.

*Antony.* You gentle Romans,—

*Citizens.* Peace, ho ! let us hear him.

*Antony.* Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears ;

I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him. 80

The evil that men do lives after them,

The good is oft interred with their bones ;

So let it be with Caesar. The noble Brutus

Hath told you Caesar was ambitious ;

If it were so, it was a grievous fault, 85

And grievously hath Caesar answer'd it.

Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest,—

For Brutus is an honourable man ;

So are they all, all honourable men,—

Come I to speak in Caesar's funeral. 90

He was my friend, faithful and just to me :

But Brutus says he was ambitious ;

And Brutus is an honourable man.

He hath brought many captives home to Rome,

Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill : 95

Did this in Caesar seem ambitious ?

When that the poor have cried, Caesar hath wept ;

Ambition should be made of sterner stuff :

Yet Brutus says he was ambitious ;

And Brutus is an honourable man. 100

You all did see that on the Lupercal

I thrice presented him a kingly crown,

Which he did thrice refuse : was this ambition ?

Yet Brutus says he was ambitious ;

And, sure, he is an honourable man. 105

I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,

But here I am to speak what I do know.

You all did love him once, not without cause :

What cause withhold you then to mourn for him ?

O judgment ! thou art fled to brutish beasts, 110

And men have lost their reason. Bear with me ;

My heart is in the coffin there with Caesar,

And I must pause till it come back to me.

*First Citizen.* Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.

*Second Citizen.* If thou consider rightly of the matter, 115  
Caesar has had great wrong.

*Third Citizen.* Has he, masters ?

I fear there will a worse come in his place.

*Fourth Citizen.* Mark'd ye his words ? He would not take  
the crown ;

Therefore 'tis certain he was not ambitious.

*First Citizen.* If it be found so, some will dear abide it. 120

*Second Cit.* Poor soul ! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

*Third Cit.* There's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.

*Fourth Citizen.* Now mark him ; he begins again to speak.

*Antony.* But yesterday the word of Caesar might

Have stood against the world ; now lies he there, 125

And none so poor to do him reverence.

O masters ! if I were dispos'd to stir

Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,

I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,

Who, you all know, are honourable men. 130

I will not do them wrong ; I rather choose

To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,

Than I will wrong such honourable men.

But here's a parchment with the seal of Caesar ;

I found it in his closet, 'tis his will. 135

Let but the commons hear this testament—

Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read—

And they would go and kiss dead Caesar's wounds,

And dip their napkins in his sacred blood,

Yea, beg a hair of him for memory, 140

And, dying, mention it within their wills,

Bequeathing it as a rich legacy

Unto their issue.

*Fourth Citizen.* We'll hear the will : read it, Mark Antony.

*Citizens.* The will, the will ! we will hear Caesar's will. 145

*Antony.* Have patience, gentle friends ; I must not read it :  
It is not meet you know how Caesar lov'd you.

You are not wood, you are not stones, but men ;

And, being men, hearing the will of Caesar,

It will inflame you, it will make you mad. 150

'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs ;  
For if you should, O ! what would come of it.

*Fourth Citizen.* Read the will ! we'll hear it, Antony ;  
You shall read us the will, Caesar's will.

*Antony.* Will you be patient ? Will you stay awhile ? 155  
I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it.

I fear I wrong the honourable men  
Whose daggers have stabb'd Caesar ; I do fear it.

*Fourth Citizen.* They were traitors ! honourable men !

*Citizens.* The will ! the testament ! 160

*Second Citizen.* They were villains, murderers. The will !  
read the will.

*Antony.* You will compel me then to read the will ?

Then make a ring about the corpse of Caesar. .

And let me show you him that made the will.

Shall I descend ? and will you give me leave ? 165

*Citizens.* Come down.

*Second Citizen.* Descend. [ANTONY comes down.]

*Third Citizen.* You shall have leave.

*Fourth Citizen.* A ring ; stand round. 169

*First Citizen.* Stand from the hearse ; stand from the body.

*Second Citizen.* Room for Antony ; most noble Antony.

*Antony.* Nay, press not so upon me ; stand far off.

*Citizens.* Stand back ! room ! bear back !

*Antony.* If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.

You all do know this mantle ; I remember 175

The first time ever Caesar put it on ;

'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,

That day he overcame the Nervii.

Look ! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through :

See what a rent the envious Casca made : 180

Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd ;

And, as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,

Mark how the blood of Caesar follow'd it,

As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd

If Brutus so unkindly knock'd or no ; 185

For Brutus, as you know, was Caesar's angel :

Judge, O you gods ! how dearly Caesar lov'd him.

This was the most unkindest cut of all ;

For when the noble Caesar saw him stab,

Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms, 190

Quite vanquish'd him : then burst his mighty heart ;

And, in his mantle muffling up his face,

Even at the base of Pompey's statua,

- Which all the while ran blood, great Caesar fell.  
 O! what a fall was there, my countrymen ; 195  
 Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,  
 Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.  
 O! now you weep, and I perceive you feel  
 The dint of pity ; these are gracious drops.  
 Kind souls, what ! weep you when you but behold 200  
 Our Caesar's vesture wounded ? Look you here,  
 Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.  
*First Citizen.* O piteous spectacle !  
*Second Citizen.* O noble Caesar !  
*Third Citizen.* O woeful day ! 205  
*Fourth Citizen.* O traitors ! villains !  
*First Citizen.* O most bloody sight !  
*Second Citizen.* We will be revenged.  
*Citizens* Revenge !—About !—Seek !—Burn !  
 Fire !—Kill !—Slay !—Let not a traitor live. 210  
*Antony.* Stay, countrymen !  
*First Citizen.* Peace there ! Hear the noble Antony.  
*Second Citizen.* We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die  
 with him.  
*Antony.* Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up  
 To such a sudden flood of mutiny. 215  
 They that have done this deed are honourable :  
 What private griefs they have, alas ! I know not,  
 That made them do it ; they are wise and honourable,  
 And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.  
 I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts : 220  
 I am no orator, as Brutus is ;  
 But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,  
 That love my friend ; and that they know full well  
 That gave me public leave to speak of him.  
 For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth, 225  
 Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,  
 To stir men's blood : I only speak right on ;  
 I tell you that which you yourselves do know,  
 Show you sweet Caesar's wounds, poor poor dumb mouths,  
 And bid them speak for me : but were I Brutus, 230  
 And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony  
 Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue  
 In every wound of Caesar, that should move  
 The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.  
*Citizens.* We'll mutiny. 235  
*First Citizen.* We'll burn the house of Brutus.

*Third Citizen.* Away, then ! come, seek the conspirators.

*Antony.* Yet hear me, countrymen ; yet hear me speak.

*Citizens.* Peace, ho !—Hear Antony,—most noble Antony.

*Antony.* Why, friends, you go to do you know not what. 240  
Wherein hath Caesar thus deserv'd your loves ?

Alas ! you know not : I must tell you then.

You have forgot the will I told you of.

*Citizens.* Most true. The will ! let 's stay and hear the will.

*Antony.* Here is the will, and under Caesar's seal. 245

To every Roman citizen he gives,

To every several man, seventy-five draehmas.

*Second Cit.* Most noble Caesar ! we'll revenge his death.

*Third Citizen.* O royal Caesar !

*Antony.* Hear me with patience. 250

*Citizens.* Peace, ho !

*Antony.* Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,

His private arbours, and new-planted orchards,

On this side Tiber ; he hath left them you,

And to your heirs for ever ; common pleasures, 255

To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.

Here was a Caesar ! when comes such another ?

*First Citizen.* Never, never ! Come, away, away !

We'll burn his body in the holy place,

And with the brands fire the traitors' houses. 260

Take up the body.

*Second Citizen.* Go fetch fire.

*Third Citizen.* Pluck down benches.

*Fourth Citizen.* Pluck down forms, windows, any thing.

[*Exeunt Citizens, with the body.*]

*Antony.* Now let it work : mischief, thou art afoot, 265

Take thou what course thou wilt !

*Enter a Servant.*

How now, fellow !

*Servant.* Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

*Antony.* Where is he ?

*Servant.* He and Lepidus are at Caesar's house.

*Antony.* And thither will I straight to visit him. 270

He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,

And in this mood will give us any thing.

*Servant.* I heard him say Brutus and Cassius

Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.

*Antony.* Belike they had some notice of the people. 275

How I had mov'd them. Bring me to Octavius. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The Same. A Street.**Enter CINNA, the Poet.*

*Cinna.* I dreamt to-night that I did feast with Caesar,  
 And things unluckily charge my fantasy :  
 I have no will to wander forth of doors,  
 Yet something leads me forth.

*Enter Citizens.*

*First Citizen.* What is your name? 5

*Second Citizen.* Whither are you going?

*Third Citizen.* Where do you dwell?

*Fourth Citizen.* Are you a married man, or a bachelor?

*Second Citizen.* Answer every man directly. 10

*First Citizen.* Ay, and briefly.

*Fourth Citizen.* Ay, and wisely.

*Third Citizen.* Ay, and truly, you were best.

*Cinna.* What is my name? Whither am I going?  
 Where do I dwell? Am I a married man, or a bachelor? 15  
 Then, to answer every man directly and briefly, wisely  
 and truly: wisely I say, I am a bachelor.

*Second Citizen.* That's as much as to say, they are  
 fools that marry; you'll bear me a bang for that, I fear. 20  
 Proceed; directly.

*Cinna.* Directly, I am going to Caesar's funeral.

*First Citizen.* As a friend or an enemy?

*Cinna.* As a friend.

*Second Citizen.* That matter is answered directly. 25

*Fourth Citizen.* For your dwelling, briefly.

*Cinna.* Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

*Third Citizen.* Your name, sir, truly.

*Cinna.* Truly, my name is Cinna.

*Second Citizen.* Tear him to pieces; he's a conspirator. 31

*Cinna.* I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet.

*Fourth Citizen.* Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for  
 his bad verses. 35

*Cinna.* I am not Cinna the conspirator.

*Second Citizen.* It is no matter, his name's Cinna;  
 pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.

*Third Citizen.* Tear him, tear him! Come, brands, ho! 40  
 fire-brands! To Brutus', to Cassius'; burn all. Some to  
 Decius' house, and some to Casca's; some to Ligarius'.  
 Away! go! [Exeunt.]



## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Rome. A Room in ANTONY'S House.*

ANTONY, OCTAVIUS, and LEPIDUS, seated at a table.

*Ant.* These many then shall die ; their names are prick'd.*Oct.* Your brother too must die ; consent you, Lepidus ?*Lepidus.* I do consent.*Octavius.* Prick him down, Antony.*Lepidus.* Upon condition Publius shall not live,  
Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony. 5*Antony.* He shall not live ; look, with a spot I damn him.  
But, Lepidus, go you to Caesar's house ;  
Fetch the will hither, and we shall determine -  
How to cut off some charge in legacies.*Lepidus.* What ! shall I find you here ? 10*Octavius.* Or here or at the Capitol. [*Exit LEPIDUS.*]*Antony.* This is a slight unmeritable man,  
Meet to be sent on errands : is it fit,  
The three-fold world divided, he should stand  
One of the three to share it ?*Octavius.* So you thought him ; 15  
And took his voice who should be prick'd to die,  
In our black sentence and proscription.*Antony.* Octavius, I have seen more days than you :  
And though we lay these honours on this man,  
To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads, 20  
He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,  
To groan and sweat under the business,  
Either led or driven, as we point the way ;  
And having brought our treasure where we will,  
Then take we down his load, and turn him off, 25  
Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears,  
And graze in commons.*Octavius.* You may do your will ;  
But he's a tried and valiant soldier.*Antony.* So is my horse, Octavius ; and for that  
I do appoint him store of provender. 30  
It is a creature that I teach to fight,  
To wind, to stop, to run directly on,  
His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit.  
And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so ;  
He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth ; 35  
A barren-spirited fellow ; one that feeds



On abject orts, and imitations,  
 Which, out of use and staled by other men,  
 Begin his fashion : do not talk of him  
 But as a property. And now, Octavius, 40  
 Listen great things : Brutus and Cassius  
 Are levying powers ; we must straight make head ;  
 Therefore let our alliance be combin'd,  
 Our best friends made, and our best means stretch'd out ;  
 And let us presently go sit in council, 45  
 How covert matters may be best disclos'd,  
 And open perils surest answered.  
*Octavius.* Let us do so : for we are at the stake,  
 And bay'd about with many enemies ;  
 And some that smile have in their hearts, I fear 50  
 Millions of mischiefs. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Camp near Sardis. Before BRUTUS' Tent.*

*Drum.* Enter BRUTUS, LUCILIUS, LUCIUS, and Soldiers :  
 TITINIUS and PINDARUS meet them.

*Brutus.* Stand, ho !

*Lucilius.* Give the word, ho ! and stand.

*Brutus.* What now, Lucilius ! is Cassius near ?

*Lucilius.* He is at hand ; and Pindarus is come

To do you salutation from his master. 5

[PINDARUS gives a letter to BRUTUS.]

*Brutus.* He greets me well. Your master, Pindarus,  
 In his own change, or by ill officers,  
 Hath given me some worthy cause to wish  
 Things done, undone ; but, if he be at hand,  
 I shall be satisfied.

*Pindarus.* I do not doubt 10

But that my noble master will appear  
 Such as he is, full of regard and honour.

*Brutus.* He is not doubted. A word, Lucilius ;  
 How he receiv'd you, let me be resolv'd.

*Lucilius.* With courtesy and with respect enough ; 15

But not with such familiar instances,  
 Nor with such free and friendly conference,  
 As he hath us'd of old.

*Brutus.* Thou hast describ'd  
 A hot friend cooling. Ever note, Lucilius,  
 When love begins to sicken and decay, 20  
 It useth an enforced ceremony.

There are no tricks in plain and simple faith ;  
 But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,  
 Make gallant show and promise of their mettle ;  
 But when they should endure the bloody spur, 25  
 They fall their crests, and, like deceitful jades,  
 Sink in the trial. Comes his army on ?

*Lucilius.* They mean this night in Sardis to be quarter'd ;  
 The greater part, the horse in general,  
 Are come with Cassius.

*Brutus.* Hark ! he is arriv'd [*Low march within.* 30  
 March gently on to meet him.

*Enter CASSIUS and Soldiers.*

*Cassius.* Stand, ho !

*Brutus.* Stand, ho ! Speak the word along.

*First Soldier.* Stand !

*Second Soldier.* Stand ! 35

*Third Soldier.* Stand !

*Cassius.* Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.

*Brutus.* Judge me, you gods ! Wrong I mine enemies ?  
 And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother ?

*Cassius.* Brutus, this sober form of yours hides wrongs ; 40  
 And when you do them—

*Brutus.* Cassius, be content ;  
 Speak your griefs softly : I do know you well.  
 Before the eyes of both our armies here,  
 Which should perceive nothing but love from us,  
 Let us not wrangle : bid them move away ; 45  
 Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs,  
 And I will give you audience.

*Cassius.* Pindarus,  
 Bid our commanders lead their charges off  
 A little from this ground.

*Brutus.* Lucilius, do you the like ; and let no man 50  
 Come to our tent till we have done our conference.  
 Let Lucius and Titinius guard our door. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Within the Tent of BRUTUS.*

*Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS.*

*Cassius.* That you have wrong'd me doth appear in this :  
 You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella  
 For taking bribes here of the Sardians ;  
 Wherein my letters, praying on his side,  
 Because I knew the man, were slighted off. 5

*Brutus.* You wrong'd yourself to write in such a case.

*Cassius.* In such a time as this it is not meet  
That every nice offence should bear his comment.

*Brutus.* Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself  
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm ; 10  
To sell and mart your offices, for gold  
To undeservers.

*Cassius.* I an itching palm !  
You know that you are Brutus that speak this,  
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

*Brutus.* The name of Cassius honours this corruption, 15  
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

*Cassius.* Chastisement !

*Brutus.* Remember March, the Ides of March remember :  
Did not great Julius bleed for justice sake ?  
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab, 20  
And not for justice ? What ! shall one of us,  
That struck the foremost man of all this world  
But for supporting robbers, shall we now  
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,  
And sell the mighty space of our large honours 25  
For so much trash as may be grasped thus ?  
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,  
Than such a Roman.

*Cassius.* Brutus, bay not me ;  
I'll not endure it : you forget yourself,  
To hedge me in. I am a soldier, I, 30  
Older in practice, abler than yourself  
To make conditions.

*Brutus.* Go to ; you are not, Cassius.

*Cassius.* I am.

*Brutus.* I say you are not.

*Cassius.* Urge me no more, I shall forget myself ; 35  
Have mind upon your health ; tempt me no further.

*Brutus.* Away, slight man !

*Cassius.* Is't possible ?

*Brutus.* Hear me, for I will speak.  
Must I give way and room to your rash choler ?  
Shall I be frightened when a madman stares ? 40

*Cassius.* O ye gods ! ye gods ! Must I endure all this ?

*Brutus.* All this ! ay, more : fret till your proud heart break ;  
Go show your slaves how choleric you are,  
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge ?  
Must I observe you ? Must I stand and crouch 45

Under your testy humour? By the gods,  
 You shall digest the venom of your spleen,  
 Though it do split you ; for, from this day forth,  
 I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,  
 When you are waspish.

*Cassius.* Is it come to this? 50

*Brutus.* You say you are a better soldier :  
 Let it appear so ; make your vaunting true,  
 And it shall please me well. For mine own part,  
 I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

*Cassius.* You wrong me every way ; you wrong me, Brutus ;  
 I said an elder soldier, not a better : 56  
 Did I say, ' better ' ?

*Brutus.* If you did, I care not.

*Cassius.* When Caesar liv'd, he durst not thus have mov'd me.

*Brutus.* Peace, peace ! you durst not so have tempted him.

*Cassius.* I durst not ! 60

*Brutus.* No.

*Cassius.* What ! durst not tempt him !

*Brutus.* For your life you durst not.

*Cassius.* Do not presume too much upon my love ;  
 I may do that I shall be sorry for.

*Brutus.* You have done that you should be sorry for. 65

There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats ;

For I am arm'd so strong in honesty

That they pass by me as the idle wind,

Which I respect not. I did send to you

For certain sums of gold, which you denied me ; 70

For I can raise no money by vile means :

By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,

And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring

From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash

By any indirection. I did send 75

To you for gold to pay my legions,

Which you denied me : was that done like Cassius ?

Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius ?

When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,

To lock such rascal counters from his friends, 80

Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts ;

Dash him to pieces !

*Cassius.* I denied you not.

*Brutus.* You did.

*Cassius.* I did not : he was but a fool

That brought my answer back. Brutus hath rived my heart.

A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,  
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are. 85

*Brutus.* I do not, till you practise them on me.

*Cassius.* You love me not.

*Brutus.* I do not like your faults.

*Cassius.* A friendly eye could never see such faults.

*Brutus.* A flatterer's would not, though they do appear  
As huge as high Olympus. 90

*Cassius.* Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,  
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,  
For Cassius is aweary of the world ;  
Hated by one he loves ; brav'd by his brother ; 95  
Check'd like a bondman ; all his faults observ'd,  
Set in a note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by rote,  
To cast into my teeth. O ! I could weep  
My spirit from mine eyes. There is my dagger,  
And here my naked breast ; within, a heart 100  
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold :  
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth ;  
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart :  
Strike, as thou didst at Caesar ; for, I know,  
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him better 105  
Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.

*Brutus.* Sheathe your dagger :  
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope ;  
Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.  
O Cassius ! you are yoked with a lamb  
That carries anger as the flint bears fire, 110  
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,  
And straight is cold again.

*Cassius.* Hath Cassius liv'd  
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,  
When grief and blood ill-temper'd vexeth him ?

*Brutus.* When I spoke that I was ill-temper'd too. 115

*Cassius.* Do you confess so much ? Give me your hand.

*Brutus.* And my heart too.

*Cassius.* O Brutus !

*Brutus.* What's the matter ?

*Cassius.* Have not you love enough to bear with me,  
When that rash humour which my mother gave me  
Makes me forgetful ?

*Brutus.* Yes, Cassius ; and from henceforth 120  
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,  
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so. [*Noise within.*

*Poet.* [*Within.*] Let me go in to see the generals ;  
There is some grudge between 'em, 'tis not meet  
They be alone. 125

*Lucilius.* [*Within.*] You shall not come to them.

*Poet.* [*Within.*] Nothing but death shall stay me.

*Enter Poet, followed by LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, and LUCIUS.*

*Cassius.* How now ! What's the matter ?

*Poet.* For shame, you generals ! What do you mean ?  
Love, and be friends, as two such men should be ; 130  
For I have seen more years, I'm sure, than ye.

*Cassius.* Ha, ha ! how vilely doth this cynic rime !

*Brutus.* Get you hence, sirrah ; saucy fellow, hence !

*Cassius.* Bear with him, Brutus ; 'tis his fashion.

*Brutus.* I'll know his humour, when he knows his time : 135  
What should the wars do with these jiggling fools ?  
Companion, hence !

*Cassius.* Away, away ! be gone. [*Exit Poet.*]

*Brutus.* Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders  
Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.

*Cas.* And come yourselves, and bring Messala with you, 140  
Immediately to us. [*Excunt LUCILIUS and TITINIUS.*]

*Brutus.* Lucius, a bowl of wine ! [*Exit LUCIUS.*]

*Cassius.* I did not think you could have been so angry.

*Brutus.* O Cassius ! I am sick of many griefs.

*Cassius.* Of your philosophy you make no use  
If you give place to accidental evils. 145

*Brutus.* No man bears sorrow better : Portia is dead.

*Cassius.* Ha ! Portia !

*Brutus.* She is dead.

*Cassius.* How 'scap'd I killing when I cross'd you so ?  
O insupportable and touching loss ! 150  
Upon what sickness ?

*Brutus.* Impatient of my absence,  
And grief that young Octavius with Mark Antony  
Have made themselves so strong ;—for with her death  
That tidings came :—with this she fell distract,  
And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire. 155

*Cassius.* And died so ?

*Brutus.* Even so.

*Cassius.* O ye immortal gods !

*Enter LUCIUS, with wine and tapers.*

*Brutus.* Speak no more of her. Give me a bowl of wine.  
In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius. [*Drinks.*]

*Cassius.* My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge.  
 Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the cup ; 160  
 I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love.

[Drinks.  
 [Exit LUCIUS.

*Brutus.* Come in, Titinius.

Re-enter TITINIUS, with MESSALA.

Welcome, good Messala,

Now sit we close about this taper here,  
 And call in question our necessities.

*Cassius.* Portia, art thou gone ?

*Brutus.* No more, I pray you. 165

Messala, I have here received letters,  
 That young Octavius and Mark Antony  
 Come down upon us with a mighty power,  
 Bending their expedition towards Philippi.

*Messala.* Myself have letters of the self-same tenour. 170

*Brutus.* With what addition ?

*Messala.* That by proscriptions and bills of outlawry,  
 Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus  
 Have put to death an hundred senators.

*Brutus.* Therein our letters do not well agree ; 175  
 Mine speak of seventy senators that died  
 By their proscription, Cicero being one.

*Cassius.* Cicero one !

*Messala.* Cicero is dead,  
 And by that order of proscription.

Had you your letters from your wife, my lord ? 180

*Brutus.* No, Messala.

*Messala.* Nor nothing in your letters writ of her ?

*Brutus.* Nothing, Messala.

*Messala.* That, methinks, is strange.

*Brutus.* Why ask you ? Hear you aught of her in yours ?

*Messala.* No, my lord. 185

*Brutus.* Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.

*Messala.* Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell :  
 For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.

*Brutus.* Why, farewell, Portia. We must die, Messala :  
 With meditating that she must die once, 190  
 I have the patience to endure it now.

*Messala.* Even so great men great losses should endure.

*Cassius.* I have as much of this in art as you,  
 But yet my nature could not bear it so.

*Brutus.* Well, to our work alive. What do you think 195  
 Of marching to Philippi presently ?

*Cassius.* I do not think it good.

*Brutus.*

Your reason?

*Cassius.*

This is it :

'Tis better that the enemy seek us :  
So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,  
Doing himself offence ; whilst we, lying still, 200  
Are full of rest, defence, and nimbleness.

*Brutus.* Good reasons must, of force, give place to better.  
The people 'twixt Philippi and this ground  
Do stand but in a forc'd affection ;  
For they have grudg'd us contribution : 205  
The enemy, marching along by them,  
By them shall make a fuller number up,  
Come on refresh'd, new-added, and encourag'd ;  
From which advantage shall we cut him off,  
If at Philippi we do face him there, 210  
These people at our back.

*Cassius.* Hear me, good brother.

*Brutus.* Under your pardon. You must note beside,  
That we have tried the utmost of our friends,  
Our legions are brim-full, our cause is ripe :  
The enemy increaseth every day ; 215  
We, at the height, are ready to decline.  
There is a tide in the affairs of men,  
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune ;  
Omitted, all the voyage of their life  
Is bound in shallows and in miseries. 220  
On such a full sea are we now afloat ;  
And we must take the current when it serves,  
Or lose our ventures.

*Cassius.* Then, with your will, go on ;  
We'll along ourselves, and meet them at Philippi.

*Brutus.* The deep of night is crept upon our talk, 225  
And nature must obey necessity,  
Which we will niggard with a little rest.  
There is no more to say ?

*Cassius.* No more. Good night :  
Early to-morrow will we rise, and hence.

*Brutus.* Lucius !

*Re-enter LUCIUS.*

My gown.

[*Exit LUCIUS.*

Farewell, good Messala : 230

Good-night, Titinius. Noble, noble Cassius,



Good-night, and good repose.

*Cassius.*

O my dear brother !

This was an ill beginning of the night ;

Never come such division 'tween our souls !

Let it not, Brutus.

*Brutus.* Every thing is well.

235

*Cassius.* Good-night, my lord.

*Brutus.*

Good-night, good brother.

*Titinius.* } Good-night, Lord Brutus.

*Messala.* }

*Brutus.*

Farewell, every one.

[*Exeunt* CASSIUS, TITINIUS, and MESSALA.]

*Re-enter* LUCIUS, with the gown. ~~Servant~~

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument ?

*Lucius.* Here in the tent.

*Brutus.* What ! thou speak'st drowsily ?

Poor knave, I blame thee not ; thou art o'erwatch'd. 240

Call Claudius and some other of my men ;

I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.

*Lucius.* Varro ! and Claudius !

*Enter* VARRO and CLAUDIUS.

*Varro.* Calls my lord ?

*Brutus.* I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent and sleep : 245

It may be I shall raise you by and by

On business to my brother Cassius.

*Varro.* So please you, we will stand and watch your pleasure.

*Brutus.* I will not have it so ; lie down, good sirs ;

It may be I shall otherwise bethink me. 250

Look, Lucius, here's the book I sought for so ;

I put it in the pocket of my gown. [*VAR. and CLAUD. lie down.*]

*Lucius.* I was sure your lordship did not give it me.

*Brutus.* Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful.

Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile, 255

And touch thy instrument a strain or two ?

*Lucius.* Ay, my lord, an 't please you.

*Brutus.*

It does, my boy :

I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

*Lucius.* It is my duty, sir.

*Brutus.* I should not urge thy duty past thy might ; 260

I know young bloods look for a time of rest.

*Lucius.* I have slept, my lord, already.

*Brutus.* It was well done, and thou shalt sleep again ;

I will not hold thee long : if I do live,  
 I will be good to thee. [*Music, and a Song.* 265  
 This is a sleepy tune : O murderous slumber !  
 Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,  
 That plays thee music ? Gentle knave, good-night ;  
 I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee.  
 If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument ; 270  
 I'll take it from thee ; and, good boy, good-night.  
 Let me see, let me see ; is not the leaf turn'd down  
 Where I left reading ? Here it is, I think.

*Enter the Ghost of CAESAR.*

How ill this taper burns ! Ha ! who comes here ?  
 I think it is the weakness of mine eyes 275  
 That shapes this monstrous apparition.  
 It comes upon me. Art thou any thing ?  
 Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,  
 That mak'st my blood cold and my hair to stare ?  
 Speak to me what thou art. 280

*Ghost.* Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

*Brutus.* Why com'st thou ?

*Ghost.* To tell thee thou shalt see me at Philippi.

*Brutus.* Well ; then I shall see thee again ?

*Ghost.* Ay, at Philippi.

*Br.* Why, I will see thee at Philippi then. [*Ghost vanishes.*

Now I have taken heart thou vanishest : 285

Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.

Boy, Lucius ! Varro ! Claudius ! Sirs, awake !

Claudius !

*Lucius.* The strings, my lord, are false.

*Brutus.* He thinks he still is at his instrument. 290

Lucius, awake !

*Lucius.* My lord !

*Brutus.* Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so criedst out ?

*Lucius.* My lord, I do not know that I did cry.

*Brutus.* Yes, that thou didst. Didst thou see any thing ?

*Lucius.* Nothing, my lord. 296

*Brutus.* Sleep again, Lucius. Sirrah, Claudius !

Fellow thou ! awake !

*Varro.* My lord !

*Claudius.* My lord ! 300

*Brutus.* Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your sleep ?

*Varro.* } Did we, my lord ?  
*Claudius.* }

*Brutus.* Ay : saw you any thing ?

*Varro.* No, my lord, I saw nothing.

*Claudius.* Nor I, my lord.

*Brutus.* Go, and commend me to my brother Cassius :

Bid him set on his powers betimes before, 305  
And we will follow.

*Varro.* } It shall be done, my lord. [Exeunt.  
*Claudius.* }

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Plains of Philippi.*

*Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their Army.*

*Octavius.* Now, Antony, our hopes are answered :

You said the enemy would not come down,

But keep the hills and upper regions ;

It proves not so ; their battles are at hand ;

They mean to warn us at Philippi here, 5

Answering before we do demand of them.

*Antony.* Tut ! I am in their bosoms, and I know

Wherefore they do it : they could be content

To visit other places ; and come down

With fearful bravery, thinking by this face 10

To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage ;

But 'tis not so.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Messenger.* Prepare you, generals :

The enemy comes on in gallant show ;

Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,

And something to be done immediately. 15

*Antony.* Octavius, lead your battle softly on,

Upon the left hand of the even field.

*Octavius.* Upon the right hand I ; keep thou the left.

*Antony.* Why do you cross me in this exigent ?

*Octavius.* I do not cross you ; but I will do so. [March. 20

*Drum.* *Enter BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and their Army ; LUCILIUS,  
TITINIUS, MESSALA, and Others.*

*Brutus.* They stand, and would have parley.

*Cassius.* Stand fast, Titinius : we must out and talk.

*Octavius.* Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle ?

*Antony.* No, Caesar, we will answer on their charge.

Make forth ; the generals would have some words. 25

*Octavius.* Stir not until the signal.

*Brutus.* Words before blows : is it so, countrymen ?

*Octavius.* Not that we love words better, as you do.

*Brutus.* Good words are better than bad strokes, Octavius.

*Antony.* In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good words :  
Witness the hole you made in Caesar's heart, 31  
Crying, ' Long live ! hail, Caesar ! '

*Cassius.* Antony,

The posture of your blows are yet unknown :  
But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,  
And leave them honeyless.

*Antony.* Not stingless too ? 35

*Brutus.* O ! yes, and soundless too ;

For you have stol'n their buzzing, Antony,  
And very wisely threat before you sting.

*Antony.* Villains ! you did not so when your vile daggers  
Hack'd one another in the sides of Caesar : 40  
You show'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like hounds,  
And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Caesar's feet ;  
Whilst damned Casca, like a cur, behind  
Struck Caesar on the neck. O you flatterers !

*Cassius.* Flatterers ! Now, Brutus, thank yourself : 45  
This tongue had not offended so to-day,  
If Cassius might have rul'd.

*Octavius.* Come, come, the cause : if arguing make us sweat,  
The proof of it will turn to redder drops.  
Look ; 50

I draw a sword against conspirators ;  
When think you that the sword goes up again ?  
Never, till Caesar's three-and-thirty wounds  
Be well aveng'd ; or till another Caesar  
Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors. 55

*Brutus.* Caesar, thou canst not die by traitors' hands,  
Unless thou bring'st them with thee.

*Octavius.* So I hope ;

I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.

*Brutus.* O ! if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,  
Young man, thou couldst not die more honourable. 60

*Cassius.* A peevish schoolboy, worthless of such honour,  
Join'd with a masquer and a reveller.

*Antony.* Old Cassius still !

*Octavius.* Come, Antony ; away !

Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth.

If you dare fight to-day, come to the field ; 65  
If not, when you have stomachs. [*Excunt OC., AN., and their Army.*]

*Cassius.* Why now, blow wind, swell billow, and swim bark  
The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.

*Brutus.* Ho!

Lucilius! hark, a word with you.

*Lucilius.*

My lord?

70

[BRUTUS and LUCILIUS talk apart.]

*Cassius.* Messala!

*Messala.*

What says my general?

*Cassius.*

Messala,

This is my birthday; as this very day  
Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala:

Be thou my witness that against my will,

As Pompey was, am I compell'd to set

75

Upon one battle all our liberties.

You know that I held Epicurus strong,

And his opinion; now I change my mind,

And partly credit things that do presage.

Coming from Sardis, on our former ensign

80

Two mighty eagles fell, and there they perch'd,

Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands;

Who to Philippi here consorted us:

This morning are they fled away and gone,

And in their stead do ravens, crows, and kites

85

Fly o'er our heads, and downward look on us,

As we were sickly prey: their shadows seem

A canopy most fatal, under which

Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.

*Messala.* Believe not so.

*Cassius.*

I but believe it partly,

90

For I am fresh of spirit and resolv'd

To meet all perils very constantly.

*Brutus.* Even so, Lucilius.

*Cassius.*

Now, most noble Brutus,

The gods to-day stand friendly, that we may,

Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age!

95

But since the affairs of men rest still uncertain,

Let's reason with the worst that may befall.

If we do lose this battle, then is this

The very last time we shall speak together:

What are you then determin'd to do?

100

*Brutus.* Even by the rule of that philosophy

By which I did blame Cato for the death

Which he did give himself, I know not how,

But I do find it cowardly and vile,

For fear of what might fall, so to prevent 105  
 The time of life : arming myself with patience,  
 To stay the providence of some high powers  
 That govern us below.

*Cassius.* Then, if we lose this battle,  
 You are contented to be led in triumph  
 Through the streets of Rome ? 110

*Brutus.* No, Cassius, no ; think not, thou noble Roman,  
 That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome ;  
 He bears too great a mind : but this same day  
 Must end that work the Ides of March begun ;  
 And whether we shall meet again I know not. 115  
 Therefore our everlasting farewell take :  
 For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius !  
 If we do meet again, why, we shall smile ;  
 If not, why then, this parting was well made.

*Cassius.* For ever, and for ever, farewell, Brutus ! 120  
 If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed ;  
 If not, 'tis true this parting was well made.

*Brutus.* Why, then, lead on. O ! that a man might know  
 The end of this day's business, ere it come ;  
 But it sufficeth that the day will end, 125  
 And then the end is known. Come, ho ! away ! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The same. The Field of Battle.*

*Alarum. Enter BRUTUS and MESSALA.*

*Brutus.* Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these bills  
 Unto the legions on the other side. [*Loud alarum.*]  
 Let them set on at once, for I perceive  
 But cold demeanour in Octavius' wing,  
 And sudden push gives them the overthrow. 5  
 Ride, ride, Messala : let them all come down. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Another Part of the Field.*

*Alarum. Enter CASSIUS and TITINIUS.*

*Cassius.* O ! look, Titinius, look, the villains fly :  
 Myself have to mine own turn'd enemy ;  
 This ensign here of mine was turning back ;  
 I slew the coward, and did take it from him.  
*Titinius.* O Cassius ! ( Brutus gave the word too early ; ) 5  
 Who, having some advantage on Octavius,  
 Took it too eagerly : his soldiers fell to spoil,  
 Whilst we by Antony are all enclos'd.

*Enter PINDARUS.*

*Pindarus.* Fly further off, my lord, fly further off ;  
Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord : 10  
Fly, therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off.

*Cassius.* This hill is far enough. Look, look, Titinius ;  
Are those my tents where I perceive the fire ?

*Titinius.* They are, my lord.

*Cassius.* Titinius, if thou lov'st me,  
Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in him, 15  
Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops  
And here again ; that I may rest assur'd  
Whether yond troops are friend or enemy.

*Titinius.* I will be here again, even with a thought. [*Exit.*]

*Cassius.* Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill ; 20  
My sight was ever thick ; regard Titinius,  
And tell me what thou not'st about the field.

[*PINDARUS ascends the hill.*]

This day I breathed first ; time is come round,  
And where I did begin, there shall I end ;  
My life is run his compass. Sirrah, what news ? 25

*Pindarus.* [*Above.*] O my lord !

*Cassius.* What news ?

*Pindarus.* Titinius is enclosed round about  
With horsemen, that make to him on the spur ;  
Yet he spurs on : now they are almost on him ; 30  
Now, Titinius ! now some light ; O ! he lights too :  
He's ta'en ; [*Shout.*] and, hark ! they shout for joy.

*Cassius.* Come down ; behold no more.  
O, coward that I am, to live so long,  
To see my best friend ta'en before my face ! 35

*PINDARUS descends.*

Come hither, sirrah :  
In Parthia did I take thee prisoner ;  
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,  
That whatsoever I did bid thee do,  
Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now, keep thine oath ; 40  
Now be a freeman ; and with this good sword,  
That ran through Caesar's bowels, search this bosom.  
Stand not to answer ; here, take thou the hilts ;  
And, when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now,  
Guide thou the sword. Caesar, thou art reveng'd, 45  
Even with the sword that kill'd thee. [*Dies.*]

*Pindarus.* So, I am free ; yet would not so have been,

Durst I have done my will. O Cassius,  
Far from this country Pindarus shall run,  
Where never Roman shall take note of him. [Exit. 50

*Re-enter* TITINIUS *with* MESSALA.

*Messala.* It is but change, Titinius; for Octavius  
Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,  
As Cassius' legions are by Antony.

*Titinius.* These tidings will well comfort Cassius.

*Messala.* Where did you leave him?

*Titinius.* All disconsolate, 55  
With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill.

*Messala.* Is not that he that lies upon the ground?

*Titinius.* He lies not like the living. O my heart!

*Messala.* Is not that he?

*Titinius.* No, this was he, Messala, 60  
But Cassius is no more. O setting sun!

As in thy red rays thou dost sink to-night,

So in his red blood Cassius' day is set;

The sun of Rome is set. Our day is gone;

Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our deeds are done.

Mistrust of my success hath done this deed. 65

*Messala.* Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.  
O hateful error, melancholy's child!

Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men

The things that are not? O error! soon conceiv'd,

Thou never com'st unto a happy birth, 70

But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee.

*Titinius.* What, Pindarus! Where art thou, Pindarus?

*Messala.* Seek him, Titinius, whilst I go to meet

The noble Brutus, thrusting this report

Into his ears; I may say, thrusting it; 75

For piercing steel and darts envenomed

Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus

As tidings of this sight.

*Titinius.* Hie you, Messala,

And I will seek for Pindarus the while. [Exit MESSALA.

Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius? 80

Did I not meet thy friends? and did not they

Put on my brows this wreath of victory,

And bid me give it thee? Didst thou not hear their shouts?

Alas! thou hast misconstru'd every thing.

But, hold thee, take this garland on thy brow; 85

Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I



Will do his bidding. Brutus, come apace,  
 And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.  
 By your leave, gods : this is a Roman's part : 89  
 Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart. [*Kills himself.*]

*Alarum.* Re-enter MESSALA, with BRUTUS, Young CATO,  
 STRATO, VOLUMNIUS, and LUCILIUS.

*Brutus.* Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie ?

*Messala.* Lo, yonder : and Titinius mourning it.

*Brutus.* Titinius' face is upward.

*Cato.* He is slain.

*Brutus.* O Julius Caesar ! thou art mighty yet !

Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords 95

In our own proper entrails. [*Low alarums.*]

*Cato.* Brave Titinius !

Look wh'er he have not crown'd dead Cassius !

*Brutus.* Are yet two Romans living such as these ?

The last of all the Romans, fare thee well !

It is impossible that ever Rome 100

Should breed thy fellow. Friends, I owe more tears

To this dead man than you shall see me pay,—

I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.—

Come therefore, and to Thassos send his body :

His funerals shall not be in our camp, 105

Lest it discomfort us. Lucilius, come ;

And come, young Cato ;—let us to the field.

Labeo and Flavius, set our battles on :—

'Tis three o'clock ; and, Romans, yet ere night

We shall try fortune in a second fight. [*Exeunt.* 110

SCENE IV.—*Another Part of the Field.*

*Alarum.* Enter fighting, Soldiers of both armies ; then BRUTUS,  
 Young CATO, LUCILIUS, and Others.

*Brutus.* Yet, countrymen, O ! yet hold up your heads !

*Cato.* What villain doth not ? Who will go with me ?

I will proclaim my name about the field :

I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho !

A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend ; 5

I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho !

*Brutus.* And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I ;

Brutus, my country's friend ; know me for Brutus !

[*Exit, charging the enemy. CATO is overpowered and falls.*]

*Lucilius.* O young and noble Cato, art thou down ?

Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius, 10  
And mayst be honour'd being Cato's son.

*First Soldier.* Yield, or thou diest.

*Lucilius.*

Only I yield to die :

There is so much that thou wilt kill me straight.

[*Offering money.*]

Kill Brutus, and be honour'd in his death.

*First Soldier.* We must not. A noble prisoner ! 15

*Second Soldier.* Room, ho ! Tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en.

*First Soldier.* I'll tell the news : here comes the general.

*Enter ANTONY.*

Brutus is ta'en, my lord.

*Antony.* Where is he ?

*Lucilius.* Safe, Antony ; Brutus is safe enough : 20

I dare assure thee that no enemy

Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus :

The gods defend him from so great a shame !

When you do find him, or alive or dead,

He will be found like Brutus, like himself. 25

*Antony.* This is not Brutus, friend ; but, I assure you,

A prize no less in worth. Keep this man safe,

Give him all kindness : I had rather have

Such men my friends than enemies. Go on,

And see wher Brutus be alive or dead ; 30

And bring us word unto Octavius' tent,

How every thing is chanc'd.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*Another Part of the Field.*

*Enter BRUTUS, DARDANIUS, CLITUS, STRATO, and VOLUMNIUS.*

*Brutus.* Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock.

*Clitus.* Statilius show'd the torch-light ; but, my lord,  
He came not back : he is or ta'en or slain.

*Brutus.* Sit thee down, Clitus : slaying is the word ;

It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus. [*Whispers.*]

*Clitus.* What, I, my lord ? No, not for all the world. 6

*Brutus.* Peace, then ! no words.

*Clitus.*

I'll rather kill myself.

*Brutus.* Hark thee, Dardanius.

[*Whispers.*]

*Dardanius.*

Shall I do such a deed ?

*Clitus.* O, Dardanius !

*Dardanius.* O, Clitus !

10

*Clitus.* What ill request did Brutus make to thee ?

*Dardanius.* To kill him, Clitus. Look, he meditates.

*Clitus.* Now is that noble vessel full of grief,  
That it runs over even at his eyes.

*Brutus.* Come hither, good *Volumnius* : list a word. 15

*Volumnius.* What says my lord ?

*Brutus.* Why this, *Volumnius* :

The ghost of *Caesar* hath appear'd to me  
Two several times by night ; at *Sardis* once,  
And this last night here in *Philippi* fields.  
I know my hour is come.

*Volumnius.* Not so, my lord. 20

*Brutus.* Nay, I am sure it is, *Volumnius*.  
Thou seest the world, *Volumnius*, how it goes ;

Our enemies have beat us to the pit :

It is more worthy to leap in ourselves,

Than tarry till they push us. Good *Volumnius*, 25

Thou know'st that we two went to school together ;

Even for that love of old, I prithee,

Hold thou my sword-hilts, whilst I run on it.

*Volumnius.* That's not an office for a friend, my lord.

[*Alarum still.*]

*Clitus.* Fly, fly, my lord ! there is no tarrying here. 30

*Brutus.* Farewell to you ; and you ; and you, *Volumnius*.

*Strato*, thou hast been all this while asleep ;

Farewell to thee too, *Strato*. Countrymen,

My heart doth joy that yet, in all my life,

I found no man but he was true to me. 35

I shall have glory by this losing day,

More than *Octavius* and *Mark Antony*

By this vile conquest shall attain unto.

So fare you well at once ; for *Brutus*' tongue

Hath almost ended his life's history : 40

Night hangs upon mine eyes ; my bones would rest,

That have but labour'd to attain this hour.

[*Alarum. Cry within, ' Fly, fly, fly ! '*]

*Clitus.* Fly, my lord, fly.

*Brutus.* Hence ! I will follow.

[*Exeunt CLITUS, DARDANIUS, and VOLUMNIUS.*]

I prithee, *Strato*, stay thou by thy lord :

Thou art a fellow of a good respect ; 45

Thy life hath had some smatch of honour in it :

Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,

While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, *Strato* ?

*Strato.* Give me your hand first : fare you well, my lord.

*Brutus.* Farewell, good Strato.—[*He runs on his sword.*]

Caesar, now be still ; 50

I kill'd not thee with half so good a will. [*Dies.*]

*Alarum.* *Retreat.* Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, MESSALA,  
LUCILIUS, and Army.

*Octavius.* What man is that ?

*Messala.* My master's man. Strato, where is thy master ?

*Strato.* Free from the bondage you are in, Messala ;

The conquerors can but make a fire of him ; 55

For Brutus only overcame himself,

And no man else hath honour by his death.

*Lucilius.* So Brutus should be found. I thank thee, Brutus,  
That thou hast prov'd Lucilius' saying true.

*Octavius.* All that serv'd Brutus, I will entertain them. 60  
Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me ?

*Strato.* Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you.

*Octavius.* Do so, good Messala.

*Messala.* How died my master, Strato ?

*Strato.* I held the sword, and he did run on it. 65

*Messala.* Octavius, then take him to follow thee,  
That did the latest service to my master.

*Antony.* This was the noblest Roman of them all ;

All the conspirators save only he

Did that they did in envy of great Caesar ; 70

He only, in a general honest thought

And common good to all, made one of them.

His life was gentle, and the elements

So mix'd in him that Nature might stand up

And say to all the world, ' This was a man ! ' 75

*Octavius.* According to his virtue let us use him.

With all respect and rites of burial.

Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,

Most like a soldier, order'd honourably.

So, call the field to rest ; and let's away,

To part the glories of this happy day. 80

[*Exeunt.*]

PLUTARCH'S  
LIFE OF JULIUS CAESAR  
IN NORTH'S TRANSLATION

EDITED WITH INTRODUCTION  
AND NOTES

BY

R. H. CARR, B.A.

TRIN. COLL. OXON.

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## NOTE

THE system adopted in the Notes is that mere references are given where Shakespeare appears to have borrowed subject-matter only, and full quotations where he appears to have followed North's actual language. An Index is appended, containing a list of the references to the play, arranged in order under Act and Scene. All references are to the *Oxford Shakespeare*, edited by Mr. W. J. Craig.

The Introduction is reprinted from the complete work (*Plutarch's Lives of Coriolanus, Caesar, Brutus, and Antonius in North's Translation*: Oxford, 1906), of which this forms a part; and the references throughout it are to the pages of that volume; where the *Life of Caesar* occupies pp. 45-111.

In the Text the spelling has been modernized throughout, subject to the preservation of all interesting or obsolete forms. The punctuation also has been revised and corrected for the sake of clearness, though the characteristic colon is preserved to the exclusion of the modern semi-colon. The reasons for this tampering with the text are two-fold. First, it is a frank concession to the reader's convenience. Black letter, long s's, and sixteenth century spelling attract the bibliophile, but too often hamper and annoy the student. Secondly, modernization helps to bring author and reader nearer together. Every book that is worth reading from other than antiquarian motives makes a truer appeal to literary taste when it is dressed in modern guise; and it may be remembered that Charles Lamb's perfect instinct demanded an old edition of the *Anatomy of Melancholy* but preferred a modern *Shakespeare*.



## INTRODUCTION

### I. GENERAL.

THE process whereby the *Lives* of Plutarch became accessible to English readers is one of the most attractive of literary stories. Rescued from oblivion by the eager hands of the pioneers of the Renaissance, the *Parallel Lives* of the old philosopher of Chaeronea were quickly circulated in the fifteenth century among men of culture in Latin versions. The earliest printed edition known is a Latin translation published at Rome in 1470. This, or a later edition in the same language, came into the hands of a famous French ecclesiastic, Jacques Amyot, about the middle of the sixteenth century, and from it he made a French translation which he published in the year 1559. The *Lives*, as interpreted by Amyot, won ready acceptance among French readers, and soon passed into England to form the basis of the famous English version of Sir Thomas North, part of which is reproduced in this volume. North's work is thus removed from the original Greek by no less than three separate stages. But, astonishing as it may seem, these successive processes have not impaired the vitality, or dulled the brilliance, of the original work. The soul of the book remains unaltered by its various transmigrations.

It is some matter for regret, perhaps, that the *Lives* are so seldom read in the original. The tendency of school *curricula* to exclude all authors who are outside the strictly classic pale has obvious advantages on the side of syntactical and linguistic training. On the other hand, it militates against anything like a comprehensive view of literature, ignoring, as it does of necessity, so much that is of real interest and importance in Greek and Roman literature. Moreover, the qualities of Plutarch's work appeal in a special degree to the modern reader. His easy, chatty style,

his inexhaustible fund of good stories, above all his constant revelations of a kindly and sympathetic personality, win their way direct to the hearts of his readers. In an age when the teacher of history strives to vitalize his narrative by an appeal to the learner's innate faculty for hero-worship, it is natural to suggest a return to the pages of the greatest painter of historical portraits that the world has yet seen. The secret of his success is revealed in his own account of the vivid impression made upon him by his work :— 'When I first began to write these lives, my intent was to profit other : but, since continuing and going on, I have much profited myself by looking into these histories, as if I looked into a glass, to frame and fashion my life to the mould and pattern of these virtuous noble men. For, running over their manners in this sort, and seeking also to describe their lives, methinks I am still conversant and familiar with them, and do as it were lodge them with me one after another. . . . By continual reading of ancient histories and gathering these lives together, which now I leave before you, and by keeping always in mind the acts of the most noble, virtuous, and best given men of former age and worthy memory, I do teach and prepare myself to shake off and banish from me all lewd and dishonest conditions, if by chance the company and conversation of them whose company I keep do acquaint me with some unhappy or ungracious touch.' (*Life of Paulus Aemilius.*)

Plutarch's veracity has been impugned by many, but his marvellous insight into character is universally acknowledged. The artist in him predominates over the historian. His motto was Aristotle's *προαιρείσθαι δὲ ἀδύνατα εἰκότα μᾶλλον ἢ δυνατὰ ἀπίθανα*, and he did not care greatly whether an incident were true or false provided that it harmonized with his subject. He confesses as much in his *Life of Solon*, with a contemptuous side glance at the mere chronicler, à propos of a meeting between Solon and Croesus :— 'I know there are that by distance of time will prove it but a fable and devised of pleasure : but for my part I will not reject nor condemn so famous an history, received and approved by so many grave testimonies. Moreover, it is very agreeable to Solon's manners and nature, and also not unlike to his wisdom and magnanimity : although in

all points it agreeth not with certain tales (which they call chronicles) where they have busily noted the order and course of times, which even to this day many have curiously sought to correct, and could never yet discuss it, nor accord all contrarieties and manifest repugnances in the same.'

Primarily, then, Plutarch is an artist, and only secondarily an historian, and in his capacity of artist he is in the very first rank of story-tellers, worthy to be ranged with Boccaccio and Chaucer. He was able to draw, especially for the later *Lives*, on a rich store of anecdotes, some of them supplied, as he tells us, by members of his own family. His grandfather, Lamprias, is responsible for a description of Antonius's cuisine (p. 187 *infra*); while a reminiscence of the distress caused in Greece by the wars of Antonius is due to his great-grandfather, Nicarchus. Again, he often avails himself of the licence of the essayist to introduce digressions. The finest example of this, in the present volume, is the brilliant disquisition on the problem of free-will and predestination (pp. 35-6), where this most difficult of all topics is handled with wonderful lucidity and simple force. This passage alone would be enough to justify to us the reputation that Plutarch had acquired in his own day as a philosopher.

The extant *Lives* consist of twenty-three books, each containing the histories of one Greek and one Roman. This arrangement must not be taken to imply that any close parallel exists between the characters thus paired, for the *Comparisons* (*Συγκρίσεις*), which are often far-fetched and illusory, are the work of a later and obviously inferior hand. It suited Plutarch's purpose to arrange his subjects according to nationality, for he wished to prove that Greece could produce a roll of great men worthy to be matched with the most famous Romans, however much her power and fame had diminished by his own day. He was content, therefore, to couple his characters on the slightest of common bases, whether of temperament, environment, or achievement. Thus Coriolanus and Alcibiades are associated as men driven by force of circumstances to war against their own countrymen, Caesar and Alexander as great generals and world-conquerors.

Plutarch was naturally more at his ease with Greek than with Roman history, for in the one case the materials lay ready to his hand, and in the other were acquired with difficulty owing to his short stay in Rome and his very slight knowledge of the Latin language. 'At Rome,' he tells us, 'I had no leisure to study and exercise the Latin tongue, as well for the great business I had then to do, as also to satisfy them that came to learn philosophy of me.' (*Life of Demosthenes.*) The 'great business' referred to was in all probability the collection of materials for the Roman Lives. Plutarch's work abounds in quotations from Greek authors, but only one Latin quotation, and that from Horace, is to be found in the whole of the *Lives*. He was probably compelled, therefore, to search out the histories of his Romans from the byways of Greek literature, and to supplement this by hearsay evidence picked up at Rome.

It is easy to imagine how popular must have been the lectures of this witty and good-natured man of the world, enriched as they were, doubtless, with a wealth of literary illustration and with a profusion of jests and anecdotes. But if the lectures have left behind them no visible fruit, their author's reputation is safe in the hands of readers of the *Lives*. The *Moralia* belong to a branch of literature which has lost its attraction for all save the classical specialist, but the *Lives* will always have a sure place in the range of the great classics, and that by reason of their own eternal human interest and intrinsic merit, quite apart from the fact that to them we owe, among other literary treasures, three of the greatest tragedies of Shakespeare.

## II. LIFE OF SIR THOMAS NORTH.

The few facts that are known concerning the life of Sir Thomas North may be briefly stated. He was the younger son of Edward, first Lord North, by Alice, daughter of Oliver Squyer, and was born probably at Kirtling, the family home, about the year 1535. Cooper (*Ath. Cant.*) supposed that he was educated at Peterhouse, Cambridge, but the fact has never been established. The Admission

Book of the college for the Tudor period is unfortunately missing, and the Buttery Books preserve surnames only. But, as his father was not only a member of the college, like others of the family, but also a benefactor, it is probable that Thomas, with other young noblemen of his day, resided there for a time without proceeding to a degree, or perhaps even matriculating. In 1557 he was entered at Lincoln's Inn, and in 1568 the freedom of Cambridge was bestowed upon him. Six years later we hear of him accompanying his famous elder brother Roger, afterwards Lord North, to France on a special diplomatic mission. At the time of the Armada he captained a volunteer band of three hundred men from the Isle of Ely. Throughout his life he appears to have been continually involved in pecuniary difficulties, which were only temporarily relieved by a legacy under his father's will in 1565. Thus in 1579 Leicester wrote to Burleigh desiring his favour for the *Plutarch*, and describing the translator as 'a very honest gentleman', who 'hath many good things in him which are drowned only by poverty'. About 1591, however, he was knighted by Queen Elizabeth; at that time, therefore, he must have been possessed of land to the value of at least £40 per annum—the statutory qualification for knighthood. This was probably the most prosperous period of his life, for in 1592, and again in 1597, he appears on the roll of Justices of the Peace for the county of Cambridgeshire. But by 1598 he was again in difficulties, which were partially mitigated by a grant of £20 from the corporation of Cambridge. Three years later the queen granted him a pension of £40 per annum 'in consideration of the good and faithful service done unto us'. The date of his death is not known, but he seems to have been alive in 1603, for the fifteen supplementary Lives added to the new edition of the *Plutarch*, published in that year, are prefaced by a dedication to the queen from his pen, in which he speaks gratefully of 'the princely bounty of your blessed hand comforting and supporting my poor old decaying life', and declares that he has himself translated these additional Lives. It is probable that North did not long survive his royal mistress.

He was twice married. First to Elizabeth, daughter of

Mr. Colville, and widow of Robert Rich, and secondly to Judith, daughter of Henry Vesey of Isleham, and widow of Robert Bridgewater. After his death she became the wife of John Courthope. By the first wife he had a son Edward, and a daughter Elizabeth, who was married to Thomas Stuteville of Brinkley in 1579. Cooper mentions another son Roger, whose name does not occur in the family records.

North's literary output is represented by three translations, the *Diall of Princes*, first published in 1557, the *Morall Philosophie of Doni*, published in 1570, and *Plutarch's Lives*, published in 1579. His versatility as a linguist is evidenced by the fact that the originals of these three works were respectively Spanish, Italian, and French; for, although the *Diall of Princes* purports to be translated from a French version of Guevara's *Libro Aureo*, it is nevertheless clear that North must have worked largely upon the Spanish text. The *Libro Aureo* is an expansion of a pretended adaptation by Guevara of the *Meditations* of Marcus Aurelius, which had already won signal popularity in England in the version of Lord Berners, whose translation of Froissart had reached its fifth edition when North's work appeared.

Some prominence has been given to the *Diall* of late on the supposition that it was the source of the famous Euphuism, which was brought to its perfection by John Lyly. Guevara's peculiar style is marked by parallelism of thought and phrase, by antithesis, and occasionally by similes drawn from natural or unnatural history, and North makes some attempt to preserve these characteristics, even adding that typically English ornament, alliteration. But these peculiarities are by no means conspicuous in the *Diall*, as they are in the *Petite Pallace of Pettie his Pleasure*, and in *Euphues* itself, and, but for the subsequent development of Euphuism, they would probably never have been detected. But the problem is not without a fascination of its own, for it would be a happy example of the interdependence of literary genius, could it be proved that Lyly was aided by the first work of that brilliant translator whose last work inspired Shakespeare, who himself owed so much to Lyly, his forerunner in romantic comedy.

The *Morall Philosophie* is a work of less significance,

being a translation from the Italian Doni of a collection of oriental fables, but it forms a link in the long series of works from the *Travels of Sir John Mandeville* down to Fitzgerald's *Omar Khayyam*, which evidence the power of the East to allure and fascinate the West.

North's last work, so far as we know, was the *Lives of the noble Grecians and Romanes*. The merits and characteristics of this translation are discussed in a later section of this introduction. It is convenient to investigate here, however, one problem connected with it, namely, whether North himself prepared for the press either the second or the third edition, published respectively in 1595 and 1603. A careful study of the four Lives here printed in the first three editions has convinced the writer that the 1595 text at all events bears no signs of revision by the translator, though he may have added the index which there appears for the first time. The differences between it and the first edition are so trifling as to carry conviction on this point. On the other hand, the 1603 edition contains a supplement of fifteen Lives which are definitely declared in the preface to have been translated by North himself; and there is no reason to doubt the statement. It is not clear, however, that he submitted the original text to revision. Here again the variations are for the most part insignificant, being confined largely to alterations of spelling, due doubtless to the shifting of the orthographic standard, such as it was. The most important change in the Lives under review is a correction of the obvious error, 'the highway going unto Appius' to 'the highway called Appius' way'—a change that may well have been due to an intelligent compositor. It is at least worthy of notice that, in the one case where North is known to have taken the trouble of revising an edition for the press, he stated the fact emphatically on the title-page. Thus the second edition of the *Diall of Princes*, published in 1568, is definitely asserted to be 'now newly revised and corrected by hym, reformed of faultes escaped in the first edition'. It is only natural to suppose, therefore, that if he had taken the pains to revise the *Lives*, he would also have taken the credit for his labour.

In vol. 12497 of the Additional MSS. in the British Museum, among the interesting collection made by Sir



Julius Caesar, there is a paper endorsed by Sir Julius— 'Sr Tho. North his exceptions against the sute of Surveyor of the gagers [gaugers] of beer and ale. 9. Januar. 1591.' This paper, which is the only autograph of North's known, consists merely of a few notes on an excise suit of no particular interest, ending characteristically with a few words in Italian. But the handwriting is unusually bold, full of character and decision, though by no means easily decipherable. The signature with its curious reiteration of the letter 'h', alike in Christian and surname, is here reproduced.

### III. THE TRANSLATIONS OF NORTH AND AMYOT.

It was the fashion formerly to decry North's version of the *Lives* as inaccurate and untrustworthy, whereas the fact is, as Mr. George Wyndham pointed out, that it is in the main marvellously faithful to the original, especially when the various stages that intervened between the Greek and the English are borne in mind. A careful comparison with Plutarch's text of the four *Lives* printed in this volume reveals the fact that in hardly a dozen cases has North missed the point of a passage, while the minor alterations noticed are evidently due in most cases to the deliberate intention of the translator. Arithmetical discrepancies may be ignored in this connexion, as the inevitable result of frequent transcription, common to all ancient MSS. But, after all, the question of North's literal accuracy is only of secondary importance. Like all the greatest English translators of the classics, from King Alfred onwards, he made it his purpose, not to produce a slavish 'crib' of his original for the benefit of the indolent schoolboy, but to bring a great work within the comprehension of men of his



own day. Like every true scion of the Renaissance he turned to ancient writers in a spirit not of pedantry but of eager inquiry, to seek in them precept and example, guidance and inspiration, to meet the needs of his age. The contact of such a man in such an age with the fine material of the *Lives* produced necessarily a new Plutarch, new in style and temper, yet the same in substance.

North spared no pains to bring his narrative home to the minds and hearts of his readers. Thus he always rejected a technical term when a vivid paraphrase would give his meaning better. A modern translator, for example, would render Plutarch's *μονομάχων ἀγῶνας* by 'gladiatorial fights', or, in the phrase of the worthy brothers Langhorne, 'a show of gladiators'. Such renderings appear tame and lifeless beside the graphic picture drawn by North of 'the cruel fight of fencers at unrebated swords'. The priestly envoys, again, returning from their fruitless embassy to Coriolanus, are contemptuously dismissed as 'this goodly rabble of superstition and priests'. It would be easy to multiply instances of his power of vivid description, but no further testimony is needed than that of Shakespeare, who often deliberately refrained from any attempt to alter or improve upon North's language. Examples of this will be found in Coriolanus's great speech to Aufidius on their meeting at Antium, and in the poetical account of Cleopatra's voyage down the Cydnus. In one instance, the description of Cleopatra's death, it may almost be said that Shakespeare, through the exigencies of the drama, mars the wonderful simplicity of his original. It would have been impossible to improve on the quiet beauty of the prose passage, where every word is in its place, and there is not a superfluous syllable. 'Her death was very sudden. For those whom Caesar sent unto her ran thither in all haste possible, and found the soldiers standing at the gate, mistrusting nothing, nor understanding of her death. But when they had opened the doors they found Cleopatra stark dead, laid upon a bed of gold, attired and arrayed in her royal robes, and one of her two women, which was called Iras, dead at her feet: and the other woman called Charmion half-dead, and trembling, trimming the diadem which Cleopatra ware upon her head.

One of the soldiers, seeing her, angrily said unto her: "Is that well done, Charmion?" "Very well," said she again, "and meet for a princess descended from the race of so many noble kings." She said no more, but fell down dead hard by the bed.' But isolated quotations can give no adequate idea of the fluent splendour of North's language. The whole temper of the Elizabethan age, with all its poetry, its enthusiasm, its love of adventure, its eager hero-worship, is incarnate in his pages. So easy, and so full of life, moreover, is his prose style that it requires an effort on the reader's part to remember that it is a translation at all. Yet a comparison of it with the *Vies des Hommes Illustres* of Amyot shows that North rendered the French almost word for word. The part played by Amyot, then, was an important factor in the introduction of Plutarch to Shakespeare.

Jacques Amyot's long life lasted from 1513 to 1593, a stirring period in French history. He was Abbot of Bellocane only when he translated the *Lives*, but by the time North's version appeared he had risen to be Bishop of Auxerre and Great Almoner of France, as witness the title-page of the 1579 edition, printed in Section IX of this Introduction. In his old age he incurred the hostility of the Catholic League after the murder of the Duc de Guise, and two years before his death the powerful influence of the League deprived him of all his dignities. Practically all that has been said in praise of North's work will apply equally to Amyot's, and perhaps with greater justice from Amyot's greater claim to originality. Nor is his style inferior to North's, for French of the sixteenth century almost rivals Elizabethan English in splendour. And Amyot was, in the words of a French critic, 'un des créateurs de cette belle langue du XVI<sup>e</sup> siècle, originale et naïve, souple et abondante, colorée et pittoresque'. Over against Shakespeare's unacknowledged debt to North must be set Montaigne's reiterations of his own debt to Amyot, and his tributes of unstinted praise. 'Je donne la palme,' he wrote, 'avecque raison, ce me semble, à Jacques Amyot sur tous nos escripvains François.' Amyot's *Lives* kept the field in France for a century and a half, when it was superseded by the more commonplace version of Dacier, just as

North was in turn deposed by Dryden and his assistants, and later by the two Langhorns. But in modern times the supremacy of Amyot, no less than that of North, is being reasserted. The bulk of Amyot's literary work was concerned with Plutarch, for he turned the *Moralia* into French as well as the *Lives*, a task that North left in the worthy hands of Philemon Holland.

The popularity of Plutarch's *Lives* has by no means been confined to France and England, and it would be a lengthy task to compile a complete list of the translations made in the various countries of Europe. In Germany, Hieronymus Boner anticipated Amyot in 1541, and his translation was followed by that of Xylander and Löchinger in 1580. The list of Italian versions includes those of Sansovino (1564), Domenichi (1567), Pompei (1772), and Centofanni (1845). The best-known Spanish translation is that of Castro de Salinas in 1562. Adam Van Zuylen Van Nyevelt translated Amyot into Dutch in 1644. The above are all complete editions, but selections from the *Lives* have appeared in almost every European language, including Bohemian, Polish, Danish, and Icelandic. In France Dacier's version appeared in 1694, and Ricard's in 1798-1803. The list of English translations subsequent to North's comprises that known as Dryden's, which was published in 1683-6, the version of J. and W. Langhorne (1770), that of A. H. Clough (a revision of Dryden's translation) published in 1864, and that of Aubrey Stewart and George Long (1880-2).

Plutarch's *Lives* have in fact been translated almost as frequently as the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, and not the least remarkable fact about them is that they have attained far greater popularity in modern times in the form of translation than in the original, as was pointed out in an article attributed to Archbishop Trench in the *Quarterly Review* for October, 1861. In this respect the *Lives* stand practically alone in the whole range of Greek and Roman literature.

#### IV. NORTH AND SHAKESPEARE.

Among the many problems that beset the path of the student of Shakespeare not the least interesting is the origin

of his use of Plutarch's *Lives*. Various conjectures have been put forward in this connexion, but most of them have been already disposed of by the progress made of recent years in the methods of dating the plays. The critic of the early Victorian era first evolved his theory and then manipulated his dates to suit that theory. But subsequent research has necessitated the reversal of this convenient process, and it behoves the imaginative spirit to move warily. The discovery of Shakespeare's autograph in a copy of Florio's *Montaigne* of 1603 suggested to M. Philarète Chasles that it was Montaigne who introduced Shakespeare to Plutarch. The credit may possibly be due to Montaigne, but certainly not to the 1603 edition in question (which is to be seen at the British Museum), for we know that *Julius Caesar* was written not later than 1601. More wonderful still, a worthy Glaswegian, Mr. Allan Park Paton, proclaimed in 1871 the discovery of what he alleged to be Shakespeare's copy of North in the Greenock Library. The edition is that of 1603, and the supposition rested on the fact that the title-page bore the MS. legend 'W. S.', written in a hand which Mr. Paton proved to resemble one of the dramatist's reputed autographs. Unhappily it was pointed out, by Sir F. Madden, that the autograph in question was spurious, so Mr. Paton was forced to fall back on the general proposition that, out of the admittedly large number of individuals of the period owning the initials 'W. S.', there can have been few with the means to purchase, or with sufficient literary taste to desire, the famous *Lives*. His position was further strengthened by the fact that a number of passages in different *Lives* were marked, presumably by the great 'W. S.', and not by any of the other possessors of the book. Finally, the difficulty as to dates was disposed of by the assumption that Shakespeare wrote the Roman plays in the last four years of his life, when we know him to have been living in retirement at Stratford, with complete cessation from dramatic work. Those who care to pursue the thread of Mr. Paton's argument will find it set out in his *Notes on North's Plutarch*, published at Greenock in 1871.

There can, however, be little profit in conjecturing what may have led Shakespeare to study Plutarch. We know from the number of editions published of North's transla-

tion (seven within a century) that the book was extremely popular, and Shakespeare's connexion with the great patrons of literature would doubtless have ensured its coming into his hands. With regard to the question of chronology, however, the ascription of *Julius Caesar* to the year 1601 at latest, enables us confidently to reject all editions of North after that date. There remain, then, only those of 1579 and 1595.

The 1595 text has been selected for the present edition because it is *a priori* more likely to have been accessible to Shakespeare than the first edition, which was probably out of print by the time he came to London. Professor Leo selected the 1595 text for his admirable photo-lithograph of these four Lives, published in 1878, further supporting his choice by the observation that the word 'conduits', on p. 1, was so printed in the Folio of 1623, whereas the 1579 text of North has 'conducts'. This argument would be more weighty if Shakespeare could be proved to have had a hand in the preparation of the Folio. But, as it is clear that the form 'conduits' was by this time generally preferred to 'conducts', this subtle detail becomes of little value, especially in the circumstances under which the Folio was printed.

Again, most critics have assumed that Shakespeare could not have become acquainted with the *Lives* before the year 1600, on the ground that if he had known the work before he would have used it earlier. There is not much evidence either way, but on the whole it seems probable that Shakespeare's use of North did not follow immediately upon his introduction to his pages. The industry of Professor Skeat discovered two passages in earlier plays which may possibly have originated in North. In the *Merchant of Venice*, i. 1. 167, Portia is compared to 'Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia', while in the *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, ii. 1. 75-80, the names of Hippolyta, Perigouna, Ægle, Ariadne, and Antiopa, all of which are to be found in the pages of Plutarch's *Life of Theseus*, occur in quick succession. But it is true at the same time that Shakespeare could have ascertained the name and parentage of Brutus's wife elsewhere than in North, and the story of Theseus and his many loves was known to Elizabethans from more sources than one.

Thus the question must remain an open one. We know, at least, that Shakespeare's time as playwright and actor must have been fully occupied during his active career. We believe that on one occasion at any rate, and probably on more, he wrote plays to order. He wrote to satisfy a popular demand, and not to provide material for the student or the literary critic. The theory that he deliberately postponed his use of North till the completion of his great sequence of English historical plays is at least as plausible as the assumption that the *Lives* did not come within his ken till the time when he began to write *Julius Caesar*.

Of far greater interest for the general reader, however, than these more technical points, is the study of the methods employed by Shakespeare in his use of North's *Plutarch*.

The time has now gone by when it was considered an outrage on literary propriety even to hint at the dramatist's indebtedness to the biographer, and the student hails with thankfulness so unique an opportunity of analysing Shakespeare's methods of composition. Yet even now, from time to time, there echoes a fitful wail at the indelicacy of such treatment, as witness a letter in the *Times Literary Supplement* for Sept. 23, 1904, from the pen of the Poet Laureate. 'Though Shakespeare may have taken his plots and the names of his personages,' he says, 'from wherever he happened to find them, he could by no possibility have borrowed prose passages from any one, and made poetry of them by turning them into verse. Poetry is not made in that fashion. The white heat, the fine frenzy of the brain, in the moment of such composition, precludes so cold a procedure. . . . To suppose that the poet deliberately takes his material, his subject-matter, from others, and then transforms it into poetry by the aid of what Prospero calls his "so potent art", is to commit the mistake so often made by critics with an insufficient amount of imagination.' Yet this is exactly what Shakespeare has done, and what Milton has done. And Mr. Alfred Austin's admirable thesis suggests only the comment that the critic has need of other qualities than that of mere imagination. The true criterion by which to test Shakespeare's relation to North is Milton's axiom that 'such borrowing, if it be not bettered by the

borrower, among good writers is accounted plagiary'. (*Eikonoklastes*, chap. 23.)

It is a matter of common knowledge that, like most of his brother dramatists, Shakespeare spared himself the pains of inventing his own plots. The theatrical audience of his day, it appears, had a predilection for well-known tales, and concerned itself more with the dramatic treatment of the plot than with the actual incidents on which it was based. In this respect the history of the Greek drama affords us a close parallel. The Greek tragedians seldom ventured to depart from the old legends, and Aristotle was probably considered a dangerous innovator when he suggested that a dramatist should be at liberty to invent his own plots (*Poet.* ix). As a rule, Shakespeare contented himself with using his source as a bare framework on which to build up the play; a method necessitated indeed by the crude nature of much of the work from which he borrowed his incidents. The English historical plays, for example, from *King John* to *Henry the Fifth*, are based upon the rough material of Holinshed and other contemporary chroniclers. To the facts as portrayed by them Shakespeare adhered with remarkable fidelity, for he preserved their very mistakes. But in no case did he extend his borrowing beyond the bare outline of incidents. Language, style, atmosphere, and delineation of character are all his own. But, when he came to study Plutarch's *Lives* for the purposes of his Roman plays, he recognized, it is clear, that he had there to deal with artistic work of high polish and refinement; it was necessary, then, for him only to transmute, not to create.

In the earliest of the Roman plays, *Julius Caesar*, which must have preceded *Antony and Cleopatra* by about seven years, it is possible to detect something of a transitional stage in his method of handling his sources. The incidents are brilliantly woven together from the three lives of Caesar, Brutus, and Antonius, but the language is, in most cases, Shakespeare's own, and there is perhaps more freedom in the treatment of character than in the later plays. In these Shakespeare seems to have been content to rely almost entirely on Plutarch for his subject-matter, and on North for the language of the great speeches, thus giving himself free



play for the exercise of those powers of deep reflection and introspective thought which characterize his later style. More detailed treatment of the three plays in question, and of their relation to the *Lives*, is reserved for the three subsequent sections of this Introduction.

A word must be added on the subject of Shakespeare's *Timon of Athens*. The story of Timon, the misanthrope, is briefly told in the *Life of Antonius*, pp. 230-1, and it has been suggested that the play is based upon this passage. Some measure of probability is given by the fact that *Timon* is thought to have been written about the year 1608, while the *Life of Antonius* was still fresh in Shakespeare's mind. It is likely enough that this may have been the immediate cause of his choice of this subject, but the story of Timon is told at greater length and with more detail in Painter's *Palace of Pleasure*, a work which was admittedly part of Shakespeare's stock-in-trade, and the story had already been dramatized by an unknown playwright from the materials supplied by Painter and Lucian, before Shakespeare set to work upon it. On this crude play, probably, Shakespeare worked up his *Timon*, though he seems to have taken Timon's epitaph direct from North, for Painter's version of it is quite different:—

My wretched catife dayes expired now and past :  
 My carren corps intered here is fast in grounde :  
 In waltring waues of swelling Sea by surges cast,  
 My name if thou desire, the Gods thee doe confounde.

Other details common to the account given by Plutarch and the play are the story of the fig-tree and the elements of the characters of Apemantus and Alcibiades, who realizes in the drama Timon's prediction in Plutarch that he would one day 'do great mischief unto the Athenians'.

Plutarch's account of Timon, therefore, in the pages of North's translation is to be regarded rather as the occasion than as the actual source of *Timon of Athens*.

## V. SHAKESPEARE'S 'JULIUS CAESAR'.

The date of this play is fixed with tolerable certainty at 1600 or 1601. It is not mentioned in the catalogue given



in Meres's *Palladis Tamia* (1598), but there is a clear reference to it in Weever's *Mirror of Martyrs*, 1601.

The many-headed multitude were drawne  
By Brutus' speech, that Caesar was ambitious ;  
When eloquent Mark Antonie had showne  
His vertues, who but Brutus then was vicious ?

This passage, therefore, provides the *terminus ad quem* for the play. The external evidence for the date is supported by the close relationship that exists between this play and *Hamlet*, no less than by the usual internal criteria of style and verse construction. The story of Julius Caesar is referred to more than once in *Hamlet*, as in Act iii. Sc. 2, where Polonius says :—' I did enact Julius Caesar : I was killed i' the Capitol : Brutus killed me.' Again, in Act i. Sc. 1, Horatio recalls the portents that heralded the death of Caesar. Even more significant is the fact that the character of Hamlet is closely akin to that of Brutus. Both were men of reflection rather than of action : yet both were called upon by inevitable fate to commit deeds of violence wholly alien to the promptings of their true nature. The parallel, like all parallels, must not be pushed too far, but in the main the criticism of Professor Brandes is just, that Hamlet is another Brutus with the addition of humour and a touch of genius. These considerations appear sufficient to warrant the inference that *Hamlet* was written almost immediately after *Julius Caesar*.

The details that go to make up the play are welded together with wonderful skill from the three separate Lives of Caesar, Brutus, and Antonius. Apart from the meetings of the conspirators, which are described at length in the *Life of Brutus*, the first two acts and the first scene of Act iii. are drawn from the *Life of Caesar*. Antony's speech in Act iii. Sc. 2 is based upon a passage in the *Life of Antonius* (pp. 175-6) : while the murder of Cinna in Act iii. Sc. 3 must be traced to the *Life of Brutus*, since he is not described as a 'poet' in the similar passage in the *Life of Caesar*. Acts iv and v follow closely the *Life of Brutus*, though the statement that Cassius stabbed himself with the sword with which he had murdered Caesar is drawn from the *Life of Caesar*.

Shakespeare has not imitated the language of North so closely in this as in the other plays. The passages most closely followed are the speech of Portia to her husband, the parting words of Cassius and Brutus before the battle of Philippi, the words of Lucilius to Antony (Act v. Sc. 4), and Brutus's last speech before his death. These extracts are quoted in full in the Notes. From the point of view of comparative study of Plutarch and Shakespeare, the most instructive part of the play is the third scene of the fourth act, where the quarrel of Brutus and Cassius and their reconciliation on the news of Portia's death is constructed out of a long series of incidents detailed in pp. 137-44 of the *Life of Brutus*.

For two centuries opinions have been sharply divided over the meaning and purpose of Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar*. According to one theory, the Caesar of the play is a contemptible braggart and dotard, so pictured either because Shakespeare was in truth wholly ignorant of his real character, or because he purposely degraded him in order to justify the action of Brutus, who is the real hero of the play. On the other side it is maintained that the purpose of the dramatist is to show the ultimate triumph of Caesarism, in spite of the death of its protagonist, over Brutus and Cassius, the last champions of republicanism. The latter theory is supported by the analogy of the generally accepted opinion as to the national *motif* of Shakespeare's English chronicle plays. The existence of this problem adds special interest to the study of Shakespeare's handling of Plutarch in the case of this play.

Throughout the *Life of Caesar* it is clear that Plutarch's attitude towards his subject is not wholly sympathetic. He praises him, it is true, for his eloquence, his generosity, his courage, his good generalship. But through it all there runs an undercurrent of dislike of his tyrannical disposition and his boundless ambition. The very anecdotes he tells of him are characterized by an element of sarcasm, even of bitterness, unlike his usual urbanity and good nature. Thus it is hinted that the magniloquent phrase in which he justified the putting away of his wife disguised an anxiety to please the people by securing the acquittal of Clodius (p. 54). The braggart is revealed in his lament that

Alexander at his age had won many countries, whereas he had done nothing worthy of himself (p. 55). He will not allow the sword captured from him by the Arverni to be recovered, for it is 'a holy thing' (p. 70). An unsavoury bit of scandal about his relations with Servilia is dished up in the *Life of Brutus*. Yet in warfare he is valiant, skilful, and magnanimous, and it is worthy of note that his failings are most strongly emphasized when his fighting career is over, i.e. at the point where the play begins. Plutarch strikes the keynote at once after the defeat of Pompey's sons (p. 99): 'The prosperous good success he had of his former conquests bred no desire in him quietly to enjoy the fruits of his labours, but rather gave him hope of things to come, still kindling more and more in him thoughts of greater enterprise and desire of new glory, as if that which he had present were stale and nothing worth.' Further, he was 'mortally hated', we are told, 'for the covetous desire he had to be called king' (p. 100). He will not rise from his seat to receive the Senate (p. 101): he speaks of the people in contemptuous terms (p. 102): lastly, on the day of his death, he vacillates helplessly between womanish fear and arrogant self-confidence. Such is Plutarch's picture of the later Caesar, and such is Shakespeare's, with a few added touches, such as deafness, and his old enemy epilepsy. However, it must be remembered that, apart from the scene where Caesar is in turn intimidated by his wife and browbeaten by Decius (*sic*) Brutus, which is modelled carefully upon Plutarch (p. 105), the descriptions of Caesar's character come to us mainly from the mouths of bitter personal foes like Casca and Cassius. Brutus, who has 'not known when his affections swayed more than his reason', who weeps for his friendship, who rejoices at his fortune, who honours him for his valiantness, slays him only for his ambition. Brutus is purblind in his judgement of a villain, but unerring in his recognition of greatness.

The character of Brutus is delineated by Plutarch with the utmost minuteness and sympathy. 'He was rightly made and framed unto virtue.' His manner of speech was terse, even as Shakespeare represents it in his address to the people at Caesar's funerals. His reflective nature is

illustrated by his behaviour while the conspiracy was afoot: 'For either care did wake him against his will, when he would have slept, or else oftentimes of himself he fell into deep thoughts of this enterprise, casting in his mind all the dangers that might happen.' Yet when his mind is made up, not even the report of his wife's death can make him swerve from his purpose (p. 125). Averse to bloodshed, he spares Antonius's life when Cassius with keener foresight demands his death, and, against the wiser instincts of his companions, allows him to deliver Caesar's funeral oration. He reproves Cicero for taking part with Octavius, adding that 'for his own part he had never resolutely determined with himself to make war or peace, but otherwise that he was certainly minded never to be slave or subject'. The only fault that Plutarch can find in his whole career is his promise to allow his men the sack of two cities if they should win the battle of Philippi. His tender heart is shown by his grief at the firing of the city of Xanthus (p. 140); in short, 'he was a marvellous lowly and gentle person, noble-minded, and would never be in any rage nor carried away with pleasure and covetousness, but had ever an upright mind with him, and would never yield to any wrong or injustice,' so that all were persuaded that his intent was good (p. 138).

Of Cassius, on the other hand, Plutarch tells us that 'men reputed him commonly to be very skilful in wars, but otherwise marvellous choleric and cruel, who sought to rule men by fear rather than with lenity'. His inborn hatred of tyrants is illustrated by an amusing anecdote of his schoolboy days (p. 119), yet his share in the conspiracy was due to private hatred of Caesar rather than to high principle. Less scrupulous than Brutus, as we have seen, his judgement was more acute, and Brutus's respect for his great qualities is evinced by his lament over his death, where he calls him 'the last of all the Romans'. Shakespeare enlists some sympathy for Cassius by an added touch in Act iv. Sc. 3, where his forbearance and love for Brutus are evoked by the news of Portia's death. Indeed, throughout the scene of the quarrel Cassius rises superior to Brutus in breadth of view and magnanimity, distraught as Brutus is, despite all his philosophy, by his wife's death.

The tragedy of the play lies neither in the murder of Caesar, nor in the deaths of Brutus and Cassius, but in the decay and downfall of Roman republicanism. No sooner has Brutus given his reasons in trenchant syllables for Caesar's murder, than the people exclaim with unconscious irony:—'Live Brutus, live'. 'Let him be Caesar.' And, on the eve of his death, the pitiful suicide of Cassius wrings from him the confession:—'O, Julius Caesar, thou art mighty yet!' The keynote of this conception is to be found in Plutarch's summing up of Caesar's life (p. 109-10). 'So he reaped no other fruit of all his reign and dominion, which he had so vehemently desired all his life, and pursued with such extreme danger, but a vain name only, and a superficial glory, that procured him the envy and hatred of his country. But his great prosperity, and good fortune that favoured him all his lifetime, did continue afterwards in the revenge of his death, pursuing the murderers both by sea and land, till they had not left a man more to be executed, of all them that were actors or counsellors in the conspiracy of his death.'

#### VI. SHAKESPEARE'S 'ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA'.

We have noticed that Shakespeare took some of the details for his play of *Julius Caesar* from Plutarch's *Life of Antonius*, and it is natural to suppose that, when he laid aside his Plutarch in order to write his great series of tragedies, he had already conceived the idea of using the remainder of this *Life* for another Roman play. The date of *Antony and Cleopatra* is not certain, but it is probably to be placed in 1607 or 1608. Just as in the case of *Julius Caesar* some affinity was noticed with *Hamlet*, so it is possible to trace in this later play a thread of connexion with the great world-tragedy of *King Lear*. Shakespeare was attracted to the subject, no doubt, by the great picture of oriental splendour and luxury drawn by Plutarch, whose Greek temperament found more adequate expression in the description of the magnificence of Egypt, than it did in the more sober and prosaic circumstances of the last days of the Roman Republic. The natural result of this was that,

in the play of *Antony and Cleopatra*, Shakespeare followed his original with closer fidelity than ever. Not only is there scarcely an incident in the play which is not drawn from Plutarch, but there is hardly a detail in the later part of the *Life of Antonius* which Shakespeare has failed to incorporate in the play, except the long narrative of Antony's campaign against the Parthians. Thus, in Act iii. the scene changes swiftly from Syria to Rome, from Rome to Alexandria, and from Alexandria to Athens; thence again to Rome, from Rome to Actium, and from Actium once more to Alexandria. It is the old complaint voiced in Sidney's *Apologie for Poetrie*, a play 'where you shal have Asia of the one side and Affrick of the other, and so many other under-kingdoms that the Player, when he commeth in, must ever begin with telling where he is: or els the tale wil not be conceived'. But this rapid transit from continent to continent is only a device of Shakespeare's to enhance the magnitude of his great theme. As the English chronicle plays form a series of steps in the national history of England, so *Julius Caesar* and *Antony and Cleopatra* treat of the *Welt-politik* underlying the history of the rise and subsequent decline of the Roman Empire.

The actual period that elapsed between the death of Fulvia, with which the play virtually opens, and the death of Cleopatra, with which it ends, was in reality about ten years; but, for dramatic reasons, events in the play follow one another with startling rapidity. Thus, according to Shakespeare, Caesar pursues Antony to Egypt immediately after the battle of Actium, though in Plutarch's narrative at least a year elapses between the sea-fight and Caesar's landing in Egypt (p. 233).

In the character of Antonius, Plutarch achieved a masterpiece; and this manly, broad-fronted, Herculean figure, endowed with Asiatic magniloquence and gigantic ambition, is the very Antony of Shakespeare. His love for Cleopatra so dominates him, that the blunt, hardy warrior, who has endured every hardship by the side of his men, becomes transformed into the coward, 'so carried away with the vain love of this woman as if he had been glued unto her,' that he follows her terror-stricken flight from the battle of Actium. Lover-like, he is tortured with jealousy when



Cleopatra gives unduly long audience to Caesar's envoy, and his fury at her final betrayal of him only dissolves into passionate grief, followed by suicide, at the news of her feigned death. His is indeed an artist nature, to be paralleled only by that of Marlowe's Tamburlaine in the whole history of the drama. Shakespeare had only to put the finishing touches to the sure lines of Plutarch's work. Nor is the case different with Cleopatra. 'Her beauty,' Plutarch tells us, 'was not so passing as unmatchable of other women, nor yet such as upon present view did enamour men with her: but so sweet was her company and conversation that a man could not possibly but be taken, and, besides her beauty, the good grace she had to talk and discourse, her courteous nature that tempered her words and deeds, was a spur that pricked to the quick. Furthermore, besides all these, her voice and words were marvellous pleasant.' Shakespeare never insists, hardly implies even, that she is beautiful. Antony calls her 'a right gipsy', his 'nightingale', his 'serpent of old Nile'. The blunt old misogynist, Enobarbus, probes to the depths of her charms in his admission that 'age cannot wither her, nor custom stale her infinite variety'. Sextus Pompey speaks contemptuously of the 'waned lip' of 'salt Cleopatra'. She does not hesitate to describe herself as black 'with Phœbus' amorous pinches', and 'wrinkled deep in time'. Yet she is Antony's 'day o' the world', his 'great fairy'. Shakespeare's profound knowledge of the world led him to insist more than Plutarch on her coquetry. Thus in the *Life of Antonius* we read that 'she every way so framed her countenance that, when Antonius came to see her, she cast her eyes upon him like a woman ravished for joy. Straight again when he went from her, she fell a-weeping and blubbering, looked ruefully of the matter, and still found the means that Antonius should oftentimes find her weeping: and then, when he came suddenly upon her, she made as though she dried her eyes, and turned her face away, as if she were unwilling that he should see her weep.' In the play, on the contrary, she charges her messenger

If you find him sad,  
Say I am dancing; if in mirth, report  
That I am sudden sick.

The Cleopatra of the stage, again, only threatens to starve and torture her body to escape being shown in Caesar's triumph, whereas, in Plutarch, Caesar finds her 'marvellously disfigured' when he visits her bedside. Yet in the play, no less than in the *Life*, the manner of her end shows the depth and reality of her passion. The fear when Iras dies before her, lest she should meet Antony first and steal 'that kiss which is her heaven to have', is a rare psychological touch of Shakespeare's own, yet wholly consistent with her character as drawn by Plutarch.

On the other hand, Enobarbus is practically created by Shakespeare; he is referred to three times only in the *Life of Antonius*. On page 201 he addresses the army in Antonius's place before the retreat from Parthia; on page 216 he persuades Antonius to send Cleopatra away to Egypt; and on page 223 the bare details of his desertion to Caesar and subsequent death are given, though the incident takes place at the battle of Actium, and not at the later battle of Alexandria, as in the play. Upon this scanty framework Shakespeare built up the blunt, rugged warrior, whose dry wit and shrewd aphorisms provide the seasoning to Antony's imaginative flights. So successful was the portrait of Enobarbus that both Fletcher and Dryden in their Cleopatra plays imitated the character in Septimius and Sceva respectively.

The character of Lepidus again is wonderfully developed in the play. Plutarch gives but a bare sketch of the weak-minded puppet, who orders the trumpets to be sounded to prevent Antonius from winning over his men by his eloquence (p. 178), and who is carelessly flung aside by Caesar when he is no longer needed. From these slender details Shakespeare evolved the Lepidus who in the banquet scene on Sextus Pompey's galley aims his clumsy shafts of sarcasm at Antonius, and is finally carried off helplessly drunk by an attendant, bearing as Enobarbus says 'the third part of the world' on his shoulders. The whole scene is handed with rare zest and vigour, and doubtless the host and his rascally lieutenant Menas were modelled on the hardy sea-dogs of Shakespeare's day.

*Antony and Cleopatra* is a problem play, in the modern sense of the phrase, but in it the sexual question is handled



only in its relation to the whole sphere of human interests and aspirations. The future of the world hangs on the love of Antony for his queen. His soul is a battle-field wherein passion and statesmanship strive in deadly combat. Passion gains the mastery, and the world is lost, yet well lost. The cool, calculating Octavius is branded 'ass unpolicied', and the real victory is with the vanquished. The tragedy of Antony and Cleopatra is to be read within the lines of their lives, for in their deaths they triumph.

## VII. SHAKESPEARE'S 'CORIOLANUS'.

The *Life of Coriolanus* must be read, not in the light of sober history, but rather as a legend in which Plutarch was able to give tolerably free play to his imaginative powers. The main facts of the story were no doubt prescribed by popular tradition together with the main outlines of the character of the haughty patrician, Coriolanus, but the development of that character as portrayed in these pages is Plutarch's own work. So admirable is his delineation, that Shakespeare in adapting this *Life* to his own purposes found himself able to transfer Plutarch's Coriolanus almost bodily into the pages of his play. In fact there is scarcely a speech or an action on the part of Shakespeare's Coriolanus which cannot be justified by some passage in Plutarch. The one notable exception is the famous incident in Act i. Sc. 9, ll. 82-91, where with wonderful psychological insight Coriolanus is made to forget the name of his poor host at the very moment when he is pleading for his life. On the other hand the exigencies of tragedy demanded a serious alteration in the treatment of the Roman *plebs*. Plutarch himself was not closely conversant with the constitutional history of Rome, but the people in his narrative play at any rate a more dignified part than the contemptible rabble of Shakespeare's play. The dramatist would seem also to have misconceived entirely the position and functions of the *Tribuni Plebis*, whom he represents as the vilest of demagogues. It is unnecessary, however, to base upon such premisses the familiar conclusion that Shakespeare was ignorant and

illiterate. He held no brief, as Ben Jonson did, for that degree of historical accuracy which verges on pedantry, nor did such considerations have the slightest weight with his audiences. The real point at issue was to make of Plutarch's Coriolanus a true tragic hero; and, to enlist our sympathies for the arrogant patrician, demanded the ignobling of the people who brought about his ruin. Not otherwise could his scathing invectives against 'the mutable, rank-scented many', and his terrible revenge on his country, be justified.

Little comment is needed on the way in which the play is constructed out of Plutarch's narrative. *Coriolanus* is one of the most regular of all Shakespeare's plays. In Act iii is the anti-climax of Coriolanus's banishment from Rome; in Act iv even a kind of *ἀναγνώρισις*, in the scene where Coriolanus in disguise seeks out Aufidius at Antium; in Act v the consummation of the whole tragedy by the murder of Coriolanus, followed immediately by his murderer's realization of the fatal blunder he has committed. These last sorrowful words of Aufidius seem to presage his own downfall, of which Plutarch's narrative tells us. Plutarch's account of the popular movement against the aristocracy was ingeniously dovetailed together by Shakespeare. In the original, three distinct insurrections are described, the separate causes and results of which are fused together in the play. The first insurrection, which culminated in the withdrawal of the people to the Holy Hill, was caused by the oppression of usurers, and aggravated by an attempt to force all able-bodied citizens to go to the wars. The second was due to famine, coupled with an attempt on the part of the senate to restock a plague-stricken city with Roman citizens; and the third was caused by a refusal on the part of the senate to give free distribution of a store of corn that had been brought into Rome. This refusal was strongly advocated by Coriolanus, and it was this that led to his condemnation and banishment by the people, who had upon a previous occasion rejected him for the consulship. In the play, on the other hand, the popular revolt described in the first scene is assigned to a whole concatenation of grievances similar to those just detailed, and the banishment of

Coriolanus arises directly out of his suit for the consulship.

A study of the minor characters of the play reveals to us something of Shakespeare's power to work up a character or a situation from the slenderest materials. The case of Menenius will serve amply to illustrate this. He appears in Plutarch on one occasion only, as chief of 'the pleasantest old men' deputed to confer with the people on the Holy Hill, and in his speech tells the famous fable of the revolt of the other members against the belly. The character of this fable seems to have suggested to Shakespeare the portrait of the easy-going, dinner-loving, garrulous old gentleman depicted in the play, who describes himself as 'a humorous patrician, and one that loves a cup of hot wine, with not a drop of allaying Tiber in 't', and who is labelled by Brutus in euphuistic phrase as a 'perfecter giber for the table than a necessary bencher in the Capitol'. The ladies Volumnia, Virgilia, and Valeria have been described as the most typically Roman of all the dramatis personae. This is due to the fact that Plutarch treated their share in the story with considerable fullness, so that Shakespeare was enabled to follow his original closely. A study of the scene in which the ladies plead with Coriolanus for a cessation of the war will bear this out.

Mr. George Wyndham propounded the ingenious theory that in the three Roman plays Shakespeare set himself to depict woman in her threefold aspect as mother, wife, and mistress. Portia and Cleopatra may stand as universal and eternal types of wife and mistress, but the hypothesis is not equally appropriate in the case of Volumnia, who is essentially a Roman matron rather than a type of motherhood.

As *Coriolanus* is in all probability the latest in date of the Roman plays, it is only natural to find that in this case Shakespeare followed the actual language of North with considerable fidelity; for, by this time, he had entirely abandoned the severer method of treatment which he had applied to Holinshed and his other earlier sources. The passages most closely imitated are the fable of Menenius in Act i. Sc. 1, the speech of Coriolanus in Act iii. Sc. 1, his famous speech to Aufidius in Act iv. Sc. 5, and the address of

Volumnia referred to above in Act v. Sc. 3. These passages will be found quoted in full in the notes.

#### VIII. PLUTARCH AND NON-SHAKESPEAREAN DRAMA.

The influence of Plutarch is to be traced in the work of other writers besides Shakespeare in the history of English drama, although there is no other patent instance of deliberate appropriation of North's style and language.

Among all the classical subjects of the drama none have proved more adaptable or more popular than Julius Caesar and Cleopatra, and Plutarch is the fountain-head of information about their lives. Julius Caesar figured upon the English stage long before Shakespeare placed him there, and the words of Polonius already quoted are an obvious allusion to an academic play on his fall. There is an interesting example of a similar play of later date (1607) in the British Museum, entitled 'The Tragedie of Caesar and Pompey, or Caesar's Revenge. Priuately acted by the Studentes of Trinity College in Oxford'. It is typically academic (in the least complimentary sense), and portentously dull, for it carries on the declamatory traditions of Sackville's *Gorboduc*. The plot is constructed out of the narratives of Plutarch and Suetonius, with a jealous exclusion of all their lighter touches and illuminative details; but the writer probably read Plutarch in a Latin version, as did Stephen Gosson, who quotes him repeatedly in his *School of Abuse*, and had doubtless made use of his materials in his play of *Catilins Conspiracies*. Henslowe's *Diary* records more than one Caesar play anterior in date to Shakespeare's: e.g. on November 8, 1594, a new play, 'seser and pompey', and on June 18 in the following year, 'the 2 pte of sesore'. On May 22, 1602, is an entry of payments to Munday, Drayton, Webster, and others 'in earneste of a Booeke called sesers ffalle'.

*The False One*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, which of all their plays in Hazlitt's opinion comes nearest to Shakespeare, treats of Caesar's relations with Cleopatra. The authors disclaimed any intention to imitate Shakespeare, but they were unable to avoid certain resemblances,

especially in the case of Septimius, who is an obvious replica of Enobarbus. This play is based upon Plutarch's *Life of Caesar* in the main, though there are no actual reminiscences of North's language. Samuel Daniel's *Tragedie of Cleopatra* is generally quoted as owing much to Plutarch, but the debt is in reality slight, for the play treats only of the closing scenes of Cleopatra's life after Antony's death, so that the story as told by Plutarch is greatly expanded by Daniel. One more play must be mentioned, Dryden's splendidly named *All for Love, or the World well lost*. This is an avowed modernization of Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra*, and, judged from present day standards, a lamentable production. Dryden takes credit to himself for an inventive flight which evolved a fine ranting scene between Cleopatra and Octavia, and the arguments by which he justifies the innovation are a sufficient verdict upon his work. His imitation of Shakespeare's description of Cleopatra's progress down the river is quoted in the Notes, and further illustration of his 'improvements' on Shakespeare and North would be superfluous.

The *Lives* have not been without their influence on non-dramatic English literature, for Milton, Wordsworth (*Dion*), and Browning (*Balaustion*), have all borrowed from that rich treasury. To add to the foregoing list would not be difficult, but it is needless, for the writer who inspired Shakespeare and Montaigne requires no tribute or acknowledgement beyond that contained in their pages.

## IX. LIST OF EDITIONS OF NORTH'S PLUTARCH.

### A. Complete editions :—

(1) 1579. *Editio princeps*. 'The Lives of the noble Grecians and Romanes, compared together by that graue learned Philosopher and Historiographer Plutarke of Chaeronea: translated out of Greeke into French by Iames Amyot, Abbot of Bellozane, Bishop of Auxerre, one of the King's priuy counsel, and great Amner of Fraunce, and out of French into Englishe by Thomas North.

'Imprinted at London by Thomas Vautroullier and Iohn Wight.'

After page 1131 come 'The Lives of Annibal and Scipio African, Translated into French by Charles de la Sluce, and Englished by Thomas North.'

[In this edition only, the pages are divided up by the letters A, B, C, D, E, marking off every tenth line.]

(2) 1595. 'The Lives of the noble Grecians and Romaines . . . imprinted at London by Richard Field for Bonham Norton.'

[This edition differs slightly from the preceding, both in substance and pagination. It has an index subjoined, headed 'A Table of the Principallest things contained in this Volume.']

(3) 1603. Printed by Richard Field for Thomas Wight. Contains a supplement with separate pagination and title-page as follows:—'The Lives of Epaminondas, of Philip of Macedon, of Dionysius the Elder, and of Octavius Caesar Augustus: collected out of good Authors. Also the lives of nine excellent chieftaines of warre, taken out of Latine from Emylius Probus, by S[imon] G[oulart] S[enlisien]. By whom also are added the lives of Plutarch and of Seneca: Gathered together, disposed, and enriched as the others. And now translated into English by Sir Thomas North Knight. Imprinted at London by Richard Field 1603.'

[Another copy of this edition in the British Museum, with different imprint, bears the autograph signatures of Ol. Cromwell (spurious) and Ri. Cromwell on the title-page.]

(4) 1612. A reprint of 1603, with separate supplement bearing the date 1610.

(5) 1631. Substantially the same edition as 1612, but printed by George Miller.

(6) 1657. Printed by Abraham Miller, with separate title-page, bearing the date 1656.

[This edition contains additional matter which is said by the printer to have been inserted on the advice and with the help of Selden.]

(7) 1676. Cambridge, printed by J. Hayes.

(8) 1895. Reprint of *editio princeps* in the Tudor Translations. Edited with introduction by George Wyndham. 6 vols.

(9) 1898. Reprint of 1579 edition in Temple Classics.

10 vols., edited by W. H. D. Rouse, with modernized spelling.

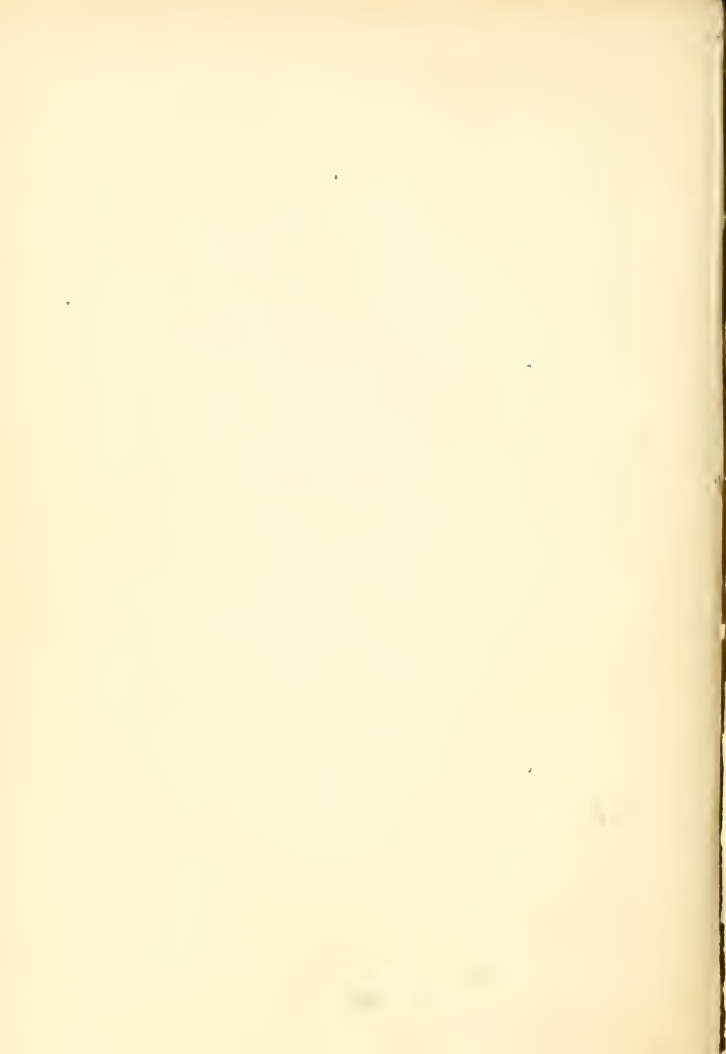
B. Selected Lives.

(1) 1875. 'Shakespeare's Plutarch, being a selection from the lives in North's Plutarch which illustrate Shakespeare's plays.' Ed. W. W. Skeat. [The Lives printed are those of Coriolanus, Julius Caesar, Brutus, Antonius, Octavius, and parts of Theseus and Alcibiades. The text follows the 1603 edition.]

(2) 1875. J. P. Collier's *Shakespeare's Library* (revised and enlarged by W. C. Hazlitt), part i. vol. 3, contains the Lives of Brutus, Antonius, and Coriolanus, and part of that of Julius Caesar. The text is that of 1595.

(3) 1878. 'Four Chapters of North's Plutarch containing the Lives of Caius Martius Coriolanus, Julius Caesar, Marcus Antonius, and Marcus Brutus, as sources to Shakespeare's Tragedies, Coriolanus, Julius Caesar, Antony and Cleopatra, and partly to Hamlet and Timon of Athens.' Photo-lithographed in the size of the original edition of 1595, ed. F. A. Leo.

(4) The present edition.





## THE LIFE OF JULIUS CAESAR

At what time Sulla was made lord of all, he would have had Caesar put away his wife Cornelia, the daughter of Cinna Dictator: but, when he saw he could neither with any promise nor threat bring him to it, he took her jointure away from him. The cause of Caesar's ill-will unto Sulla was by means of marriage: for Marius the elder married his father's own sister, by whom he had Marius the younger, whereby Caesar and he were cousin-germans. Sulla being troubled in weighty matters, putting to death so many of his enemies, when he came to be conqueror, he made no reckoning of Caesar: but he was not contented to be hidden in safety, but came and made suit unto the people for the priesthoodship that was void, when he had scant any hair on his face. Howbeit he was repulsed by Sulla's means, that secretly was against him. Who when he was determined to have killed him, some of his friends told him, that it was to no purpose to put so young a boy as he to death. But Sulla told them again, that they did not consider that there were many Marians in that young boy. Caesar, understanding that, stole out of Rome, and hid himself a long time in the country of the Sabines, wandering still from place to place. But one day, being carried from house to house, he fell into the hands of Sulla's soldiers, who searched all those places, and took them whom they found hidden. Caesar bribed the captain, whose name was Cornelius, with two talents which he gave him. After he had escaped them thus, he went unto the seaside and took ship, and sailed into Bithynia to go unto King Nicomedes. When he had been with him a while, he took sea again, and was taken by pirates about the Isle of Pharmacusa: for those pirates kept all upon that sea-coast, with a great fleet of ships and boats. They asking him at the first twenty talents for his ransom, Caesar laughed them to scorn, as though they knew not what a man they had

Caesar  
joined  
with  
Cinna and  
Marius.

Caesar  
took sea  
and went  
unto Nico-  
medes,  
king of  
Bithynia.  
Caesar  
taken of  
pirates.

taken, and of himself promised them fifty talents. Then he sent his men up and down to get him this money, so that he was left in manner alone among these thieves of the Cilicians (which are the cruellest butchers in the world), with one of his friends, and two of his slaves only: and yet he made so little reckoning of them, that, when he was desirous to sleep, he sent unto them to command them to make no noise. Thus was he eight-and-thirty days among them, not kept as prisoner, but rather waited upon by them as a prince. All this time he would boldly 10 exercise himself in any sport or pastime they would go to. And other while also he would write verses, and make orations, and call them together to say them before them: and if any of them seemed as though they had not understood him, or passed not for them, he called them block-heads and brute beasts, and, laughing, threatened them that he would hang them up. But they were as merry with the matter as could be, and took all in good part, thinking that this his bold speech came through the simplicity of his youth. So, when his ransom was come from 20 the city of Miletus, they being paid their money, and he again set at liberty: he then presently armed, and manned out certain ships out of the haven of Miletus, to follow those thieves, whom he found yet riding at anker in the same island. So he took the most of them, and had the spoil of their goods, but for their bodies, he brought them into the city of Pergamum, and there committed them to prison, whilst he himself went to speak with Junius, who had the government of Asia, as unto whom the execution of these pirates did belong, for that he was Praetor of that 30 country. But this Praetor, having a great fancy to be fingering of the money, because there was good store of it, answered, that he would consider of these prisoners at better leisure. Caesar, leaving Junius there, returned again unto Pergamum, and there hung up all these thieves openly upon a cross, as he had oftentimes promised them in the isle he would do, when they thought he did but jest. Afterwards, when Sulla's power began to decay, Caesar's friends wrote unto him, to pray him to come home again. But he sailed first unto Rhodes, to study there a time under 40 Apollonius the son of Molon, whose scholar also Cicero

Junius,  
praetor of  
Asia.

was, for he was a very honest man, and an excellent good rhetorician. It is reported that Caesar had an excellent natural gift to speak well before the people, and, besides that rare gift, he was excellently well studied, so that doubtless he was counted the second man for eloquence in his time, and gave place to the first because he would be the first and chiefest man of war and authority, being not yet come to the degree of perfection to speak well, which his nature could have performed in him, because he was given rather to follow wars and to manage great matters, which in the end brought him to be lord of all Rome. And therefore, in a book he wrote against that which Cicero made in the praise of Cato, he prayeth the readers not to compare the style of a soldier with the eloquence of an excellent orator, that had followed it the most part of his life. When he was returned again unto Rome, he accused Dolabella for his ill-behaviour in the government of his province, and he had divers cities of Greece that gave in evidence against him. Notwithstanding, Dolabella at the length was dismissed. Caesar, to requite the goodwill of the Grecians, which they had showed him in his accusation of Dolabella, took their cause in hand, when they did accuse Publius Antonius before Marcus Lucullus, Praetor of Macedon: and followed it so hard against him in their behalf, that Antonius was driven to appeal before the Tribunes at Rome, alleging, to colour his appeal withal, that he could have no justice in Greece against the Grecians. Now Caesar immediately won many men's goodwills at Rome, through his eloquence in pleading of their causes: and the people loved him marvellously also, because of the courteous manner he had to speak to every man, and to use them gently, being more ceremonious therein than was looked for in one of his years. Furthermore, he ever kept a good board, and fared well at his table, and was very liberal besides: the which indeed did advance him forward, and brought him in estimation with the people. His enemies, judging that this favour of the common people would soon quail, when he could no longer hold out that charge and expense, suffered him to run on, till by little and little he was grown to be of great strength and power. But in fine, when they had thus given him the bridle to

Caesar's  
eloquence.

Caesar  
loved hos-  
pitality.

Caesar a  
follower of  
the people.

grow to this greatness, and that they could not then pull him back, though indeed in sight it would turn one day to the destruction of the whole state and commonwealth of Rome: too late they found, that there is not so little a beginning of anything, but continuance of time will soon make it strong, when through contempt there is no impediment to hinder the greatness. Thereupon Cicero, like a wise shipmaster that feareth the calmness of the sea, was the first man that, mistrusting his manner of dealing in the commonwealth, found out his craft and malice, 10 which he cunningly clogged under the habit of outward courtesy and familiarity. 'And yet,' said he, 'when I consider how finely he combeth his fair bush of hair, and how smooth it lieth, and that I see him scratch his head with one finger only: my mind gives me then, that such a kind of man should not have so wicked a thought in his head, as to overthrow the state of the commonwealth.' But this was long time after that. The first show and proof of the love and good-will which the people did bear unto Caesar was when he sued to be Tribune of the soldiers 20 (to wit, colonel of a thousand footmen), standing against Caius Pompilius, at what time he was preferred and chosen before him. But the second, and more manifest proof than the first, was at the death of his aunt Julia, the wife of Marius the elder. For, being her nephew, he made a solemn oration in the market-place in commendation of her, and at her burial did boldly venture to show forth the images of Marius: the which was the first time that they were seen after Sulla's victory, because that Marius and all his confederates had been proclaimed traitors and enemies to 30 the commonwealth. For, when there were some that cried out upon Caesar for doing of it, the people on the other side kept a stir, and rejoiced at it, clapping of their hands, and thanked him for that he had brought as it were out of hell the remembrance of Marius' honour again into Rome, which had so long time been obscured and buried. And where it had been an ancient custom of long time that the Romans used to make funeral orations in praise of old ladies and matrons when they died, but not of young women, Caesar was the first that praised his own wife with funeral oration 40 when she was dead, the which also did increase the people's

Cicero's  
judgement  
of Caesar.

The love  
of the  
people in  
Rome  
unto  
Caesar.

Caesar  
chosen  
*Tribunus  
militum.*

Caesar  
made the  
funeral  
oration at  
the death  
of his aunt  
Julia.

Caesar the  
first that  
praised  
his wife in  
funeral  
oration.

good-wills the more, seeing him of so kind and gentle nature. After the burial of his wife he was made treasurer under Antistius Vetus Praetor, whom he honoured ever after: so that when himself came to be Praetor, he made his son to be chosen treasurer. Afterwards, when he was come out of that office, he married his third wife Pompeia, having a daughter by his first wife Cornelia, which was married unto Pompey the Great. Now for that he was very liberal in expenses, buying (as some thought) but a vain and short glory of the favour of the people (where indeed he bought good cheap the greatest things that could be), some say that, before he bare any office in the commonwealth, he was grown in debt to the sum of thirteen hundred talents. Furthermore, because he was made overseer of the work for the highway going unto Appius, he disbursed a great sum of his own money towards the charges of the same. And on the other side, when he was made Aedilis, for that he did show the people the pastime of three hundred and twenty couple of sword players, and did besides exceed all other in sumptuousness in the sports and common feasts which he made to delight them withal, (and did as it were drown all the stately shows of others in the like, that had gone before him), he so pleased the people, and won their love therewith, that they devised daily to give him new offices for to requite him. At that time there were two factions in Rome, to wit, the faction of Sulla, which was very strong and of great power, and the other of Marius, which then was under foot and durst not show itself. But Caesar, because he would renew it again, even at that time when, he being Aedilis, all the feasts and common sports were in their greatest ruff, he secretly caused images of Marius to be made, and of victories that carried triumphs, and those he set up one night within the Capitol. The next morning, when every man saw the glistening of these golden images excellently well wrought, showing by the inscriptions that they were the victories which Marius had won upon the Cimbrians, every one marvelled much at the boldness of him that durst set them up there, knowing well enough who it was. Hereupon it ran straight through all the city, and every man came thither to see them. Then some cried out upon Caesar, and said it was a tyranny which he meant to

Caesar  
made  
Quaestor.

Pompeia,  
Caesar's  
third wife.

Caesar's  
prodigality.

Caesar  
accused to  
make a  
rebellion  
in the  
state.

set up, by renewing of such honours as before had been trodden under foot, and forgotten, by common decree and open proclamation : and that it was no more but a bait to gauge the people's good-wills, which he had set out in the stately shows of his common plays, to see if he had brought them to his lure, that they would abide such parts to be played, and a new alteration of things to be made. They of Marius' faction on the other side, encouraging one another, showed themselves straight a great number gathered together, and made the mount of the Capitol ring again with 10 their cries and clapping of hands : insomuch as the tears ran down many of their cheeks for very joy, when they saw the images of Marius, and they extolled Caesar to the skies, judging him the worthiest man of all the kindred of Marius. The Senate being assembled thereupon, Catulus Luctatius, one of the greatest authority at that time in Rome, rose, and vehemently inveighed against Caesar, and spake that then which ever since hath been noted much : that Caesar did not now covertly go to work, but by plain force sought to alter the state of the commonwealth. Nevertheless, Caesar 20 at that time answered him so that the Senate was satisfied. Thereupon they that had him in estimation did grow in better hope than before, and persuaded him, that hardly he should give place to no man, and that through the good-will of the people he should be better than all they, and come to be the chiefest man of the city. At that time the chief bishop Metellus died, and two of the notablest men of the city, and of greatest authority, (Isauricus and Catulus), contended for his room : Caesar, notwithstanding their contention, would give neither of them both place, but pre- 30 sented himself to the people, and made suit for it as they did. The suit being equal betwixt either of them, Catulus, because he was a man of greater calling and dignity than the other, doubting the uncertainty of the election, sent unto Caesar a good sum of money, to make him leave off his suit. But Caesar sent him word again, that he would lend a greater sum than that, to maintain the suit against him. When the day of the election came, his mother bringing him to the door of his house, Caesar, weeping, kissed her, and said : ' Mother, this day thou shalt see thy son chief bishop of Rome, 40 or banished from Rome.' In fine, when the voices of the

The death  
of  
Metellus,  
chief  
bishop of  
Rome.



people were gathered together, and the strife well debated, Caesar won the victory, and made the Senate and noblemen all afraid of him, for that they thought that thenceforth he would make the people do what he thought good. Then Catulus and Piso fell flatly out with Cicero, and condemned him for that he did not bewray Caesar, when he knew that he was of conspiracy with Catiline, and had opportunity to have done it. For when Catiline was bent and determined, not only to overthrow the state of the commonwealth, but 10 utterly to destroy the empire of Rome, he scaped out of the hands of justice for lack of sufficient proof, before his full treason and determination was known. Notwithstanding he left Lentulus and Cethegus in the city, companions of his conspiracy : unto whom whether Caesar did give any secret help or comfort, it is not well known. Yet this is manifest, that when they were convinced in open Senate, Cicero, being at that time Consul, asking everyman's opinion in the Senate, what punishment they should have, and every one of them till it came to Caesar, gave sentence they should die : Caesar 20 then rising up to speak made an oration (penned and premeditated before), and said that it was neither lawful, nor yet their custom did bear it, to put men of such nobility to death (but in an extremity) without lawful indictment and condemnation. And therefore, that if they were put in prison in some city of Italy, where Cicero thought best, until that Catiline were overthrown, the Senate then might at their pleasure quietly take such order therein, as might appear best unto their wisdoms. This opinion was thought more gentle, and withal was uttered with such a passing good 30 grace and eloquence, that not only they which were to speak after him did approve it, but such also as had spoken to the contrary before revoked their opinion and stuck to his, until it came to Cato and Catulus to speak. They both did sharply inveigh against him, but Cato chiefly : who in his oration made Caesar suspected to be of the conspiracy, and stoutly spake against him, insomuch that the offenders were put into the hands of the officers to be put to death. Caesar coming out of the Senate, a company of young men, which guarded Cicero for the safety of his person, did set upon him with their 40 swords drawn. But some say that Curio covered Caesar with his gown, and took him out of their hands. And Cicero

Caesar made chief bishop of Rome.

Caesar suspected to be confederate with Catiline in his conspiracy.

Caesar went about to deliver the conspirators.

Cato's oration against Caesar.

self, when the young men looked upon him, beckoned with his head that they should not kill him, either fearing the fury of the people, or else that he thought it too shameful and wicked a part. But, if that were true, I marvel why Cicero did not put it into his book he wrote of his Consulship. But certainly they blamed him afterwards, for that he took not the opportunity offered him against Caesar, only for overmuch fear of the people, that loved him very dearly. For shortly after, when Caesar went into the Senate, to clear himself of certain presumptions and false accusations ob- 10  
jected against him, and being bitterly taunted among them, the Senate keeping him longer than they were wont: the people came about the council house, and called out aloud for him, bidding them let him out. Cato then, fearing the insurrection of the poor needy persons, which were they that put all their hope in Caesar, and did also move the people to stir, did persuade the Senate to make a frank distribution of corn unto them for a month. This distribution did put the commonwealth to a new charge of five hundred and fifty 20  
myriads. This counsel quenched a present great fear, and did in happy time scatter and disperse abroad the best part of Caesar's force and power, at such time as he was made Praetor, and that for respect of his office he was most to be feared. Yet all the time he was officer he never sought any alteration in the commonwealth, but contrarily he himself had a great misfortune fell in his own house, which was this.

The love  
of P.  
Clodius  
unto  
Pompeia  
Caesar's  
wife.

The good  
goddess,  
what she  
was, and  
her  
sacrifices.

There was a young nobleman of the order of the Patricians, called Publius Clodius, who lacked neither wealth nor eloquence, but otherwise as insolent and impudent a person as any was else in Rome. He became in love with Pompeia Caesar's wife, who misliked not withal: notwithstanding she was so straightly looked to, and that Aurelia (Caesar's mother), an honest gentlewoman, had such an eye of her, that these two lovers could not meet as they would, without great peril and difficulty. The Romans do use to honour a goddess which they call the good goddess, as the Grecians have her whom they call Gynaeceia, to wit, the goddess of women. Her the Phrygians do claim to be peculiar unto them, saying that she is King Midas' mother. Howbeit the Romans hold opinion, that it is a nymph of wood married unto god 40  
Faunus. The Grecians, they say also, that she was one of the



mothers of the god Bacchus, whom they dare not name. And for proof hercof, on her feast day, the women make certain tabernacles of vine twigs and leaves of vine branches, and also they make, as the tale goeth, a holy dragon for this goddess, and do set it by her : besides, it is not lawful for any man to be present at their sacrifices, no not within the house itself where they are made. Furthermore, they say that the women in these sacrifices do many things amongst themselves, much like unto the ceremonies of Orpheus. Now  
10 when the time of this feast came, the husband (whether he were Praetor or Consul) and all his men and the boys in the house do come out of it, and leave it wholly to his wife, to order the house at her pleasure, and there the sacrifices and ceremonies are done the most part of the night, and they do besides pass the night away in songs and music. Pompeia, Caesar's wife, being that year to celebrate this feast, Clodius, who had yet no hair on his face, and thereby thought he should not be bewrayed, disguised himself in a singing wench's apparel, because his face was very like unto a young  
20 wench. He finding the gates open, being secretly brought in by her chambermaid that was made privy unto it, she left him, and ran to Pompeia her mistress, to tell her that he was come. The chambermaid tarried long before she came again, insomuch as Clodius being weary waiting for her where she left him, he took his pleasure, and went from one place to another in the house, which had very large rooms in it, still shunning the light, and was by chance met withal by one of Aurelia's maids, who, taking him for a woman, prayed her to play. Clodius refusing to play, the maid  
30 pulled him forward, and asked him what he was : Clodius then answered her, that he tarried for Abra one of Pompeia's women. So Aurelia's maid, knowing him by his voice, ran straight where the lights and ladies were, and cried out, that there was a man disguised in woman's apparel. The women therewith were so amazed, that Aurelia caused them presently to leave off the ceremonies of the sacrifice, and to hide their secret things, and, having seen the gates fast locked, went immediately up and down the house with torch light to seek out this man : who at the last was found out in the  
40 chamber of Pompeia's maid, with whom he hid himself. Thus Clodius being found out, and known of the women,

Clodius taken in the sacrifices of the good goddess.

Clodius accused for profaning the sacrifices of the good goddess.

Caesar putteth away his wife Pompeia.

Clodius quit by the judges for profaning the sacrifices of the good goddess.  
Caesar Praetor of Spain.

Crassus surety for Caesar to his creditors.

they thrust him out of the doors by the shoulders. The same night the women told their husbands of this chance as soon as they came home. The next morning, there ran a great rumour through the city, how Clodius had attempted a great villany and that he deserved, not only to be punished of them whom he had slandered, but also of the commonwealth and the gods. There was one of the Tribunes of the people that did indiet him, and accuse him of high treason to the gods. Furthermore, there were also of the chiefest of the nobility and the Senate, that came to depose against him, and burdened him with many horrible and detestable facts, and specially with incest committed with his own sister, which was married unto Lucullus. Notwithstanding, the people stoutly defended Clodius against their accusations: and this did help him much against the judges, which were amazed, and afraid to stir the people. This notwithstanding, Caesar presently put his wife away, and thereupon, being brought by Clodius' accuser to be a witness against him, he answered, he knew nothing of that they objected against Clodius. This answer being clean contrary to their expectation that heard it, the accuser asked Caesar, why then he had put away his wife: 'Because I will not,' said he, 'that my wife be so much as suspected.' And some say that Caesar spake truly as he thought. But others think that he did it to please the common people, who were very desirous to save Clodius. So Clodius was discharged of this accusation, because the most part of the judges gave a confused judgement, for the fear they stood one way of the danger of the common people if they condemned him, and for the ill opinion of the other side of the nobility if they did quit him. The government of the province of Spain being fallen unto Caesar for that he was Praetor, his creditors came and cried out upon him, and were importunate of him to be paid. Caesar, being unable to satisfy them, was compelled to go unto Crassus, who was the richest man of all Rome, and that stood in need of Caesar's boldness and courage to withstand Pompey's greatness in the commonwealth. Crassus became his surety unto his greediest creditors for the sum of eight hundred and thirty talents: whereupon they suffered Caesar to depart to the government of his province. In his journey it is reported that,

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passing over the mountains of the Alps, they came through  
 a little poor village that had not many households, and yet  
 poor cottages. There, his friends that did accompany him  
 asked him merrily, if there were any contending for offices  
 in that town, and whether there were any strife there  
 amongst the noblemen for honour. Caesar, speaking in good  
 earnest, answered: 'I cannot tell that,' said he, 'but for my  
 part, I had rather be the chiefest man here, than the second  
 person in Rome.' Another time also when he was in Spain,  
 10 reading the history of Alexander's acts, when he had read  
 it, he was sorrowful a good while after, and then burst out  
 in weeping. His friends seeing that, marvelled what should  
 be the cause of his sorrow. He answered them, 'Do ye not  
 think', said he, 'that I have good cause to be heavy, when  
 King Alexander, being no older than my self is now, had in  
 old time won so many nations and countries: and that I  
 hitherto have done nothing worthy of my self?' There-  
 fore, when he was come into Spain, he was very careful of his  
 business, and had in few days joined ten new ensigns more  
 20 of footmen unto the other twenty which he had before.  
 Then, marching forward against the Calaicans and Lusita-  
 nians, he conquered all, and went as far as the great sea  
 Oceanus, subduing all the people which before knew not the  
 Romans for their lords. There he took order for pacifying  
 of the war, and did as wisely take order for the establishing  
 of peace. For he did reconcile the cities together, and made  
 them friends one with another, but specially he pacified all  
 suits of law and strife betwixt the debtors and creditors,  
 which grew by reason of usury. For he ordained that the  
 30 creditors should take yearly two parts of the revenue of  
 their debtors, until such time as they had paid themselves:  
 and that the debtors should have the third part to them-  
 selves to live withal. He, having won great estimation by  
 this good order taken, returned from his government very  
 rich, and his soldiers also full of rich spoils, who called him  
 Emperor, to say, sovereign captain. Now the Romans  
 having a custom, that such as demanded honour of triumph  
 should remain a while without the city, and that they on the  
 other side which sued for the Consulship should of necessity  
 40 be there in person: Caesar coming unhappily at that very  
 time when the Consuls were chosen, he sent to pray the

Caesar's  
acts in  
Spain.

Caesar's  
order be-  
twixt the  
creditor  
and the  
debtor.

Caesar's  
soldiers  
called him  
Emperor.

Senate to do him that favour, that, being absent, he might by his friends sue for the Consulship. Cato at the first did vehemently inveigh against it, vouching an express law forbidding the contrary. But afterwards, perceiving that notwithstanding the reasons he alleged many of the Senators (being won by Caesar) favoured his request, yet he cunningly sought all he could to prevent them, prolonging time, dilating his oration until night. Caesar thereupon determined rather to give over the suit of his triumph, and to make suit for the Consulship : and so came into the city, 10 and had such a device with him, as went beyond them all, but Cato only. His device was this. Pompey and Crassus, two of the greatest personages of the city of Rome, being at jar together, Caesar made them friends, and by that means got unto himself the power of them both : for, by colour of that gentle act and friendship of his, he subtly (unwares to them all) did greatly alter and change the state of the commonwealth. For it was not the private discord between Pompey and Caesar, as many men thought, that caused the civil war : but rather it was their agreement together, who 20 joined all their powers first to overthrow the state of the Senate and nobility, and afterwards they fell at jar one with another. But Cato, that then foresaw and prophesied many times what would follow, was taken but for a vain man : but afterwards they found him a wiser man, than happy in his counsel. Thus Caesar being brought unto the assembly of the election, in the midst of these two noble persons, whom he had before reconciled together : he was there chosen Consul, with Calpurnius Bibulus, without gainsaying or contradiction of any man. Now, when he was entered into his office, 30 he began to put forth laws meeter for a seditious Tribune of the people, than for a Consul : because by them he preferred the division of lands, and distributing of corn to every citizen, *gratis*, to please them withal. But, when the noblemen of the Senate were against his device, he desiring no better occasion began to cry out, and to protest, that by the overhardness and austerity of the Senate they drave him against his will to lean unto the people : and thereupon, having Crassus on the one side of him, and Pompey on the other, he asked them openly in the assembly, if they did give their 40 consent unto the laws which he had put forth. They both

Caesar  
reconcileth  
Pompey  
and  
Crassus  
together.

Cato's  
foresight  
and  
prophecy.

Caesar's  
first  
consulship  
with  
Calpurnius  
Bibulus.  
Caesar's  
laws.  
*Lex*  
*agraria*.

- answered, they did. Then he prayed them to stand by him against those that threatened him with force of sword to let him. Crassus gave him his word, he would. Pompey also did the like, and added thereunto, that he would come with his sword and target both, against them that would withstand him with their swords. These words offended much the Senate, being far unmeet for his gravity, and undecent for the majesty and honour he carried, and most of all uncomely for the presence of the Senate whom he should have
- 10 revered : and were speeches fitter for a rash light-headed youth, than for his person. Howbeit the common people on the other side, they rejoiced. Then Caesar, because he would be more assured of Pompey's power and friendship, he gave him his daughter Julia in marriage, which was made sure before unto Servilius Caepio, and promised him in exchange Pompey's daughter, the which was sure also unto Faustus the son of Sulla. And shortly after also, Caesar self did marry Calpurnia, the daughter of Piso, whom he caused to be made Consul, to succeed him the next year
- 20 following. Cato then cried out with open mouth, and called the gods to witness, that it was a shameful matter, and not to be suffered, that they should in that sort make havoe of the empire of Rome, by such horrible bawdy matches, distributing among themselves through those wicked marriages the governments of the provinces, and of great armies. Calpurnius Bibulus, fellow Consul with Caesar, perceiving that he did contend in vain, making all the resistance he could to withstand this law, and that oftentimes he was in danger to be slain with Cato in the market-place and assembly : he kept close in his house all the rest of his Consulship.
- 30 When Pompey had married Julia, he filled all the market-place with soldiers, and by open force authorised the laws which Caesar made in the behalf of the people. Furthermore, he procured that Caesar had Gaul on this side and beyond the Alps, and all Illyria, with four legions granted him for five years. Then Cato standing up to speak against it, Caesar bade his officers lay hold on him, and carry him to prison, thinking he would have appealed unto the Tribunes. But Cato said never a word, when he went his way.
- 40 Caesar perceiving then, that not only the Senators and nobility were offended, but that the common people also, for

Caesar  
married  
his  
daughter  
Julia unto  
Pompey.

Caesar  
married  
Calpurnia,  
the  
daughter  
of Piso.

Pompey  
by force of  
arms  
authorised  
Caesar's  
laws.

Caesar  
sent Cato  
to prison.

the reverence they bare unto Cato's virtues, were ashamed, and went away with silence: he himself secretly did pray one of the Tribunes that he would take Cato from the officers. But after he had played this part, there were few Senators that would be President of the Senate under him, but left the city, because they could not away with his doings. And of them, there was an old man called Considius, that on a time boldly told him the rest durst not come to council, because they were afraid of his soldiers. Caesar answered him again: 'And why then, dost not thou <sup>10</sup> keep thee at home, for the same fear?' Considius replied, 'Because my age taketh away fear from me: for, having so short a time to live, I have no care to prolong it further.' The shamefullest part that Caesar played while he was Consul seemeth to be this: when he chose P. Clodius Tribune of the people, that had offered his wife such dishonour, and profaned the holy ancient mysteries of the women, which were celebrated in his own house. Clodius sued to be Tribune to no other end, but to destroy Cicero: and Caesar <sup>20</sup> self also departed not from Rome to his army before he had set them together by the ears, and driven Cicero out of Italy. All these things they say he did, before the wars with the Gauls. But the time of the great armies and conquests he made afterwards, and of the war in the which he subdued all the Gauls (entering into another course of life far contrary unto the first), made him to be known for as valiant a soldier and as excellent a captain to lead men, as those that afore him had been counted the wisest and most valiantest generals that ever were, and that by their valiant deeds had achieved great honour. For whosoever would compare the <sup>30</sup> house of the Fabians, of the Scipios, of the Metellians, yea those also of his own time, or long before him, as Sulla, Marius, the two Lucullians, and Pompey self,

Whose fame ascendeth up unto the heavens:

it will appear that Caesar's prowess and deeds of arms did excel them altogether. The one, in the hard countries where he made wars: another, in enlarging the realms and countries which he joined unto the empire of Rome: another, in the multitude and power of his enemies whom he overcame: another, in the rudeness and austere nature of <sup>40</sup>

Caesar by  
Clodius  
drave  
Cicero out  
of Italy.

Caesar  
a valiant  
soldier and  
a skilful  
captain.



men with whom he had to do, whose manners afterwards he softened and made civil : another, in courtesy and clemency which he used unto them whom he had conquered : another, in great bounty and liberality bestowed upon them that served under him in those wars : and in fine, he excelled them all in the number of battles he had fought, and in the multitude of his enemies he had slain in battle. For in less than ten years' war in Gaul he took by force and assault above eight hundred towns: he conquered three hundred

Caesar's conquests in Gaul.

10 several nations : and, having before him in battle thirty hundred thousand soldiers, at sundry times he slew ten hundred thousand of them, and took as many more prisoners.

Furthermore, he was so entirely beloved of his soldiers, that to do him service (where otherwise they were no more than other men in any private quarrel) if Caesar's honour were touched, they were invincible, and would so desperately venture themselves, and with such fury, that no man was able to abide them. And this appeareth plainly by the example of Acilius: who, in a battle by sea before the city

The love and respect of Caesar's soldiers unto him.

20 of Marseilles, boarding one of his enemies ships, one cut off his right hand with a sword, but yet he forsook not his target which he had in his left hand, but thrust it in his enemies faces, and made them fly, so that he won their ship from them. And Cassius Scaeva also, in a conflict before the city of Dyrraehium, having one of his eyes put out with an arrow, his shoulder stricken through with a dart, and his thigh with another, and having received thirty arrows upon his shield : he called to his enemies, and made as though he would yield unto them. But when two of them came running to him,

The wonderful valiantness of Acilius, Cassius Scaeva, and divers others of Caesar's soldiers.

30 he clave one of their shoulders from his body with his sword, and hurt the other in the face: so that he made him turn his back, and at the length saved himself, by means of his companions that came to help him. And in Britain also, when the captains of the bands were driven into a marish or bog full of mire and dirt, and that the enemies did fiercely assail them there : Caesar then-standing to view the battle, he saw a private soldier of his thrust in among the captains, and fought so valiantly in their defence, that at the length he drave the barbarous people to fly, and by his means saved

40 the captains, which otherwise were in great danger to have been cast away. Then this soldier, being the hindmost man

of all the captains, marching with great pain through the mire and dirt, half swimming, and half afoot, in the end got to the other side, but left his shield behind him. Caesar, wondering at his noble courage, ran to him with joy to embrace him. But the poor soldier hanging down his head, the water standing in his eyes, fell down at Caesar's feet, and besought him to pardon him, for that he had left his target behind him. And in Africk also, Scipio having taken one of Caesar's ships, and Granius Petronius aboard on her  
 10 the rest to the sword but him, and said he would give him his life. But Petronius answered him again: that Caesar's soldiers did not use to have their lives given them, but to give others their lives: and with those words he drew his sword, and thrust himself through. Now Caesar's self did breed this noble courage and life in them. First, for that he gave them bountifully, and did honour them also, showing thereby, that he did not heap up riches in the wars to maintain his life afterwards in wantonness and pleasure, but that he  
 20 did keep it in store, honourably to reward their valiant service: and that by so much he thought himself rich, by how much he was liberal in rewarding of them that had deserved it. Furthermore, they did not wonder so much at his valiantness in putting himself at every instant in such manifest danger, and in taking so extreme pains as he did, knowing that it was his greedy desire of honour that set him afire, and pricked him forward to do it: but that he always continued all labour and hardness, more than his body could bear, that filled them all with admiration. For, concerning  
 30 the constitution of his body, he was lean, white, and soft skinned, and often subject to headache, and otherwhile to the falling sickness, (the which took him the first time, as it is reported, in Corduba, a city of Spain): but yet therefore yielded not to the disease of his body, to make it a cloak to cherish him withal, but, contrarily, took the pains of war as a medicine to cure his sick body, fighting always with his disease, travelling continually, living soberly, and commonly lying abroad in the field. For the most nights he slept in his coach or litter, and thereby bestowed his rest, to make him always able to do something: and in the daytime, he  
 40 would travel up and down the country to see towns, castles,

Granius  
Petronius.

Caesar had  
the falling  
sickness.



and strong places. He had always a secretary with him in his coach, who did still write as he went by the way, and a soldier behind him that carried his sword. He made such speed the first time he came from Rome, when he had his office, that in eight days he came to the river of Rhone. He was so excellent a rider of horse from his youth that, holding his hands behind him, he would gallop his horse upon the spur. In his wars in Gaul, he did further exercise himself to indite letters as he rode by the way, and did occupy two secretaries at once with as much as they could write: and, as Oppius writeth, more than two at a time. And it is reported, that Caesar was the first that devised friends might talk together by writing ciphers in letters, when he had no leisure to speak with them for his urgent business, and for the great distance besides from Rome. How little account Caesar made of his diet, this example doth prove it. Caesar supping one night in Milan with his friend Valerius Leo, there was served sperage to his board, and oil of perfume put into it instead of salad oil. He simply ate it, and found no fault, blaming his friends that were offended: and told them, that it had been enough for them to have abstained to eat of that they misliked, and not to shame their friend, and how that he lacked good manner that found fault with his friend. Another time as he travelled through the country, he was driven by foul weather on the sudden to take a poor man's cottage, that had but one little cabin in it, and that was so narrow, that one man could but scarce lie in it. Then he said to his friends that were about him: 'Greatest rooms are meetest for greatest men, and the most necessary rooms for the sickest persons.' And thereupon he caused Oppius that was sick to lie there all night: and he himself, with the rest of his friends, lay without doors, under the easing of the house. The first war that Caesar made with the Gauls was with the Helvetians and Tigurinians, who, having set fire of all their good cities, to the number of twelve, and four hundred villages besides, came to invade that part of Gaul which was subject to the Romans, as the Cimbri and Teutons had done before: unto whom for valiantness they gave no place, and they were also a great number of them (for they were three hundred thousand souls in all) whereof there were a hundred four-score and ten thousand fighting men. Of those, it was

The temperance of Caesar in his diet.

Caesar's civility not to blame his friend.

The Tigrinians slain by Labienus. Arar fl.

Caesar refused his horse when he fought a battle.

The Helvetians slain by Caesar.

Rhenus fl. Caesar made war with King Ariovistus.

not Caesar himself that overcame the Tigrinians, but Labienus his lieutenant, that overthrew them by the river of Arar. But the Helvetians themselves came suddenly with their army to set upon him, as he was going towards a city of his confederates. Caesar, perceiving that, made haste to get him some place of strength, and there did set his men in battle ray. When one brought him his horse to get up on which he used in battle, he said unto them: 'When I have overcome mine enemies, I will then get up on him to follow the chase, but now let us give them charge.' There-<sup>10</sup> with he marched forward afoot, and gave charge: and there fought it out a long time, before he could make them fly that were in battle. But the greatest trouble he had was to distress their camp, and to break their strength which they had made with their carts. For there, they that before had fled from the battle did not only put themselves in force, and valiantly fought it out: but their wives and children also fighting for their lives to the death were all slain, and the battle was scant ended at midnight. Now if the act of this victory was famous, unto that he also added another<sup>20</sup> as notable, or exceeding it. For, of all the barbarous people that had escaped from this battle, he gathered together again above a hundred thousand of them, and compelled them to return home into their country which they had forsaken, and unto their towns also which they had burnt: because he feared the Germans would come over the river of Rhine, and occupy that country lying void. The second war he made was in defence of the Gauls against the Germans: although before he himself had caused Ariovistus their king to be received for a confederate of the Romans.<sup>30</sup> Notwithstanding, they were grown very unquiet neighbours, and it appeared plainly that, having any occasion offered them to enlarge their territories, they would not content them with their own, but meant to invade and possess the rest of Gaul. Caesar perceiving that some of his captains trembled for fear, but specially the young gentlemen of noble houses of Rome, who thought to have gone to the wars with him, as only for their pleasure and gain: he called them to council, and commanded them that were afraid, that they should depart home, and not put themselves in danger<sup>40</sup> against their wills, sith they had such womanish faint hearts

to shrink when he had need of them. And for himself, he said, he would set upon the barbarous people, though he had left him but the tenth legion only, saying that the enemies were no valianter than the Cimbri had been, nor that he was a captain inferior unto Marius. This oration being made, the soldiers of the tenth legion sent their lieutenants unto him, to thank him for the good opinion he had of them : and the other legions also fell out with their captains, and all of them together followed him many days' journey with good-will to serve him, until they came within two hundred furlongs of the camp of the enemies. Ariovistus' courage was well cooled, when he saw Caesar was come, and that the Romans came to seek out the Germans, where they thought, and made account, that they durst not have abidden them : and therefore, nothing mistrusting it would have come so to pass, he wondered much at Caesar's courage, and the more when he saw his own army in a maze withal. But much more did their courages fall, by reason of the foolish women prophetesiers they had among them, which did foretell things to come : who, considering the waves and trouble of the rivers, and the terrible noise they made running down the stream, did forewarn them not to fight until the new moon. Caesar having intelligence thereof, and perceiving that the barbarous people thereupon stirred not, thought it best then to set upon them, being discouraged with this superstitious fear, rather than, losing time, he should tarry their leisure. So he did skirmish with them even to their forts and little hills where they lay, and by this means provoked them so, that with great fury they came down to fight. There he overcame them in battle, and followed them in chase, with great slaughter, three hundred furlong, even unto the river of Rhine : and he filled all the fields thitherto with dead bodies and spoils. Howbeit Ariovistus, flying with speed, got over the river of Rhine, and escaped with a few of his men. It is said that there were slain four-score thousand persons at this battle. After this exploit, Caesar left his army amongst the Sequans to winter there : and he himself in the meantime, thinking of the affairs at Rome, went over the mountains into Gaul about the river of Po, being part of his province which he had in charge. For there the river called Rubicon divideth the rest of Italy

The wise women of Germany. how they did foretell things to come.

King Ariovistus overthrown by Caesar.

from Gaul on this side the Alps. Caesar, lying there, did practise to make friends in Rome, because many came thither to see him : unto whom he granted their suits they demanded, and sent them home also, partly with liberal rewards, and partly with large promises and hope. Now, during all this conquest of the Gauls, Pompey did not consider how Caesar interchangeably did conquer the Gauls with the weapons of the Romans, and won the Romans again with the money of the Gauls. Caesar being advertised that the Belgae (which were the warlikest men of all the Gauls, 10 and that occupied the third part of Gaul) were all up in arms, and had raised a great power of men together : he straight made towards them with all possible speed, and found them spoiling and over-running the country of the Gauls, their neighbours, and confederates of the Romans.

The Belgae overcome by Caesar.

So he gave them battle, and, they fighting cowardly, he overthrew the most part of them which were in a troop together, and slew such a number of them, that the Romans passed over deep rivers and lakes afoot upon their dead bodies, the rivers were so full of them. After this overthrow, they 20 that dwelt nearest unto the seaside, and were next neighbours unto the ocean, did yield themselves without any compulsion or fight : whereupon, he led his army against the Nervians, the stoutest warriors of all the Belgae. They, dwelling in the wood country, had conveyed their wives, children, and goods into a marvellous great forest, as far from their enemies as they could : and, being about the number of six-score thousand fighting men and more, they came one day and set upon Caesar, when his army was out of order, and fortifying of his camp, little looking to have 30 fought that day. At the first charge, they brake the horsemen of the Romans, and, compassing in the twelfth and seventh legion, they slew all the centurions and captains of the bands. And had not Caesar self taken his shield on his arm, and, flying in amongst the barbarous people, made a lane through them that fought before him : and the tenth legion also, seeing him in danger, run unto him from the top of the hill where they stood in battle, and broken the ranks of their enemies : there had not a Roman escaped alive that day. But, taking example of Caesar's valiantness, they 40 fought desperately beyond their power, and yet could not

Nervii the stoutest warriors of all the Belgae.

make the Nervians fly, but they fought it out to the death, till they were all in manner slain in the field. It is written that of three-score thousand fighting men there escaped only but five hundred : and of four hundred gentlemen and counsellors of the Romans but three saved. The Senate understanding it at Rome ordained that they should do sacrifice unto the gods, and keep feasts and solemn processions fifteen days together without intermission, having never made the like ordinance at Rome for any victory that ever was obtained. Because they saw the danger had been marvellous great, so many nations rising as they did in arms together against him : and further, the love of the people unto him made his victory much more famous. For, when Caesar had set his affairs at a stay in Gaul on the other side of the Alps, he always used to lie about the river of Po in the winter-time, to give direction for the establishing of things at Rome at his pleasure. For, not only they that made suit for offices at Rome were chosen magistrates by means of Caesar's money which he gave them, with the which, bribing the people, they bought their voices, and when they were in office did all that they could to increase Caesar's power and greatness : but the greatest and chiefest men also of the nobility went unto Luca unto him. As Pompey, Crassus, Appius, Praetor of Sardinia, and Nepos, Proconsul in Spain. Insomuch that there were at one time six-score sergeants carrying rods and axes before the magistrates : and above two hundred Senators besides. There they fell in consultation, and determined that Pompey and Crassus should again be chosen Consuls the next year following. Furthermore, they did appoint, that Caesar should have money again delivered him to pay his army, and, besides, did prorogue the time of his government five years further. This was thought a very strange and an unreasonable matter unto wise men. For they themselves that had taken so much money of Caesar persuaded the Senate to let him have money of the common treasure, as though he had had none before : yea, to speak more plainly, they compelled the Senate unto it, sighing and lamenting to see the decrees they passed. Cato was not there then, for they had purposely sent him before into Cyprus. Howbeit Favonius, that followed Cato's steps, when he saw that he could not

The Nervii  
slain by  
Caesar.

The great  
lords of  
Rome  
came to  
Luca to  
Caesar.

prevail, nor withstand them : he went out of the Senate in choler, and cried out amongst the people, that it was a horrible shame. But no man did hearken to him, some for the reverence they bare unto Pompey and Crassus, and other, favouring Caesar's proceedings, did put all their hope and trust in him : and therefore did quiet themselves, and stirred not. Then Caesar, returning into Gaul beyond the Alps unto his army, found there a great war in the country

Ipes and Tenterides, people of Germany.

For two great nations of Germany had not long before passed over the river of Rhine, to conquer new lands : and the one of these people were called Ipes, and the other Tenterides. Now touching the battle which Caesar fought with them he himself doth describe it in his Commentaries, in this sort.

Caesar's horsemen put to flight.

That the barbarous people having sent ambassadors unto him, to require peace for a certain time, they notwithstanding, against law of arms, came and set upon him as he travelled by the way, insomuch as eight hundred of their men of arms overthrew five thousand of his horsemen, who nothing at all mistrusted their coming. Again, that they sent him other ambassadors to mock him once more : but that he kept them, and therewith caused his whole army to march against them, thinking it a folly, and madness, to keep faith with such traitorous barbarous breakers of leagues. Canutius writeth that, the Senate appointing again to do new sacrifice, processions, and feasts, to give thanks to the gods for this victory, Cato was of contrary opinion, that Caesar should be delivered into the hands of the barbarous people, for to purge their city and commonwealth of this breach of faith, and to turn the curse upon him, that was the author of it. Of these barbarous people

The Ipes and Tenterides slain by Caesar.

which came over the Rhine, (being about the number of four hundred thousand persons), they were all in manner slain, saving a very few of them, that flying from the battle got over the river of Rhine again, who were received by the Sicambrians, another people of the Germans. Caesar taking this occasion against them, lacking no good-will of himself besides, to have the honour to be counted the first Roman that ever passed over the river of Rhine with an army : he built a bridge over it. This river is marvellous broad, and runneth with great fury. And in that place specially where he built his bridge, for there it is of a great breadth from one

Sicambri, a people of the Germans.

Caesar made a bridge over



side to the other, and it hath so strong and swift a stream the river of Rhine. besides, that men, casting down great bodies of trees into the river (which the stream bringeth down with it), did with the great blows and force thereof marvellously shake the posts of the bridge he had set up. But to prevent the blows of those trees, and also to break the fury of the stream, he made a pile of great wood above the bridge a good way, and did forcibly ram them into the bottom of the river, so that in ten days' space he had set up and finished his bridge of 10 the goodliest carpenter's work, and most excellent invention to see to, that could be possibly thought or devised. Then, passing over his army upon it, he found none that durst any more fight with him. For the Suevians, which were the warlikest people of all Germany, had gotten themselves with their goods into wonderful great valleys and bogs, full of woods and forests. Now when he had burnt all the country of his enemies, and confirmed the league with the confederates of the Romans, he returned back again into Gaul after he had tarried eighteen days at the most in Germany, 20 on the other side of the Rhine. The journey he made also into England was a noble enterprise, and very commendable. For he was the first that sailed the West Ocean with an army by sea, and that passed through the sea Atlanticum with his army, to make war in that so great and famous island: (which many ancient writers would not believe that it was so indeed, and did make them vary about it, saying that it was but a fable and a lie): and was the first that enlarged the Roman empire beyond the earth inhabitable. For twice he passed over the narrow sea against the firm land of Gaul, 30 and, fighting many battles there, did hurt his enemies more than enrich his own men: because, of men hardly brought up, and poor, there was nothing to be gotten. Whereupon his war had not such success as he looked for: and therefore, taking pledges only of the king, and imposing a yearly tribute upon him, to be paid unto the people of Rome, he returned again into Gaul. There he was no sooner landed, but he found letters ready to be sent over the sea unto him: in the which he was advertised from Rome of the death of his daughter, that she was dead with child by Pompey. 40 For the which, Pompey and Caesar both were marvellous sorrowful: and their friends mourned also, thinking that The death of Julia, Caesar's daughter.

this alliance, which maintained the commonwealth (that otherwise was very tickle) in good peace and concord, was now severed, and broken asunder, and the rather likely, because the child lived not long after the mother. So the common people at Rome took the corpse of Julia, in despite of the Tribunes, and buried it in the field of Mars. Now Caesar being driven to divide his army (that was very great) into sundry garrisons for the winter-time, and returning again into Italy as he was wont: all Gaul rebelled again, and had raised great armies in every quarter to set upon the 10 Romans, and to assay if they could distress their forts where they lay in garrison. The greatest number and most warlike men of these Gauls, that entered into action of rebellion, were led by one Ambiorix: and first did set upon the garrisons of Cotta and Titurius, whom they slew, and all the soldiers they had about them. Then they went with three-score thousand fighting men to besiege the garrison which Quintus Cicero had in his charge, and had almost taken them by force, because all the soldiers were every man of them hurt: but they were so valiant and courageous, that they 20 did more than men (as they say) in defending of themselves. These news being come to Caesar, who was far from thence at that time, he returned with all possible speed, and levying seven thousand soldiers made haste to help Cicero that was in such distress. The Gauls that did besiege Cicero, understanding of Caesar's coming, raised their siege incontinently, to go and meet him: making account that he was but a handful in their hands, they were so few. Caesar, to deceive them, still drew back, and made as though he fled from them, lodging in places meet for a captain that had but a 30 few to fight with a great number of his enemies, and commanded his men in nowise to stir out to skirmish with them, but compelled them to raise up the rampers of his camp, and to fortify the gates, as men that were afraid, because the enemies should the less esteem of them: until that at length he took opportunity by their disorderly coming to assail the trenches of his camp, (they were grown to such a presumptuous boldness and bravery), and then sallying out upon them he put them all to flight with slaughter of a great number of them. This did suppress all the rebellions 40 of the Gauls in those parts, and, furthermore, he himself in

The rebellion of the Gauls.

Cotta and Titurius with their army slain.

Caesar slew the Gauls led by Ambiorix.



person went in the midst of winter thither, where he heard they did rebel: for that there was come a new supply out of Italy of three whole legions, in their room which he had lost: of the which, two of them Pompey lent him, and the other legion he himself had levied in Gaul about the river of Po. During these stirs brake forth the beginning of the greatest and most dangerous war that he had in all Gaul, the which had been secretly practised of long time by the chiefest and most warlike people of that country, who had levied a wonderful great power. For everywhere they levied multitudes of men, and great riches besides, to fortify their strongholds. Furthermore the country where they rose was very ill to come unto, and specially at that time being winter, when the rivers were frozen, the woods and forests covered with snow, the meadows drowned with floods, and the fields so deep of snow, that no ways were to be found, neither the marishes nor rivers to be discerned, all was so overflown and drowned with water: all which troubles together were enough (as they thought) to keep Caesar from setting upon the rebels. Many nations of the Gauls were of this conspiracy, but two of the chiefest were the Arvernians and Carnutes: who had chosen Vercingetorix for their lieutenant-general, whose father the Gauls before had put to death, because they thought he aspired to make himself king. This Vercingetorix, dividing his army into divers parts, and appointing divers captains over them, had gotten to take his part all the people and countries thereabout, even as far as they that dwell towards the sea<sup>1</sup> Adriatic, having further determined (understanding that Rome did conspire against Caesar) to make all Gaul rise in arms against him. So that, if he had but tarried a little longer, until Caesar had entered into his civil wars, he had put all Italy in as great fear and danger, as it was when the Cimbri did come and invade it. But Caesar, that was valiant in all assays and dangers of war, and that was very skilful to take time and opportunity: so soon as he understood the news of the rebellion, he departed with speed, and returned back the self same way which he had gone, making the barbarous people know that they should deal

The second  
rebellion  
of the  
Gauls  
against  
Caesar.

Vercinge-  
torix  
captain of  
the rebels  
against  
Caesar.

<sup>1</sup> Some say that in this place is to be read in the Greek πρὸς τὸν Ἄραριν, which is the river Saone.

with an army invincible, and which they could not possibly withstand, considering the great speed he had made with the same, in so sharp and hard a winter. For, where they would not possibly have believed that a post or curreur could have come in so short a time from the place where he was unto them, they wondered when they saw him burning and destroying the country, the towns, and strong forts where he came with his army, taking all to mercy that yielded unto him : until such time as the Aedui took arms against him, who before were wont to be called the brethren of the 10 Romans, and were greatly honoured of them. Wherefore Caesar's men when they understood that they had joined with the rebels, they were marvellous sorry, and half discouraged. Thereupon Caesar, departing from those parties, went through the country of the Lingones, to enter the country of the Burgonians<sup>1</sup>, who were confederates of the Romans, and the nearest unto Italy on that side, in respect of all the rest of Gaul. Thither the enemies came to set upon him, and to environ him of all sides, with an infinite number of thousands of fighting men. Caesar, on the other 20 side, tarried their coming, and fighting with them a long time he made them so afraid of him that at length he overcame the barbarous people. But, at the first, it seemeth notwithstanding that he had received some overthrow : for the Arvernians showed a sword hanged up in one of their temples, which they said they had won from Caesar. Inso-much as Caesar self, coming that way by occasion, saw it, and fell a-laughing at it. But, some of his friends going about to take it away, he would not suffer them, but bade them let it alone, and touch it not, for it was a holy thing. 30 Notwithstanding, such as at the first had saved themselves by flying, the most of them were gotten with their king into the city of Alexia, the which Caesar went and besieged, although it seemed inexpugnable, both for the height of the walls, as also for the multitude of soldiers they had to defend it. But now, during this siege, he fell into a marvellous great danger without, almost incredible. For an army of three hundred thousand fighting men of the best men that were among all the nations of the Gauls came against him, being at the siege of Alexia, besides them that were within 40

<sup>1</sup> Sequani.

did lay all the irons in the fire he could, to bring it to pass, that he might be chosen Dictator. Cato finding the mark he shot at, and fearing lest in the end the people should be compelled to make him Dictator : he persuaded the Senate rather to make him sole Consul, that, contenting himself with that more just and lawful government, he should not covet the other unlawful. The Senate, following his counsel, did not only make him Consul, but further did prorogue his government of the provinces he had. For he had two provinces, all Spain, and Africk, the which he governed by his lieutenants : and further, he received yearly of the common treasure to pay his soldiers a thousand talents. Hereupon Caesar took occasion also to send his men to make suit in his name for the Consulship, and also to have the government of his provinces prorogued. Pompey at the first held his peace. But Marcellus and Lentulus (that otherwise hated Caesar) withstood them, and, to shame and dishonour him, had much needless speech in matters of weight. Furthermore, they took away the freedom from the colonies which Caesar had lately brought unto the city of Novum Comum in Gaul towards Italy, where Caesar not long before had lodged them. And, moreover, when Marcellus was Consul, he made one of the Senators in that city to be whipped with rods, who came to Rome about those matters : and said, he gave him those marks that he should know he was no Roman citizen, and bade him go his way, and tell Caesar of it. After Marcellus' Consulship, Caesar, setting open his coffers of the treasure he had gotten among the Gauls, did frankly give it out amongst the magistrates at Rome, without restraint or spare. First, he set Curio, the Tribune, clear out of debt : and gave also unto Paul the Consul a thousand five hundred talents, with which money he built that notable palace by the market-place, called Paul's Basilick in the place of Fulvius' Basilick. Then Pompey, being afraid of this practice, began openly to procure, both by himself and his friends, that they should send Caesar a successor : and moreover, he sent unto Caesar for his two legions of men of war which he had lent him for the conquest of Gaul. Caesar sent him them again, and gave every private soldier two hundred and fifty silver drachmas. Now they that brought these two legions back from Caesar

Pompey governed Spain and Africk.

Caesar such the second time to be consul, and to have his government prorogued.

Caesar bribeth the magistrates at Rome.

gave out ill and seditious words against him among the people, and did also abuse Pompey with false persuasions and vain hopes, informing him that he was marvellously desired and wished for in Caesar's camp: and that though in Rome, for the malice and secret spite which the governors there did bear him, he could hardly obtain that he desired, yet in Gaul he might assure himself, that all the army was at his commandment. They added further also that, if the soldiers there did once return over the mountains again into Italy, they would all straight come to him, they did so hate Caesar: because he wearied them with too much labour and continual fight, and withal, for that they suspected he aspired to be king. These words breeding security in Pompey, and a vain conceit of himself, made him negligent in his doings, so that he made no preparation for war, as though he had no occasion to be afraid: but only studied to thwart Caesar in speech, and to cross the suits he made. Howbeit Caesar passed not of all this. For the report went, that one of Caesar's captains which was sent to Rome to prosecute his suit, being at the Senate door, and hearing that they denied to prorogue Caesar's time of government which he sued for: clapping his hand upon his sword, he said, 'Sith you will not grant it him, this shall give it him.' Notwithstanding, the requests that Caesar propounded carried great semblance of reason with them. For he said, that he was contented to lay down arms, so that Pompey did the like: and that both of them as private persons should come and make suit of their citizens to obtain honourable recompense: declaring unto them, that taking arms from him, and granting them unto Pompey, they did wrongfully accuse him in going about to make himself a tyrant, and in the meantime to grant the other means to be a tyrant. Curio making these offers and persuasions openly before the people, in the name of Caesar, he was heard with great rejoicing and clapping of hands, and there were some that cast flowers and nosegays upon him when he went his way, as they commonly use to do unto any man, when he hath obtained victory, and won any games. Then Antonius, one of the Tribunes, brought a letter sent from Caesar, and made it openly to be read in despite of the Consuls. But Scipio, in the Senate, Pompey's father-in-law, made this

Pompey  
abused by  
flatterers.

Caesar's  
requests  
unto the  
Senate.

motion : that, if Caesar did not dismiss his army by a certain day appointed him, the Romans should proclaim him an enemy unto Rome. Then the Consuls openly asked in the presence of the Senators, if they thought it good that Pompey should dismiss his army : but few agreed to that demand. After that again they asked, if they liked that Caesar should dismiss his army : thereto they all in manner answered, yea, yea. But when Antonius requested again that both of them should lay down arms : then they were

10 all indifferently of his mind. Notwithstanding, because Scipio did insolently behave himself, and Marcellus also, who cried that they must use force of arms, and not men's opinions, against a thief : the Senate rose straight upon it without further determination, and men changed apparel through the city because of this dissension, as they use to do in a common calamity. After that, there came other letters from Caesar, which seemed much more reasonable : in the which he requested that they would grant him Gaul, that lieth between the mountains of the Alps and Italy, and

20 Illyria, with two legions only, and then that he would request nothing else, until he made suit for the second Consulship. Cicero the Orator, that was newly come from his government of Cilicia, travailed to reconcile them together, and pacified Pompey the best he could : who told him, he would yield to anything he would have him, so he did let him alone with his army. So Cicero persuaded Caesar's friends to be contented to take those two provinces, and six thousand men only, that they might be friends and at peace together. Pompey very willingly yielded unto it, and granted

30 them. But Lentulus the Consul would not agree to it, but shamefully drave Curio and Antonius out of the Senate : whereby they themselves gave Caesar as happy occasion and colour as could be, stirring up his soldiers the more against them, when he showed them these two notable men and Tribunes of the people that were driven to fly, disguised like slaves, in a carrier's cart. For they were driven for fear to steal out of Rome, disguised in that manner. Now at that time, Caesar had not in all about him above five thousand footmen, and three thousand horsemen : for the rest of his

40 army he left on the other side of the mountains, to be brought after him by his lieutenants. So, considering that for the

Antonius  
 and Curio,  
 Tribunes  
 of the  
 people, fly  
 from Rome  
 to Caesar.

execution of his enterprise he should not need so many men of war at the first, but rather, suddenly stealing upon them, to make them afraid with his valiantness, taking benefit of the opportunity of time, because he should more easily make his enemies afraid of him, coming so suddenly when they looked not for him, than he should otherwise distress them, assailing them with his whole army, in giving them leisure to provide further for him : he commanded his captains and lieutenants to go before, without any other armour than their swords, to take the city of Ariminum, (a great city of 10 Gaul, being the first city men come to, when they come out of Gaul), with as little bloodshed and tumult as they could possible. Then, committing that force and army he had with him unto Hortensius one of his friends, he remained a whole day together, openly in the sight of every man, to see the sword-players handle their weapons before him. At night he went into his lodging, and, bathing his body a little, came afterwards into the hall amongst them, and made merry with them a while, whom he had bidden to supper. Then, when it was well forward night, and very dark, he rose 20 from the table, and prayed his company to be merry, and no man to stir, for he would straight come to them again : howbeit he had secretly before commanded a few of his trustiest friends to follow him, not altogether, but some one way, and some another way. He himself in the meantime took a coach he had hired, and made as though he would have gone some other way at the first, but suddenly he turned back again towards the city of Ariminum. When he was come unto the little river of Rubicon, which divideth Gaul on this side the Alps from Italy, he stayed upon a 30 sudden. For, the nearer he came to execute his purpose, the more remorse he had in his conscience, to think what an enterprise he took in hand : and his thoughts also fell out more doubtful, when he entered into consideration of the desperateness of his attempt. So he fell into many thoughts with himself, and spake never a word, waving sometime one way, sometime another way, and oftentimes changed his determination, contrary to himself. So did he talk much also with his friends he had with him, amongst whom was Asinius Pollio, telling them what mischiefs the beginning of 40 this passage over that river would breed in the world, and

Caesar's  
doubtful  
thoughts  
at the  
river of  
Rubicon.



how much their posterity and them that lived after them would speak of it in time to come. But at length, casting from him with a noble courage all those perilous thoughts to come, and speaking these words, which valiant men commonly say that attempt dangerous and desperate enterprises, 'A desperate man feareth no danger, come on!' he passed over the river, and, when he was come over, he ran with his coach and never stayed, so that before daylight he was within the city of Ariminum, and took it. It is said, The Greek useth this phrase of speech : 'Cast the die.'

10 that the night before he passed over this river he dreamed a damnable dream, that he carnally knew his mother. The city of Ariminum being taken, and the rumour thereof dispersed through all Italy, even as if it had been open war both by sea and land, and as if all the laws of Rome together with the extreme bounds and confines of the same had been broken up : a man would have said, that not only the men and women for fear, as experience proved at other times, but whole cities themselves, leaving their habitations, fled from one place to another through all Italy. And Rome itself Caesar took the city of Ariminum. Caesar's damnable dream.

20 also was immediately filled with the flowing repair of all the people their neighbours thereabouts, which came thither from all parties like droves of cattle, that there was neither officer nor magistrate that could any more command them by authority, neither by any persuasion of reason bridle such a confused and disorderly multitude : so that Rome had in manner destroyed itself for lack of rule and order. For in all places men were of contrary opinions, and there were dangerous stirs and tumults everywhere : because they Rome in uproar with Caesar's coming.

30 that were glad of this trouble could keep in no certain place, but running up and down the city, when they met with others in divers places, that seemed either to be afraid or angry with this tumult (as otherwise it is impossible in so great a city), they flatly fell out with them, and boldly threatened them with that that was to come. Pompey himself, who at that time was not a little amazed, was yet much more troubled with the ill words some gave him on the one side, and some on the other. For some of them reproved him, and said that he had done wisely, and had paid for his folly, because he had made Caesar so great and strong against him and the commonwealth.

40 strong against him and the commonwealth. And other again did blame him, because he had refused the honest

offers and reasonable conditions of peace which Caesar had offered him, suffering Lentulus the Consul to abuse him too much. On the other side, Favonius spake unto him, and bade him stamp on the ground with his foot : for Pompey, being one day in a bravery in the Senate, said openly : let no man take thought for preparation of war, for when he listed, with one stamp of his foot on the ground, he would fill all Italy with soldiers. This notwithstanding, Pompey at that time had a greater number of soldiers than Caesar: but they would never let him follow his own determination. For they brought him so many lies, and put so many examples of fear before him, as if Caesar had been already at their heels, and had won all : so that in the end he yielded unto them, and gave place to their fury and madness, determining (seeing all things in such tumult and garboil) that there was no way but to forsake the city, and thereupon commanded the Senate to follow him, and not a man to tarry there, unless he loved tyranny more than his own liberty and the commonwealth. Thus the Consuls themselves, before they had done their common sacrifices accustomed at their going out of the city, fled every man of them. So did likewise the most part of the Senators, taking their own things in haste, such as came first to hand, as if by stealth they had taken them from another. And there were some of them also that always loved Caesar, whose wits were then so troubled and besides themselves, with the fear they had conceived, that they also fled, and followed the stream of this tumult, without manifest cause or necessity. But above all things, it was a lamentable sight to see the city itself, that in this fear and trouble was left at all adventure, as a ship tossed in storm of sea, forsaken of her pilots, and despairing of her safety. This their departure being thus miserable, yet men esteemed their banishment (for the love they bare unto Pompey) to be their natural country, and reckoned Rome no better than Caesar's camp.

At that time also, Labienus, who was one of Caesar's greatest friends, and had been always used as his lieutenant in the wars of Gaul, and had valiantly fought in his cause, he likewise forsook him then, and fled unto Pompey. But Caesar sent his money and carriage after him, and then went and encamped before the city of Corfinium, the which Domitius

Pompey  
flieth from  
Rome.

Labienus  
forsook  
Caesar,  
and fled to  
Pompey.



kept with thirty cohorts or ensigns. When Domitius saw he was besieged, he straight thought himself but undone, and despairing of his success he bade a physician, a slave of his, give him poison. The physician gave him a drink which he drank, thinking to have died. But shortly after, Domitius, hearing them report what clemency and wonderful courtesy Caesar used unto them he took, repented him then that he had drunk this drink, and began to lament and bewail his desperate resolution taken to die. The physician

10 did comfort him again, and told him, that he had taken a drink only to make him sleep, but not to destroy him. Then Domitius rejoiced, and went straight and yielded himself unto Caesar, who gave him his life : but he notwithstanding stale away immediately, and fled unto Pompey. When these news were brought to Rome, they did marvellously rejoice and comfort them that still remained there : and moreover there were of them that had forsaken Rome, which returned thither again. In the meantime, Caesar did put all Domitius' men in pay, and he did the like through all the

20 cities, where he had taken any captains that levied men for Pompey. Now Caesar, having assembled a great and dreadful power together, went straight where he thought to find Pompey himself. But Pompey tarried not his coming, but fled into the city of Brundisium, from whence he had sent the two Consuls before with that army he had unto Dyrachium : and he himself also went thither afterwards, when he understood that Caesar was come, as you shall hear more amply hereafter in his life. Caesar lacked no good-will to follow him, but, wanting ships to take the seas, he returned

30 forthwith to Rome : so that in less than threescore days he was lord of all Italy, without any bloodshed. Who when he was come to Rome, and found it much quieter than he looked for, and many Senators there also, he courteously entreated them, and prayed them to send unto Pompey, to pacify all matters between them upon reasonable conditions. But no man did attempt it, either because they feared Pompey for that they had forsaken him, or else for that they thought Caesar meant not as he spake, but that they were words of course, to colour his purpose withal. And when

40 Metellus also, one of the Tribunes, would not suffer him to take any of the common treasure out of the temple of Saturn,

Domitius  
escaped  
from  
Caesar,  
and fled to  
Pompey.

Pompey  
flieth into  
Epirus.

*Silent leges inter arma.* but told him that it was against the law: 'Tush,' said he, 'time of war and law are two things. If this that I do,' quoth he, 'do offend thee, then get thee hence for this time: for war cannot abide this frank and bold speech. But when wars are done, and that we are all quiet again, then thou shalt speak in the pulpit what thou wilt: and yet I do tell thee this of favour, impairing so much my right, for thou art mine, both thou, and all them that have risen against me, and whom I have in my hands.' When he had spoken thus unto Metellus, he went to the temple door where the treasure 10 lay: and, finding no keys there, he caused smiths to be sent for, and made them break open the locks. Metellus thereupon began again to withstand him, and certain men that stood by praised him in his doing: but Caesar at length speaking bigly to him threatened him he would kill him presently, if he troubled him any more: and told him furthermore, 'Young man', quoth he, 'thou knowest it is harder for me to tell it thee, than to do it.' That word made Metellus quake for fear, that he got him away roundly: and ever after that Caesar had all at his commandment for the wars. 20

From thence he went into Spain, to make war with Petreius and Varro, Pompey's lieutenants: first to get their armies and provinces into his hands which they governed, that afterwards he might follow Pompey the better, leaving never an enemy behind him. In this journey he was oftentimes himself in danger, through the ambushes that were laid for him in divers strange sorts and places, and likely also to have lost all his army for lack of victuals. All this notwithstanding, he never left following of Pompey's lieutenants, provoking them to battle, and intrenching them in: until he 30 had gotten their camp and armies into his hands, albeit that the lieutenants themselves fled unto Pompey. When Caesar returned again to Rome, Piso his father-in-law gave him counsel to send ambassadors unto Pompey, to treat of peace. But Isauricus, to flatter Caesar, was against it. Caesar, being then created Dictator by the Senate, called home again all the banished men, and restored their children to honour, whose fathers before had been slain in Sulla's time: and did somewhat cut off the usuries that did oppress them, and, besides, did make some such other ordinances as 40 those, but very few. For he was Dictator but eleven days

Caesar  
taketh  
money out  
of the  
temple of  
Saturn.

Caesar's  
journey  
into Spain  
against  
Pompey's  
lieu-  
tenants.

Caesar  
Dictator.

only, and then did yield it up of himself, and made himself Consul, with Servilius Isauricus, and after that determined to follow the wars. All the rest of his army he left coming on the way behind him, and went himself before with six hundred horse and five legions only of footmen, in the winter quarter, about the month of January, which after the Athenians is called Posideon. Then, having passed over the sea Ionium, and landed his men, he won the cities of Oricum and Apollonia. Then he sent his ships back again unto Brundisium, to transport the rest of his soldiers that could not come with that speed he did. They as they came by the way, (like men whose strength of body and lusty youth was decayed), being wearied with so many sundry battles as they had fought with their enemies, complained of Caesar in this sort. 'To what end and purpose doth this man hale us after him, up and down the world, using us like slaves and drudges? It is not our armour, but our bodies that bear the blows away: and what, shall we never be without our harness on our backs, and our shields on our arms? Should not Caesar think, at the least when he seeth our blood and wounds, that we are all mortal men, and that we feel the misery and pains that other men do feel? And now, even in the dead of winter, he putteth us unto the mercy of the sea and tempest, yea, which the gods themselves cannot withstand: as if he fled before his enemies, and pursued them not.' Thus spending time with this talk, the soldiers, still marching on, by small journeys came at length unto the city of Brundisium. But when they were come, and found that Caesar had already passed over the sea, then they straight changed their complaints and minds. For they blamed themselves, and took on also with their captains, because they had not made them make more haste in marching: and, sitting upon the rocks and cliffs of the sea, they looked over the main sea towards the realm of Epirus, to see if they could discern the ships returning back to transport them over. Caesar in the meantime being in the city of Apollonia, having but a small army to fight with Pompey, it grieved him for that the rest of his army was so long a-coming, not knowing what way to take. In the end he followed a dangerous determination, to embark unknown in a little pinnace of twelve oars only, to pass over the sea again unto

Caesar and Isauricus consuls.

Caesar goeth into the kingdom of Epirus.

Complaints of the old soldiers against Caesar.

A great adventure of Caesar.

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Anius fl.

Brundisium : the which he could not do without great danger, considering that all that sea was full of Pompey's ships and armies. So he took ship in the night apparelled like a slave, and went aboard upon this little pinnace, and said never a word, as if he had been some poor man of mean condition. The pinnace lay in the mouth of the river of Anius, the which commonly was wont to be very calm and quiet, by reason of a little wind that came from the shore, which every morning drave back the waves far into the main sea. But that night, by ill fortune, there came a great wind from the sea that overcame the land wind, insomuch as, the force and strength of the river fighting against the violence of the rage and waves of the sea, the encounter was marvellous dangerous, the water of the river being driven back and rebounding upward, with great noise and danger in turning of the water. Thereupon the master of the pinnace, seeing he could not possibly get out of the mouth of this river, bade the mariners to cast about again, and to return against the stream. Caesar, hearing that, straight discovered himself unto the master of the pinnace, who at the first was amazed when he saw him : but Caesar then taking him by the hand said unto him, ' Good fellow, be of good cheer, and forwards hardily, fear not, for thou hast Caesar and his fortune with thee.' Then the mariners, forgetting the danger of the storm they were in, laid on load with oars and laboured for life what they could against the wind, to get out of the mouth of this river. But at length, perceiving they laboured in vain, and that the pinnace took in abundance of water, and was ready to sink : Caesar then to his great grief was driven to return back again. Who when he was returned unto his camp, his soldiers came in great companies unto him, and were very sorry that he mistrusted he was not able with them alone to overcome his enemies, but would put his person in danger, to go fetch them that were absent, putting no trust in them that were present. In the meantime Antonius arrived, and brought with him the rest of his army from Brundisium. Then Caesar, finding himself strong enough, went and offered Pompey battle, who was passingly well lodged for victualing of his camp both by sea and land. Caesar on the other side, who had no great plenty of victuals at the first, was in a very hard case : insomuch as his men gathered roots, and

Caesar's  
dangers  
and  
troubles  
in the  
realm of  
Epirus.

mingled them with milk, and ate them. Furthermore, they did make bread of it also, and sometime when they skirmished with the enemies, and came alongst by them that watched and warded, they cast of their bread into their trenches, and said that, as long as the earth brought forth such fruits, they would never leave besieging of Pompey. But Pompey straightly commanded them that they should neither carry those words nor bread into their camp, fearing lest his men's hearts would fail them, and that they would

10 be afraid, when they should think of their enemies' hardness, with whom they had to fight, sith they were weary with no pains, no more than brute beasts. Caesar's men did daily skirmish hard to the trenches of Pompey's camp, in the which Caesar had ever the better, saving once only, at what time his men fled with such fear, that all his camp that day was in great hazard to have been cast away. For Pompey came on with his battle upon them, and they were not able to abide it, but were fought with and driven into their camp, and their trenches were filled with dead bodies, which were

20 slain within the very gate and bulwarks of their camp, they were so valiantly pursued. Caesar stood before them that fled, to make them to turn head again: but he could not prevail. For, when he would have taken the ensigns to have stayed them, the ensign-bearers threw them down on the ground: so that the enemies took two-and-thirty of them, and Caesar's self also scaped hardly with life. For striking a great big soldier that fled by him, commanding him to stay and turn his face to his enemy, the soldier being afraid lift up his sword to strike at Caesar. But one of Caesar's

30 pages, preventing him, gave him such a blow with his sword, that he strake off his shoulder. Caesar that day was brought unto so great extremity, that (if Pompey had not either for fear, or spiteful fortune, left off to follow his victory, and retired into his camp, being contented to have driven his enemies into their camp) returning to his camp with his friends, he said unto them: 'The victory this day had been our enemies', if they had had a captain, that could have told how to have overcome.' So, when he was come to his lodging, he went to bed, and that night troubled him more than any

40 night that ever he had. For still his mind ran with great sorrow of the foul fault he had committed in leading of his

Caesar's  
army fled  
from  
Pompey.

Caesar's  
words of  
Pompey's  
victory.

Caesar  
troubled

in mind  
after his  
loss.

Pompey's  
determina-  
tion for  
the war.

army, of self-will to remain there so long by the seaside, his enemies being the stronger by sea : considering that he had before him a goodly country, rich and plentiful of all things, and goodly cities of Macedon and Thessaly, and had not the wit to bring the war from thence, but to lose his time in a place, where he was rather besieged of his enemies for lack of victuals, than that he did besiege them by force of arms. Thus, fretting and chafing to see himself so straighted with victuals, and to think of his ill-luck, he raised his camp, intending to go set upon Scipio, making account, that either <sup>10</sup> he should draw Pompey to battle against his will, when he had not the sea at his back to furnish him with plenty of victuals, or else that he should easily overcome Scipio, finding him alone, unless he were aided. This remove of Caesar's camp did much encourage Pompey's army and his captains, who would needs in any case have followed after him, as though he had been overcome, and had fled. But, for Pompey himself, he would in no respect hazard battle, which was a matter of so great importance. For, finding himself well provided of all things necessary to tarry time, he thought it <sup>20</sup> better to draw this war out in length, by tract of time, the rather to consume this little strength that remained in Caesar's army : of the which, the best men were marvellous well trained and good soldiers, and for valiantness, at one day's battle, were incomparable. But on the other side again, to remove here and there so oft, and to fortify their camp where they came, and to besiege any wall, or to keep watch all night in their armour : the most part of them could not do it, by reason of their age, being then unable to away with that pains, so that the weakness of their bodies did also <sup>30</sup> take away the life and courage of their hearts. Furthermore, there fell a pestilent disease among them, that came by ill meats hunger drave them to eat : yet was not this the worst. For, besides, he had no store of money, neither could tell how to come by victuals : so that it seemed in all likelihood, that in very short time he would come to nothing. For these respects Pompey would in no case fight, and yet had he but Cato only of his mind in that, who stuck in it the rather, because he would avoid shedding of his countrymen's blood. For, when Cato had viewed the dead bodies slain in <sup>40</sup> the camp of his enemies, at the last skirmish that was be-



tween them, the which were no less than a thousand persons, he covered his face and went away weeping. All other but he contrarily fell out with him, and blamed him, because he so long refrained from battle: and some pricked him forward, and called him Agamemnon, and king of kings, saying, that he delayed this war in this sort, because he would not leave his authority to command them all, and that he was glad always to see many captains round about him, which came to his lodging to honour him, and wait upon him. And

10 Favonius also, a harebrained fellow, frantically counterfeiting the round and plain speech of Cato, made as though he was marvellous angry, and said: 'Is it not great pity that we shall not eat this year of Tusculum figs, and all for Pompey's ambitious mind to reign alone?' And Afranius, who not long before was but lately come out of Spain, (where, because he had but ill success, he was accused of treason, that for money he had sold his army unto Caesar,) he went busily asking, why they fought not with that merchant, unto whom they said he had sold the province of Spain? So that Pompey

20 with these kind of speeches, against his will, was driven to follow Caesar, to fight with him. Then was Caesar at the first marvellously perplexed, and troubled by the way: because he found none that would give him any victuals, being despised of every man for the late loss and overthrow he had received. But, after that he had taken the city of Gomphi in Thessaly, he did not only meet with plenty of victuals to relieve his army with, but he strangely also did rid them of their disease. For the soldiers, meeting with plenty of wine, drinking hard, and making merry, drave

30 away the infection of the pestilence. For they disposed themselves unto dancing, masking, and playing the Baccherians by the way: insomuch that drinking drunk they overcame their disease, and made their bodies new again. When they both came into the country of Pharsalia, and both camps lay before the other, Pompey returned again to his former determination, and the rather, because he had ill signs and tokens of misfortune in his sleep. For he thought in his sleep that, when he entered into the theatre, all the Romans received him with great clapping of hands. Whereupon, they

40 that were about him grew to such boldness and security, The assuring themselves of victory, that Domitius, Spinther, security

Pompey called Agamemnon, and king of kings.

The city of Gomphi in Thessaly.

Pompey's dream in Pharsalia.



of the  
Pompeians.

and Scipio in a bravery contended between themselves for the chief bishopric which Caesar had. Furthermore, there were divers that sent unto Rome to hire the nearest houses unto the market-place, as being the fittest places for Praetors and Consuls: making their account already, that those offices could not scape them, incontinently after the wars. But besides those, the young gentlemen and Roman knights were marvellous desirous to fight, that were bravely mounted, and armed with glistering gilt armours, their horses fat and very finely kept, and themselves goodly young men, to the number of seven thousand, where the gentlemen of Caesar's side were but one thousand only. The number of his footmen also were much after the same reckoning. For he had five-and-forty thousand against two-and-twenty thousand. Wherefore Caesar called his soldiers together, and told them how Cornificius was at hand, who brought two whole legions, and that he had fifteen ensigns led by Calenus, the which he made to stay about Megara and Athens. Then he asked them if they would tarry for that aid or not, or whether they would rather themselves alone venture battle. The soldiers cried out to him, and prayed him not to defer battle, but rather to devise some fetch to make the enemy fight as soon as he could. Then, as he sacrificed unto the gods for the purifying of his army, the first beast was no sooner sacrificed, but his soothsayer assured him that he should fight within three days. Caesar asked him again, if he saw in the sacrifices any lucky sign, or token of good luck. The soothsayer answered, 'For that thou shalt answer thyself, better than I can do: for the gods do promise us a marvellous great change and alteration of things that are now, unto another clean contrary. For if thou beest well now, dost thou think to have worse fortune hereafter? And if thou be ill, assure thyself thou shalt have better.' The night before the battle, as he went about midnight to visit the watch, men saw a great firebrand in the element, all of a light fire, that came over Caesar's camp, and fell down in Pompey's. In the morning also, when they relieved the watch, they heard a false alarm in the enemies' camp, without any apparent cause: which they commonly call a sudden fear, that makes men beside themselves. This notwithstanding, Caesar thought not to fight that day, but

Pompey's  
army as  
great  
again as  
Caesar's.

A wonder  
seen in the  
element  
before the  
battle of  
Pharsalia.

was determined to have raised his camp from thence, and to have gone towards the city of Scotusa : and his tents in his camp were already overthrown when his scouts came in with great speed, to bring him news that his enemies were preparing themselves to fight. Then he was very glad, and, after he had made his prayers unto the gods to help him that day, he set his men in battle ray, and divided them into three squadrons : giving the middle battle unto Domitius Calvinus, and the left wing unto Antonius, and placed himself in the right wing, choosing his place to fight in the tenth legion. But, seeing that against that his enemies had set all their horsemen, he was half afraid when he saw the great number of them, and so brave besides. Wherefore he closely made six ensigns to come from the rearward of his battle, whom he had laid as an ambush behind his right wing, having first appointed his soldiers what they should do, when the horsemen of the enemies came to give them charge. On the other side, Pompey placed himself in the right wing of his battle, gave the left wing unto Domitius, and the middle battle unto Scipio his father-in-law. Now all the Roman knights (as we have told you before) were placed in the left wing, of purpose to environ Caesar's right wing behind, and to give their hottest charge there, where the general of their enemies was : making their account, that there was no squadron of footmen, how thick soever they were, that could receive the charge of so great a troop of horsemen, and that at the first onset they should overthrow them all and march upon their bellies. When the trumpets on either side did sound the alarm to the battle, Pompey commanded his footmen that they should stand still without stirring, to receive the charge of their enemies, until they came to throwing of their darts. Wherefore Caesar afterwards said, that Pompey had committed a foul fault, not to consider that the charge which is given running with fury, besides that it giveth the more strength also unto their blows, doth set men's hearts also a-fire : for the common hurling of all the soldiers that run together, is unto them as a box on the ear that sets men a-fire. Then Caesar, making his battle march forward to give the onset, saw one of his captains (a valiant man, and very skilful in war, in whom he had also great confidence) speaking to his soldiers that he had under his charge, encouraging

Caesar's  
army and  
his battle  
in the  
fields of  
Pharsalia.

Pompey's  
army and  
his order  
of battle.

An ill  
counsel  
and foul  
fault of  
Pompey.

them to fight like men that day. So he called him aloud by his name, and said unto him: 'Well, Caius Crassinius, what hope shall we have to-day? How are we determined, to fight it out manfully?' Then Crassinius, casting up his hand, answered him aloud: 'This day, O Caesar, we shall have a noble victory, and I promise thee ere night thou shalt praise me alive or dead.' When he had told him so, he was himself the foremost man that gave charge upon his enemies, with his band following of him, being about six-score men, and, making a lane through the foremost ranks, with great slaughter <sup>10</sup> he entered far into the battle of his enemies: until that, valiantly fighting in this sort, he was thrust in at length in the mouth with a sword, that the point of it came out again at his neck. Now, the footmen of both battles being come to the sword, the horsemen of the left wing of Pompey did march as fiercely also, spreading out their troops, to compass in the right wing of Caesar's battle. But before they began to give charge, the six ensigns of footmen which Caesar had laid in ambush behind him, they began to run full upon them, not throwing away their darts far off as they were <sup>20</sup> wont to do, neither striking their enemies on the thighs nor on the legs, but to seek to hit them full in the eyes, and to hurt them in the face, as Caesar had taught them. For he hoped that these lusty young gentlemen that had not been often in the wars, nor were used to see themselves hurt, and the which being in the prime of their youth and beauty, would be afraid of those hurts, as well for the fear of the present danger to be slain, as also for that their faces should not for ever be deformed. As indeed it came to pass, for they could never abide that they should come so near their <sup>30</sup> faces with the points of their darts, but hung down their heads for fear to be hit with them in their eyes, and turned their backs, covering their face, because they should not be hurt. Then, breaking of themselves, they began at length cowardly to fly, and were occasion also of the loss of all the rest of Pompey's army. For they that had broken them ran immediately to set upon the squadron of the footmen behind, and slew them. Then Pompey, seeing his horsemen from the other wing of his battle so scattered and dispersed, flying away, forgot that he was any more Pompey the Great <sup>40</sup> which he had been before, but rather was like a man whose

The battle  
in the  
fields of  
Pharsalia.

Caesar's  
stratagem.

Caesar  
over-  
cometh  
Pompey

wits the gods had taken from him, being afraid and amazed with the slaughter sent from above: and so retired into his tent speaking never a word, and sat there to see the end of this battle. Until at length, all his army being overthrown and put to flight, the enemies came, and got up upon the rampers and defence of his camp, and fought hand to hand with them that stood to defend the same. Then, as a man come to himself again, he spake but this only word: 'What, even into our camp?' So in haste, casting off his coat armour  
 10 and apparel of a general, he shifted him, and put on such as  
 became his miserable fortune, and so stole out of his camp. Furthermore, what he did after this overthrow, and how he had put himself into the hands of the Egyptians, by whom he was miserably slain, we have set it forth at large in his life. Then Caesar, entering into Pompey's camp, and seeing the bodies laid on the ground that were slain, and others also that were a-killing, said, fetching a great sigh: 'It was their own doing, and against my will.' For Caius Caesar, after he had won so many famous conquests, and over-  
 20 come so many great battles, had been utterly condemned notwithstanding, if he had departed from his army. Asinius Pollio writeth, that he spake these words then in Latin, which he afterwards wrote in Greek, and saith furthermore, that the most part of them which were put to the sword in the camp were slaves and bondsmen, and that there were not slain in all at this battle above six thousand soldiers. As for them that were taken prisoners, Caesar did put many of them amongst his legions, and did pardon also many men  
 30 slew Caesar himself: and it is reported, that Caesar was very sorry for him, when he could not immediately be found after the battle, and that he rejoiced again, when he knew he was alive, and that he came to yield himself unto him. Caesar had many signs and tokens of victory before this battle: but the notablest of all other that happened to him was in the city of Tralles. For in the temple of victory, within the same city, there was an image of Caesar, and the earth all about it very hard of itself, and was paved besides with hard stone: and yet some say that there sprang up  
 40 a palm hard by the base of the same image. In the city of Padua, Caius Cornelius, an excellent soothsayer, (a country-

Pompey's  
flight.

Brutus,  
that slew  
Caesar,  
taken  
prisoner  
at the  
battle of  
Pharsalia.

Signs and  
tokens of  
Caesar's  
victory.

A strange  
tale of  
Cornelius,

an excellent prognosticator.

man and friend of Titus Livius the historiographer) was by chance at that time set to behold the flying of birds. He (as Livy reporteth) knew the very time when the battle began, and told them that were present, 'Even now they give the onset on both sides, and both armies do meet at this instant.' Then, sitting down again to consider of the birds, after he had bethought him of the signs he suddenly rose up on his feet, and cried out as a man possessed with some spirit, 'Oh Caesar, the victory is thine.' Every man wondering to see him, he took the crown he had on his head, and made an oath that he would never put it on again, till the event of his prediction had proved his art true. Livy testifieth that it so came to pass. Caesar afterwards giving freedom unto the Thessalians, in respect of the victory which he won in their country, he followed after Pompey. When he came into Asia, he gave freedom also unto the Gnidians for Theopompus' sake, who had gathered the fables together. He did release Asia also the third part of the tribute which the inhabitants paid unto the Romans. Then he came into Alexandria, after Pompey was slain: and detested Theodotus that presented him Pompey's head, and turned his head at one side because he would not see it. Notwithstanding, he took his seal, and, beholding it, wept. Furthermore, he courteously used all Pompey's friends and familiars, who wandering up and down the country were taken of the king of Egypt, and won them all to be at his commandment. Continuing these courtesies, he wrote unto his friends at Rome, that the greatest pleasure he took of his victory was, that he daily saved the lives of some of his countrymen that bare arms against him. And, for the war he made in Alexandria, some say he needed not have done it, but that he willingly did it for the love of Cleopatra: wherein he won little honour, and besides did put his person in great danger. Others do lay the fault upon the king of Egypt's ministers, but specially on Pothinus the eunuch, who, bearing the greatest sway of all the king's servants, after he had caused Pompey to be slain, and driven Cleopatra from the court, secretly laid wait all the ways he could, how he might likewise kill Caesar. Wherefore Caesar, hearing an inkling of it, began thenceforth to spend all the night long in feasting and banqueting, that his person might be in the better safety.

Caesar's clemency in victory.

The cause of Caesar's war in Alexandria.

Pothinus the eunuch caused Pompey to be slain.

But, besides all this, Pothinus the eunuch spake many things openly not to be borne, only to shame Caesar, and to stir up the people to envy him. For he made his soldiers have the worst and oldest wheat that could be gotten: then, if they did complain of it, he told them they must be contented, seeing they ate at another man's cost. And he would serve them also at the table in treen and earthen dishes, saying that Caesar had away all their gold and silver, for a debt that the king's father (that then reigned) did owe unto him: 10 which was a thousand seven hundred and fifty myriads, whereof Caesar had before forgiven seven hundred and fifty thousand unto his children. Howbeit then he asked a million to pay his soldiers withal. Thereto Pothinus answered him, that at that time he should do better to follow his other causes of greater importance, and afterwards that he should at more leisure recover his debt, with the king's good-will and favour. Caesar replied unto him, and said, that he would not ask counsel of the Egyptians for his affairs, but would be paid: and thereupon secretly sent for Cleopatra 20 which was in the country to come unto him. She, only taking Apollodorus Sicilian of all her friends, took a little boat, and went away with him in it in the night, and came and landed hard by the foot of the castle. Then, having no other mean to come into the court without being known, she laid herself down upon a mattress or flock-bed, which Apollodorus her friend tied and bound up together like a bundle with a great leather thong, and so took her up on his back, and brought her thus hampered in this fardel unto Caesar, in at the castle gate. — This was the first occasion (as it is 30 reported) that made Caesar to love her: but afterwards, when he saw her sweet conversation and pleasant entertainment, he fell then in further liking with her, and did reconcile her again unto her brother the king, with condition that they two jointly should reign together. Upon this new reconciliation a great feast being prepared, a slave of Caesar's, that was his barber, the fearfullest wretch that lived, still busily prying and listening abroad in every corner, being mistrustful by nature, found that Pothinus and Achilles did lie in wait to kill his master Caesar. This being 40 proved unto Caesar, he did set such sure watch about the hall, where the feast was made, that, in fine, he slew the

Cleopatra  
came to  
Caesar.

Cleopatra  
trussed  
up in a  
mattress,  
and so  
brought to  
Caesar  
upon  
Apollo-  
dorus'  
back.



eunuch Pothinus himself. Achilles, on the other side, saved himself and fled unto the king's camp, where he raised a marvellous dangerous and difficult war for Caesar: because, he having then but a few men about him as he had, he was to fight against a great and strong city. The first danger he fell into was for the lack of water he had: for that his enemies had stopped the mouth of the pipes, the which conveyed the water unto the castle. The second danger he had was that, seeing his enemies came to take his ships from him, he was driven to repulse that danger with fire, the which burnt 10 the arsenal where the ships lay, and that notable library of Alexandria withal. The third danger was in the battle by sea, that was fought by the tower of Phar: where, meaning to help his men that fought by sea, he leapt from the pier into a boat. Then the Egyptians made towards him with their oars on every side: but he, leaping into the sea, with great hazard saved himself by swimming. It is said, that then holding divers books in his hands he did never let them go, but kept them always upon his head above water, and swam with the other hand, notwithstanding that they shot 20 marvellously at him, and was driven sometime to duck into the water: howbeit the boat was drowned presently. In fine, the king coming to his men that made war with Caesar, he went against him, and gave him battle, and won it with great slaughter, and effusion of blood. But, for the king, no man could ever tell what became of him after. Thereupon Caesar made Cleopatra his sister queen of Egypt, who, being great with child by him, was shortly brought to bed of a son, whom the Alexandrians named Caesarion. From thence he went into Syria, and so 30- ing into Asia, there it was told him that Domitius was overthrown in battle by Pharnaces the son of King Mithridates, and was fled out of the realm of Pont, with a few men with him: and that this King Pharnaces, greedily following his victory, was not contented with the winning of Bithynia, and Cappadocia, but further would needs attempt to win Armenia the less, procuring all those kings, princes, and governors of the provinces thereabouts to rebel against the Romans. Thereupon Caesar went thither straight with three legions, and fought 40 a great battle with King Pharnaces by the city of Zela,

The great library of Alexandria burnt.

Caesar's swimming with books in his hands.

Caesar made Cleopatra queen of Egypt. Caesar's son, begotten of Cleopatra.

Caesar's victory of King Pharnaces.



where he slew his army, and drove him out of all the realm of Pont. And, because he would advertise one of his friends of the suddenness of this victory, he only wrote three words unto Anicius at Rome: *Veni, Vidi, Vici*: to wit, I came, I saw, I overcame. These three words, ending all with like sound and letters in the Latin, have a certain short grace more pleasant to the ear, than can be well expressed in any other tongue. After this, he returned again into Italy, and came to Rome, ending his year for the which he was made

Caesar writeth three words to certify his victory.

10 Dictator the second time, which office before was never granted for one whole year, but unto him. Then he was chosen Consul for the year following. Afterwards he was very ill spoken of, for that his soldiers in a mutiny having slain two Praetors, Cosconius and Galba, he gave them no other punishment for it, but, instead of calling them soldiers, he named them citizens, and gave unto every one of them a thousand drachmas a man, and great possessions in Italy. He was much misliked also for the desperate parts and madness of Dolabella, for the covetousness of Anicius, for

20 Pompey's house be pulled down and builded up again, as a thing not big enough for him, wherewith the Romans were marvellously offended. Caesar knew all this well enough, and would have been contented to have redressed them: but, to bring his matters to pass, he pretended he was driven to serve his turn by such instruments. After the battle of Pharsalia, Cato and Scipio being fled into Africk, King Juba joined with them, and levied a great puissant army. Wherefore Caesar determined to make war with them, and in the

30 midst of winter he took his journey into Sicily. There, because he would take all hope from his captains and soldiers to make any long abode there, he went and lodged upon the very sands by the seaside, and with the next gale of wind that came he took the sea with three thousand footmen and a few horsemen. Then, having put them a-land, unwares to them he hoised sail again, to go fetch the rest of his army, being afraid lest they should meet with some danger in passing over, and meeting them midway he brought them all into his camp. Where, when it was told him that

40 his enemies trusted in an ancient oracle, which said, that it was predestined unto the family of the Scipios to be con-

Caesar's journey into Africk against Cato and Scipio.

Caesar's troubles in Africk. *Alga* and dog's-tooth given to the horse to eat.

Caesar's dangers in Africk.

querors in Africk : either of purpose to mock Scipio the general of his enemies, or otherwise in good earnest to take the benefit of this name (given by the oracle) unto himself, in all the skirmishes and battles fought he gave the charge of his army unto a man of mean quality and account, called Scipio Sallution, who came of the race of Scipio African, and made him always his general when he fought. For he was eftsoons compelled to weary and harry his enemies : for that neither his men in his camp had corn enough, nor his beasts forage, but his soldiers were driven to take seaweeds, called 10 *alga*, and (washing away the brackishness thereof with fresh water, putting to it a little herb called dog's-tooth) to cast it so to their horse to eat. For the Numidians (which are light horsemen, and very ready of service), being a great number together, would be on a sudden in every place, and spread all the fields over thereabout, so that no man durst peep out of the camp to go for forage. And one day as the men of arms were staying to behold an African doing notable things in dancing and playing with the flute : they being set down quietly to take their pleasure of the view thereof, hav- 20 ing in the meantime given their slaves their horses to hold, the enemies stealing suddenly upon them compassed them in round about, and slew a number of them in the field, and chasing the other also that fled followed them pell-mell into their camp. Furthermore, had not Caesar himself in person, and Asinius Pollio with him, gone out of the camp to the rescue, and stayed them that fled, the war that day had been ended. There was also another skirmish where his enemies had the upper hand, in the which it is reported that Caesar, taking the ensign-bearer by the collar that carried 30 the eagle in his hand, stayed him by force, and, turning his face, told him : 'See, there be thy enemies.' These advantages did lift up Scipio's heart aloft, and gave him courage to hazard battle : and, leaving Afranius on the one hand of him, and King Juba on the other hand, both their camps lying near to other, he did fortify himself by the city of Thapsacus, above the lake, to be a safe refuge for them all in this battle. But, whilst he was busy intrenching of himself, Caesar having marvellous speedily passed through a great country full of wood, by by-paths which men would never 40 have mistrusted, he stale upon some behind, and sudden

assailed the other before, so that he overthrew them all, and made them fly. Then, following this first good hap he had, he went forthwith to set upon the camp of Afranius, the which he took at the first onset, and the camp of the Numidians also, King Juba being fled. Thus, in a little piece of the day only, he took three camps, and slew fifty thousand of his enemies, and lost but fifty of his soldiers. In this sort is set down the effect of this battle by some writers. Yet others do write also, that Caesar self was not there in person at the execution of this battle. For, as he did set his men in battle ray, the falling sickness took him, whereunto he was given, and therefore, feeling it coming, before he was overcome withal, he was carried into a castle not far from thence where the battle was fought, and there took his rest till the extremity of his disease had left him. Now, for the Praetor and Consuls that scaped from this battle, many of them being taken prisoners did kill themselves, and others also Caesar did put to death : but, he being specially desirous of all men else to have Cato alive in his hands, he went with all possible speed unto the city of Utica, whereof Cato was governor, by means whereof he was not at the battle. Notwithstanding, being certified by the way that Cato had slain himself with his own hands, he then made open show that he was very sorry for it, but why or wherefore, no man could tell. But this is true, that Caesar said at that present time : ‘ O Cato, I envy thy death, because thou didst envy my glory to save thy life.’ This notwithstanding, the book that he wrote afterwards against Cato being dead did show no very great affection nor pitiful heart towards him. For how could he have pardoned him, if living he had had him in his hands, that being dead did speak so vehemently against him ? Notwithstanding, men suppose he would have pardoned him, if he had taken him alive, by the clemency he showed unto Cicero, Brutus, and divers others that had borne arms against him. Some report that he wrote that book, not so much for any private malice he had to his death, as for civil ambition, upon this occasion. Cicero had written a book in praise of Cato, which he entitled *Cato*. This book in likelihood was very well liked of, by reason of the eloquence of the orator that made it, and of the excellent subject thereof. Caesar therewith was marvellously offended,

Caesar's  
great  
victory  
and small  
loss.

Caesar  
troubled  
with the  
falling  
sickness.

Caesar was  
sorry for  
the death  
of Cato.  
Caesar  
wrote  
against  
Cato being  
dead.

Cicero  
wrote  
a book in  
praise of  
Cato being  
dead.

thinking that to praise him, of whose death he was author, was even as much as to accuse himself : and therefore he wrote a letter against him, and heaped up a number of accusations against Cato, and entitled the book *Anticato*. Both these books have favourers unto this day, some defending the one for the love they bare to Caesar, and others allowing the other for Cato's sake. Caesar, being now returned out of Africk, first of all made an oration to the people, wherein he greatly praised and commended this his last victory, declaring unto them, that he had conquered so many countries unto the empire of Rome, that he could furnish the commonwealth yearly with two hundred thousand bushels of wheat, and twenty hundred thousand pound weight of oil. Then he made three triumphs, the one for Egypt, the other for the kingdom of Pont, and the third for Africk : not because he had overcome Scipio there, but King Juba. Whose son being likewise called Juba, being then a young boy, was led captive in the show of this triumph. But this his imprisonment fell out happily for him : for, where he was but a barbarous Numidian, by the study he fell unto when he was prisoner he came afterwards to be reckoned one of the wisest historiographers of the Grecians. After these three triumphs ended, he very liberally rewarded his soldiers : and, to curry favour with the people, he made great feasts and common sports. For he feasted all the Romans at one time at two-and-twenty thousand tables, and gave them the pleasure to see divers sword-players to fight at the sharp, and battles also by sea, for the remembrance of his daughter Julia, which was dead long before. Then, after all these sports, he made the people (as the manner was) to be mustered : and, where there were at the last musters before three hundred and twenty thousand citizens, at this muster only there were but a hundred and fifty thousand. Such misery and destruction had this civil war brought unto the commonwealth of Rome, and had consumed such a number of Romans, not speaking at all of the mischiefs and calamities it had brought unto all the rest of Italy, and to the other provinces pertaining to Rome. After all these things were ended, he was chosen Consul the fourth time, and went into Spain to make war with the sons of Pompey : who were yet but very young, but had notwith-

Juba, the son of King Juba, a famous historiographer. Caesar's feasting of the Romans.

The muster taken of the Romans.

Caesar consul the fourth time.

standing raised a marvellous great army together, and showed to have had manhood and courage worthy to command such an army, insomuch as they put Caesar himself in great danger of his life. The greatest battle that was fought between them in all this war was by the city of Munda. For then Caesar seeing his men sorely distressed, and having their hands full of their enemies : he ran into the press among his men that fought, and cried out unto them : 'What, are ye not ashamed to be beaten and taken prisoners,

Battle fought betwixt Caesar and the young Pompeys, by the city of Munda.

10 yielding yourselves with your own hands to these young boys?' And so, with all the force he could make, having with much ado put his enemies to flight, he slew above thirty thousand of them in the field, and lost of his own men a thousand of the best he had. After this battle he went into his tent, and told his friends, that he had often before fought for victory, but this last time now, that he had fought for the safety of his own life. He won this battle on the very feast day of the Bacchanalians, in the which men say that Pompey the Great went out of Rome, about four years

Caesar's victory of the sons of Pompey.

20 before, to begin this civil war. For his sons, the younger scaped from the battle : but, within few days after, Didius brought the head of the elder. This was the last war that Caesar made. But the triumph he made into Rome for the same did as much offend the Romans, and more, than anything that ever he had done before : because he had not overcome captains that were strangers, nor barbarous kings, but had destroyed the sons of the noblest man in Rome, whom fortune had overthrown. And, because he had plucked up his race by the roots, men did not think it meet

Caesar's triumph of Pompey's sons.

30 for him to triumph so for the calamities of his country, rejoicing at a thing for the which he had but one excuse to allege in his defence unto the gods and men, that he was compelled to do that he did. And the rather they thought it not meet, because he had never before sent letters nor messengers unto the commonwealth at Rome, for any victory that he had ever won in all the civil wars : but did always for shame refuse the glory of it. This notwithstanding, the Romans inclining to Caesar's prosperity, and taking the bit in the mouth, supposing that, to be ruled by one man alone, it would be a good mean for them to take breath a little, after so many troubles and miseries as they had

Caesar  
dictator  
perpetual.

abidden in these civil wars : they chose him perpetual Dictator. This was a plain tyranny : for to this absolute power of Dictator they added this, never to be afraid to be deposed. Cicero propounded before the Senate, that they should give him such honours as were meet for a man : howbeit others afterwards added to honours beyond all reason. For, men striving who should most honour him, they made him hateful and troublesome to themselves that most favoured him, by reason of the unmeasurable greatness and honours which they gave him. Thereupon, it is reported that even they that most hated him were no less favourers and furtherers of his honours, than they that most flattered him : because they might have greater occasions to rise, and that it might appear they had just cause and colour to attempt that they did against him. And now for himself, after he had ended his civil wars, he did so honourably behave himself, that there was no fault to be found in him : and therefore methinks, amongst other honours they gave him, he rightly deserved this, that they should build him a temple of clemency, to thank him for his courtesy he had used unto them in his victory. For he pardoned many of them that had borne arms against him, and, furthermore, did prefer some of them to honour and office in the commonwealth : as, amongst others, Cassius and Brutus, both the which were made Praetors. And, where Pompey's images had been thrown down, he caused them to be set up again : whereupon Cicero said then, that Caesar setting up Pompey's images again he made his own to stand the surer. And when some of his friends did counsel him to have a guard for the safety of his person, and some also did offer themselves to serve him, he would never consent to it, but said, it was better to die once, than always to be afraid of death. But to win himself the love and good-will of the people, as the honourablest guard and best safety he could have, he made common feasts again, and general distributions of corn. Furthermore, to gratify the soldiers also, he replenished many cities again with inhabitants, which before had been destroyed, and placed them there that had no place to repair unto : of the which the noblest and chiefest cities were these two, Carthage and Corinth, and it chanced also that, like as aforetime they had been both taken and destroyed together,

The  
temple of  
clemency,  
dedicated  
unto  
Caesar  
for his  
courtesy.

Cassius  
and Brutus  
Praetors.

Caesar's  
saying of  
death.

Goodwill  
of subjects  
the best  
guard and  
safety for  
princes.



even so were they both set afoot again, and replenished with  
 people, at one self time. And, as for great personages, he  
 won them also, promising some of them to make them  
 Praetors and Consuls in time to come, and unto others  
 honours and preferments, but to all men generally good  
 hope, seeking all the ways he could to make every man con-  
 tented with his reign. Insomuch as, one of the Consuls called  
 Maximus chancing to die a day before his Consulship ended,  
 he declared Caninius Rebilus Consul only for the day that  
 10 remained. So, divers going to his house (as the manner was)  
 to salute him, and to congratulate with him of his calling and  
 preferment, being newly chosen officer, Cicero pleasantly  
 said, 'Come, let us make haste, and be gone thither before his  
 Consulship come out.' Furthermore, Caesar being born to  
 attempt all great enterprises, and having an ambitious desire  
 besides to covet great honours, the prosperous good success  
 he had of his former conquests bred no desire in him quietly  
 to enjoy the fruits of his labours, but rather gave him hope  
 of things to come, still kindling more and more in him  
 20 thoughts of greater enterprises, and desire of new glory, as  
 if that which he had present were stale and nothing worth.  
 This humour of his was no other but an emulation with  
 himself as with another man, and a certain contention to  
 overcome the things he prepared to attempt. For he was  
 determined, and made preparation also, to make war with  
 the Persians. Then, when he had overcome them, to pass  
 through Hyrcania (compassing in the sea Caspium and  
 Mount Caucasus) into the realm of Pontus, and so to invade  
 Scythia: and, over-running all the countries and people  
 adjoining unto high Germany, and Germany itself, at length  
 30 to return by Gaul into Italy, and so to enlarge the Roman  
 empire round, that it might be every way compassed in with  
 the great sea Oceanus. But whilst he was preparing for this  
 voyage he attempted to cut the bar of the strait of Pelopon-  
 nesus, in the place where the city of Corinth standeth. Then  
 he was minded to bring the rivers of Anien and Tiber  
 straight from Rome unto the city of Circeii with a deep  
 channel and high banks cast up on either side, and so to fall  
 into the sea at Terracina, for the better safety and commodity  
 40 of the merchants that came to Rome to traffic there. Fur-  
 thermore, he determined to drain and seaw all the water of

Caninius  
 Rebilus  
 consul for  
 one day.

Anien et  
 Tiber. ũ



Caesar reformed the inequality of the year.

the marishes betwixt the cities of Nomentum and Setium, to make it firm land, for the benefit of many thousands of people : and on the sea-coast next unto Rome to cast great high banks, and to cleanse all the haven about Ostia of rocks and stones hidden under the water, and to take away all other impediments that made the harbourough dangerous for ships, and to make new havens and arsenals meet to harbour such ships, as did continually traffic thither. All these things were purposed to be done, but took no effect. But the ordinance of the calendar, and reformation of the year, 10 to take away all confusion of time, being exactly calculated by the mathematicians, and brought to perfection, was a great commodity unto all men. For the Romans, using then the ancient computation of the year, had not only such uncertainty and alteration of the month and times, that the sacrifices and yearly feasts came by little and little to seasons contrary for the purpose they were ordained : but also in the revolution of the sun (which is called *Annus Solaris*) no other nation agreed with them in account : and, of the Romans themselves, only the priests understood it. And 20 therefore, when they listed, they suddenly (no man being able to control them) did thrust in a month above their ordinary number, which they called in old time <sup>1</sup>, *Mercedonius*. Some say that Numa Pompilius was the first that devised this way, to put a month between : but it was a weak remedy, and did little help the correction of the errors that were made in the account of the year, to frame them to perfection. But Caesar, committing this matter unto the philosophers and best expert mathematicians at that time, did set forth an excellent and perfect calendar, more exactly 30 calculated than any other that was before : the which the Romans do use until this present day, and do nothing err as others in the difference of time. But his enemies notwithstanding that envied his greatness did not stick to find fault withal. As Cicero the Orator, when one said, 'To-morrow the star Lyra will rise : ' 'Yea,' said he, 'at the commandment of Caesar,' as if men were compelled so to say and think, by Caesar's edict. But the chiefest cause that made him mortally hated was the covetous desire he had to be called king : which first gave the people just cause, and next his secret 40

Why Caesar was hated.

<sup>1</sup> *Mercedonius mensis intercalaris.*

enemies honest colour, to bear him ill-will. This notwithstanding, they that procured him this honour and dignity gave it out among the people, that it was written in the Sibylline prophecies, how the Romans might overcome the Parthians, if they made war with them and were led by a king, but otherwise that they were unconquerable. And furthermore they were so bold besides, that, Caesar returning to Rome from the city of Alba, when they came to salute him, they called him king. But the people being offended, 10 and Caesar also angry, he said he was not called king, but Caesar. Then, every man keeping silence, he went his way heavy and sorrowful. When they had decreed divers honours for him in the Senate, the Consuls and Praetors accompanied with the whole assembly of the Senate went unto him in the market-place, where he was set by the pulpit for orations, to tell him what honours they had decreed for him in his absence. But he, sitting still in his majesty, disdain- ing to rise up unto them when they came in, as if they had been private men, answered them: that his honours 20 had more need to be cut off than enlarged. This did not only offend the Senate, but the common people also, to see that he should so lightly esteem of the magistrates of the commonwealth: insomuch as every man that might lawfully go his way departed thence very sorrowfully. Thereupon also Caesar rising departed home to his house, and tearing open his doublet collar, making his neck bare, he cried out aloud to his friends, that his throat was ready to offer to any man that would come and cut it. Notwithstanding, it is reported that afterwards, to excuse this folly, 30 he imputed it to his disease, saying, that their wits are not perfect which have his disease of the falling evil, when standing on their feet they speak to the common people, but are soon troubled with a trembling of their body, and a sudden dimness and giddiness. But that was not true. For he would have risen up to the Senate, but Cornelius Balbus one of his friends (but rather a flatterer) would not let him, saying: 'What, do you not remember that you are Caesar, and will you not let them reverence you, and do their duties?' Besides these occasions and offences, there followed also his 40 shame and reproach, abusing the Tribunes of the people in this sort. At that time the feast Lupercalia was celebrated,

The feast  
Luper-  
calia

the which in old time men say was the feast of shepherds or herdmen, and is much like unto the feast of the Lycaeans in Arcadia. But, howsoever it is, that day there are divers noblemen's sons, young men, (and some of them magistrates themselves that govern then,) which run naked through the city, striking in sport them they meet in their way with leather thongs, hair and all on, to make them give place. And many noblewomen and gentlewomen also go of purpose to stand in their way, and do put forth their hands to be stricken, as scholars hold them out to their schoolmaster<sup>10</sup> to be stricken with the ferule; persuading themselves that, being with child, they shall have good delivery, and also, being barren, that it will make them to conceive with child. Caesar sat to behold that sport upon the pulpit for orations, in a chair of gold, apparelled in triumphing manner. Antonius, who was Consul at that time, was one of them that ran this holy course. So, when he came into the market-place, the people made a lane for him to run at liberty, and he came to Caesar, and presented him a diadem wreathed about with laurel. Whereupon there rose a certain cry of rejoicing, not<sup>20</sup> very great, done only by a few appointed for the purpose. But, when Caesar refused the diadem, then all the people together made an outcry of joy. Then, Antonius offering it him again, there was a second shout of joy, but yet of a few. But, when Caesar refused it again the second time, then all the whole people shouted. Caesar having made this proof found that the people did not like of it, and thereupon rose out of his chair, and commanded the crown to be carried unto Jupiter in the Capitol. After that, there were set up images of Caesar in the city with diadems upon their heads,<sup>30</sup> like kings. Those the two Tribunes, Flavius and Marullus, went and pulled down: and furthermore, meeting with them that first saluted Caesar as king, they committed them to prison. The people followed them rejoicing at it, and called them Brutes, because of Brutus, who had in old time driven the kings out of Rome, and that brought the kingdom of one person unto the government of the Senate and people. Caesar was so offended withal, that he deprived Marullus and Flavius of their Tribuneships, and, accusing them, he spake also against the people, and called them<sup>40</sup> *Bruti*, and *Cumani*, to wit, beasts, and fools. Hereupon the

Antonius, being consul, was one of the Lupercalians.

Antonius presented the diadem to Caesar.

people went straight unto Marcus Brutus, who from his father came of the first Brutus, and by his mother of the house of the Servilians, a noble house as any was in Rome, and was also nephew and son-in-law of Marcus Cato. Notwithstanding, the great honours and favour Caesar showed unto him kept him back, that of himself alone he did not conspire nor consent to depose him of his kingdom. For Caesar did not only save his life after the battle of Pharsalia when Pompey fled, and did at his request also save many  
 10 moe of his friends besides : (but, furthermore, he put a marvellous confidence in him.) For he had already preferred him to the Praetorship for that year, and furthermore was appointed to be Consul, the fourth year after that, having through Caesar's friendship obtained it before Cassius, who likewise made suit for the same : and Caesar also, as it is reported, said in this contention, ' Indeed Cassius hath alleged best reason, but yet shall he not be chosen before Brutus.' Some one day accusing Brutus while he practised this conspiracy, Caesar would not hear of it, but, clapping his hand  
 20 on his body, told them, ' Brutus will look for this skin : ' meaning thereby, that Brutus for his virtue deserved to rule after him, but yet that for ambition's sake, he would not show himself unthankful or dishonourable. ( Now they that desired change, and wished Brutus only their prince and governor above all other, they durst not come to him themselves to tell him what they would have him to do, but in the night did cast sundry papers into the Praetor's seat where he gave audience, and the most of them to this effect. ' Thou sleepest, Brutus, and art not Brutus indeed.'  
 30 Cassius, finding Brutus' ambition stirred up the more by these seditious bills, did prick him forward, and egg him on the more, for a private quarrel he had conceived against Caesar : the circumstance whereof we have set down more at large in Brutus' life. Caesar also had Cassius in great jealousy, and suspected him much : whereupon he said on a time to his friends, ' What will Cassius do, think ye ? I like not his pale looks.' Another time, when Caesar's friends complained unto him of Antonius and Dolabella, that they pretended some mischief towards him : he answered them  
 40 again, ' As for those fat men and smooth-combed heads,' quoth he, ' I never reckon of them : but these pale-visaged

Caesar saved Marcus Brutus' life after the battle of Pharsalia.

Brutus conspireth against Caesar.

Cassius stirreth up Brutus against Caesar.

Predictions and foreshows of Caesar's death.

Caesar's day of his death prognosticated by a soothsayer.

The dream of Calpurnia Caesar's wife.

and carrion lean people, I fear them most: meaning Brutus and Cassius. Certainly, destiny may easier be foreseen than avoided: considering the strange and wonderful signs that were said to be seen before Caesar's death. For, touching the fires in the element, and spirits running up and down in the night, and also the solitary birds to be seen at noon-days sitting in the great market-place: are not all these signs perhaps worth the noting, in such a wonderful chance as happened? But Strabo the Philosopher writeth, that divers men were seen going up and down in fire: and furthermore, that there was a slave of the soldiers, that did cast a marvellous burning flame out of his hand, insomuch as they that saw it thought he had been burnt, but, when the fire was out, it was found he had no hurt. Caesar self also, doing sacrifice unto the gods, found that one of the beasts which was sacrificed had no heart: and that was a strange thing in nature, how a beast could live without a heart. Furthermore, there was a certain soothsayer that had given Caesar warning long time afore, to take heed of the day of the Ides of March (which is the fifteenth of the month), for on that day he should be in great danger. That day being come, Caesar going unto the Senate-house, and speaking merrily unto the soothsayer, told him, 'The Ides of March be come: So be they,' softly answered the soothsayer, 'but yet are they not past.' And the very day before, Caesar, supping with Marcus Lepidus, sealed certain letters as he was wont to do at the board: so, talk falling out amongst them, reasoning what death was best, he preventing their opinions cried out aloud, 'Death unlooked for.' Then going to bed the same night as his manner was, and lying with his wife Calpurnia, all the windows and doors of his chamber flying open, the noise awoke him, and made him afraid when he saw such light: but more, when he heard his wife Calpurnia, being fast asleep, weep and sigh, and put forth many fumbling lamentable speeches. For she dreamed that Caesar was slain, and that she had him in her arms. Others also do deny that she had any such dream, as amongst other Titus Livius writeth, that it was in this sort. The Senate having set upon the top of Caesar's house, for an ornament and setting forth of the same, a certain 40 pinnacle, Calpurnia dreamed that she saw it broken down,

and that she thought she lamented and wept for it. Inso-  
 much that, Caesar rising in the morning, she prayed him if  
 it were possible not to go out of the doors that day, but to  
 adjourn the session of the Senate until another day. And  
 if that he made no reckoning of her dream, yet that he would  
 search further of the soothsayers by their sacrifices, to know  
 what should happen him that day. Thereby it seemed that  
 Caesar likewise did fear and suspect somewhat, because his  
 wife Calpurnia until that time was never given to any fear  
 10 or superstition: and then, for that he saw her so troubled  
 in mind with this dream she had. But much more after-  
 wards, when the soothsayers, having sacrificed many beasts  
 one after another, told him that none did like them: then  
 he determined to send Antonius to adjourn the session of the  
 Senate. (But in the meantime came Decius Brutus, sur-  
 named Albinus, in whom Caesar put such confidence, that  
 in his last will and testament he had appointed him to be his  
 next heir, and yet was of the conspiracy with Cassius and  
 Brutus: he, fearing that if Caesar did adjourn the session  
 20 that day the conspiracy would out, laughed the soothsayers  
 to scorn, and reproved Caesar, saying: that he gave the  
 Senate occasion to mislike with him, and that they might  
 think he mocked them, considering that by his command-  
 ment they were assembled, and that they were ready will-  
 ingly to grant him all things, and to proclaim him king of  
 all the provinces of the empire of Rome out of Italy, and that  
 he should wear his diadem in all other places both by sea and  
 land. And furthermore, that if any man should tell them  
 from him they should depart for that present time, and  
 30 return again when Calpurnia should have better dreams:  
 what would his enemies and ill-willers say, and how could  
 they like of his friends' words? And who could persuade  
 them otherwise, but that they would think his dominion  
 a slavery unto them, and tyrannical in himself? 'And yet,  
 if it be so,' said he, 'that you utterly mislike of this day, it  
 is better that you go yourself in person, and saluting the  
 Senate to dismiss them till another time.) Therewithal he  
 took Caesar by the hand, and brought him out of his house.  
 Caesar was not gone far from his house, but a bondman,  
 40 a stranger, did what he could to speak with him: and, when  
 he saw he was put back by the great press and multitude

Decius  
 Brutus  
 Albinus  
 persuasion  
 to Caesar.

Decius  
 Brutus  
 brought  
 Caesar  
 into the  
 senate-  
 house.



The tokens  
of the  
conspiracy  
against  
Caesar.

of people that followed him, he went straight into his house, and put himself into Calpurnia's hands to be kept till Caesar came back again, telling her that he had great matters to impart unto him. And one Artemidorus also, born in the Isle of Gnidos, a doctor of rhetoric in the Greek tongue, who by means of his profession was very familiar with certain of Brutus' confederates, and therefore knew the most part of all their practices against Caesar, came and brought him a little bill written with his own hand, of all that he meant to tell him. He, marking how Caesar received all the 10 supplications that were offered him, and that he gave them straight to his men that were about him, pressed nearer to him, and said: 'Caesar, read this memorial to yourself, and that quickly, for they be matters of great weight, and touch you nearly.' Caesar took it of him, but could never read it, though he many times attempted it, for the number of people that did salute him: but holding it still in his hand, keeping it to himself, went on withal into the Senate-house. Howbeit other are of opinion that it was some man else that gave him that memorial, and not Artemidorus, who did 20 what he could all the way as he went to give it Caesar, but he was always repulsed by the people. For these things, they may seem to come by chance: but the place where the murder was prepared, and where the Senate were assembled, and where also there stood up an image of Pompey dedicated by himself amongst other ornaments which he gave unto the theatre: all these were manifest proofs that it was the ordinance of some god, that made this treason to be executed specially in that very place. It is also reported, that Cassius (though otherwise he did favour the doctrine of 30 Epicurus) beholding the image of Pompey, before they entered into the action of their traitorous enterprise, he did softly call upon it to aid him. But the instant danger of the present time, taking away his former reason, did suddenly put him into a furious passion, and made him like a man half beside himself. (Now Antonius, that was a faithful friend to Caesar, and a valiant man besides of his hands, him Decius Brutus Albinus entertained out of the Senate-house, having begun a long tale of set purpose.) So, Caesar coming into the house, all the Senate stood up on their feet 40 to do him honour. (Then part of Brutus' company and

The place  
where  
Caesar was  
slain.

Antonius,  
Caesar's  
faithful  
friend.



confederates stood round about Caesar's chair, and part of them also came towards him, as though they made suit with Metellus Cimber, to call home his brother again from banishment: and thus, prosecuting still their suit, they followed Caesar, till he was set in his chair. Who denying their petitions, and being offended with them one after another, because the more they were denied, the more they pressed upon him, and were the earnestest with him: Metellus at length, taking his gown with both his hands, pulled it over his neck,

10 which was the sign given the confederates to set upon him. Then Casca behind him strake him in the neck with his sword: howbeit the wound was not great nor mortal, because, it seemed, the fear of such a devilish attempt did amaze him, and take his strength from him, that he killed him not at the first blow. But Caesar, turning straight unto him, caught hold of his sword, and held it hard: and they both cried out, Caesar in Latin: 'O vile traitor Casca, what doest thou?' And Casca in Greek to his brother, 'Brother, help me.' At the beginning of this stir, they that were present, not know-

20 ing of the conspiracy, were so amazed with the horrible sight they saw, they had no power to fly, neither to help him, not so much as once to make any outcry. They on the other side that had conspired his death compassed him in on every side with their swords drawn in their hands, that Caesar turned him nowhere but he was stricken at by some, and still had naked swords in his face, and was hacked and mangled among them, as a wild beast taken of hunters. For it was agreed among them that every man should give him a wound, because all their parts should be in this mur-

30 ther: and then Brutus himself gave him one wound about his privities. Men report also that Caesar did still defend himself against the rest, running every way with his body: but, when he saw Brutus with his sword drawn in his hand, then he pulled his gown over his head, and made no more resistance, and was driven either casually, or purposely by the counsel of the conspirators, against the base whereupon Pompey's image stood, which ran all of a gore-blood till he was slain. Thus it seemed that the image took just revenge of Pompey's enemy, being thrown down on the ground at his

40 feet, and yielding up his ghost there for the number of wounds he had upon him. For it is reported that he had

Casca the first that strake at Caesar.

Caesar slain, and had 23 wounds upon him.

The murderers of Caesar do go to the market-place.

Caesar's funerals.

three-and-twenty wounds upon his body : and divers of the conspirators did hurt themselves, striking one body with so many blows. When Caesar was slain, the Senate (though Brutus stood in the midst amongst them, as though he would have said somewhat touching this fact,) presently ran out of the house, and flying filled all the city with marvellous fear and tumult. Inso much as some did shut-to their doors, others forsook their shops and warehouses, and others ran to the place to see what the matter was : and others also that had seen it ran home to their houses again. But 10 Antonius and Lepidus, which were two of Caesar's chiefest friends, secretly conveying themselves away, fled into other men's houses, and forsook their own. Brutus and his confederates on the other side, being yet hot with this murder they had committed, having their swords drawn in their hands, came all in a troop together out of the Senate, and went into the market-place, not as men that made countenance to fly, but otherwise boldly holding up their heads like men of courage, and called to the people to defend their liberty, and stayed to speak with every great personage 20 whom they met in their way. Of them, some followed this troop, and went amongst them, as if they had been of the conspiracy, and falsely challenged part of the honour with them : amongst them was Caius Octavius, and Lentulus Spinther. But both of them were afterwards put to death, for their vain covetousness of honour, by Antonius and Octavius Caesar the younger : and yet had no part of that honour for the which they were put to death, neither did any man believe that they were any of the confederates, or of counsel with them. For they that did put them to death 30 took revenge rather of the will they had to offend, than of any fact they had committed. The next morning, Brutus and his confederates came into the market-place to speak unto the people, who gave them such audience, that it seemed they neither greatly reprov'd, nor allowed the fact : for by their great silence they showed that they were sorry for Caesar's death, and also that they did reverence Brutus. Now the Senate granted general pardon for all that was past, and, to pacify every man, ordained besides that Caesar's funerals should be honoured as a god, and established all 40 things that he had done : and gave certain provinces also

and convenient honours unto Brutus and his confederates, whereby every man thought all things were brought to good peace and quietness again.) But when they had opened Caesar's testament, and found a liberal legacy of money bequeathed unto every citizen of Rome, and that they saw his body (which was brought into the market-place) all bemangled with gashes of swords: then there was no order to keep the multitude and common people quiet, but they plucked up forms, tables, and stools, and laid them all about the body, and setting them afire burnt the corse. Then, when the fire was well kindled, they took the firebrands, and went unto their houses that had slain Caesar, to set them afire. Other also ran up and down the city to see if they could meet with any of them, to cut them in pieces: howbeit they could meet with never a man of them, because they had locked themselves up safely in their houses. There was one of Caesar's friends called Cinna, that had a marvellous strange and terrible dream the night before. He dreamed that Caesar bade him to supper, and that he refused, and would not go: then that Caesar took him by the hand, and led him against his will. Now Cinna hearing at that time that they burnt Caesar's body in the market-place, notwithstanding that he feared his dream, and had an ague on him besides: he went into the market-place to honour his funerals. When he came thither, one of the mean sort asked him what his name was? He was straight called by his name. The first man told it to another, and that other unto another, so that it ran straight through them all, that he was one of them that murdered Caesar (for indeed one of the traitors to Caesar was also called Cinna as himself): wherefore, taking him for Cinna the murderer, they fell upon him with such fury, that they presently dispatched him in the market-place. This stir and fury made Brutus and Cassius more afraid than of all that was past, and therefore, within few days after, they departed out of Rome: and touching their doings afterwards, and what calamity they suffered till their deaths, we have written it at large in the life of Brutus. Caesar died at six-and-fifty years of age: and Pompey also lived not passing four years more than he. So he reaped no other fruit of all his reign and dominion, which he had so vehemently desired all his life, and pursued

Cinna's  
dream of  
Caesar.

The  
murder of  
Cinna.

Caesar 56  
year old  
at his  
death.

with such extreme danger, but a vain name only, and a superficial glory, that procured him the envy and hatred of his country. But his great prosperity and good fortune, that favoured him all his lifetime, did continue afterwards in the revenge of his death, pursuing the murtherers both by sea and land, till they had not left a man more to be executed, of all them that were actors or counsellors in the conspiracy of his death. Furthermore, of all the chances that happen unto men upon the earth, that which came to Cassius above all other is most to be wondered at. For he, being <sup>11</sup> overcome in battle at the journey of Philippi, slew himself with the same sword, with the which he strake Caesar. Again, of signs in the element, the great comet, which seven nights together was seen very bright after Caesar's death, the eight night after was never seen more. Also the brightness of the sun was darkened, the which all that year through rose very pale, and shined not out, whereby it gave but small heat : therefore the air being very cloudy and dark, by the weakness of the heat that could not come forth, did cause the earth to bring forth but raw and unripe fruit, which <sup>20</sup> rotted before it could ripe. But, above all, the ghost that appeared unto Brutus showed plainly that the gods were offended with the murther of Caesar. The vision was thus. Brutus, being ready to pass over his army from the city of Abydos to the other coast lying directly against it, slept every night (as his manner was) in his tent, and being yet awake thinking of his affairs, (for by report he was as careful a captain, and lived with as little sleep, as ever man did,) he thought he heard a noise at his tent door, and, looking towards the light of the lamp that waxed very dim, he saw <sup>30</sup> a horrible vision of a man, of a wonderful greatness, and dreadful look, which at the first made him marvellously afraid. But, when he saw that it did him no hurt, but stood by his bedside and said nothing, at length he asked him what he was. The image answered him : ' I am thy ill angel, Brutus, and thou shalt see me by the city of Philippi.' Then Brutus replied again, and said : ' Well, I shall see thee then.' Therewithal the spirit presently vanished from him. After that time Brutus being in battle near unto the city of Philippi against Antonius and Octavius Caesar, at the first <sup>40</sup> battle he won the victory, and, overthrowing all them that

The  
revenge of  
Caesar's  
death.

Cassius  
being over-  
thrown at  
the battle  
of Philippi  
slew  
himself  
with the  
self-same  
sword  
wherewith  
he strake  
Caesar.

Wonders  
seen in the  
element  
after  
Caesar's  
death.  
A great  
comet.

Brutus'  
vision.

A spirit  
appeared  
unto  
Brutus.

withstood him, he drave them into young Caesar's camp, which he took. The second battle being at hand, this spirit appeared again unto him, but spake never a word. Thereupon Brutus, knowing he should die, did put himself to all hazard in battle, but yet fighting could not be slain. So seeing his men put to flight and overthrown, he ran unto a little rock not far off, and there setting his sword's point to his breast fell upon it, and slew himself, but yet, as it is reported, with the help of his friend that dispatched him.

## NOTES ON THE LIFE OF JULIUS CAESAR

P. 5 l. 11. Good cheap, i.e. at a good bargain. Cf. Fr. *bon marché*.

l. 15. The highway going unto Appius. The 1603 ed. rightly has 'the highway called Appius' way', following Amyot's 'du grand chemin, qui s'appelle la voye d'Appius'. It is hardly conceivable that North can have taken 'Appius' to be the name of a town, but it is difficult to explain the reading in the text on any other hypothesis.

ll. 30-1. In their greatest ruff, i.e. at their height. From the particular meaning of ruff, as an article of dress, came the meaning of 'an open display', something spread out. Cf. G. Harvey, *Four Letters*:—'It were not greatly amiss a little to consider that he, which in the ruff of his freshest jollity was fain to cry M. Churchyard a mercy in print, may be orderly driven to cry more *peccati's* than one.' See *Cent. Dict.* s.v.

P. 6 l. 14. Kinred. OE. *cynn-rāden*. The medial 'd' was inserted later for the sake of euphony.

l. 32. The suit being equal. Literally, the canvassing showing nearly equal results on either side, ἀγχαμάλον τῆς σπουδῆς φαινομένης.

P. 7 l. 5. Catulus and Piso. The correct rendering would be 'Catulus and Piso and their friends', corresponding to Plutarch's οἱ περὶ Πείσωνα καὶ Κάτλον, but Amyot and North always ignore this particular idiom.

ll. 16-37. Cf. Jonson, *Catiline*, v. 6 *passim*.

P. 8 l. 19. Five hundred and fifty. In Plutarch 'seven hundred and fifty'.

l. 20. Myriads, i.e. sums of 10,000 drachmae.

l. 36. The good goddess. *Bona Dea*, the goddess of chastity.

l. 40. A nymph of wood, i.e. a Dryad.

P. 9 l. 31. Abra. This is not a proper name at all, but merely a colloquial Greek word for a favourite slave. North followed Amyot.

P. 13 l. 2. Let. Cf. the Collect for the Fourth Sunday in Advent:—'We are sore let and hindered in running the race that is set before us.'

l. 16. Pompey's daughter. The 1579 and 1595 edd. have 'wife', an obvious error, which was corrected in the later edd.

P. 14 l. 5. That would be President of the Senate under him. North has here mistranslated Amyot, who has 'qui se voulussent trouver souz luy president au senat'.

l. 34. Though not an actual quotation, this is a reminiscence of the Homeric phrase ὑπουράνιον κλέος. See *Il.* x. 212 and *Od.* ix. 264.

P. 15 l. 27. Thirty. In Plutarch 'one hundred and thirty'.

l. 34. Marish. Either a dialectal variant of 'marsh' (OE.

merse), or from the occasional OF. *maresche*, an analogous form to *marais*. See *N. E. D.* s. v. 'Marish'.

P. 16 ll. 32-3. Cf. *Sh. J. C.* i. 2. 119-28. See note on P. 51 l. 11.

P. 17 l. 18. *Sperage*, i. e. asparagus. Cf. Fr. *asperge* and Ger. *Spargel*. The modern form shows a return to the Lat. *asparagus*, Gk. ἀσπάραγος.

ll. 22-3. He lacked good manner that found fault with his friend. Plutarch's neat phrase is worth quoting:—ὁ τὴν τοιαύτην ἀγροικίαν ἐξελέγχαν αὐτὸς ἔστιν ἄγροικος.

l. 32. *Easing*. Contracted form of 'eavesing' (OE. *efesung*), which does not differ in meaning from the cognate word 'eaves'. See *N. E. D.* s. vv.

P. 18 ll. 2-3. The river of Arar. The Saône.

P. 19 l. 17. *marg*. The wise women of Germany. Cf. Tacitus, *Germania*, c. 8 'Inesse (feminis) sanctum aliquid et providum putant, nec aut consilia earum aspernantur aut responsa neglegunt'.

l. 31. Three hundred furlong. In Plutarch 'four hundred'.

P. 20 l. 28. Six-score thousand. In Plutarch 'sixty thousand'.

P. 21 ll. 40-1. Favonius, that followed Cato's steps. This Favonius was commonly nicknamed *simius Catonis*, 'Cato's monkey.'

P. 22 l. 11. *Ipes*, and . . . *Tenterides*. Caesar, *B. G.* iv. 1, names these tribes *Usipetes* and *Tencheri*. The former tribe are called *Usipi* in Tacitus, *Ger.* 32. The *Ipes* of the text is due to an old misreading of Plutarch, viz. οὐσίπας instead of Οὐσίπας.

l. 24. *Canutius*. Should be 'Tanusius' as in Plutarch.

P. 23 l. 24. That so great and famous island. The patriotic North has 'gone one better' than Amyot, who has 'ceste isle si grande', where Plutarch wrote *νήσον* only.

P. 24 l. 2. Tickle, i. e. unstable. Cf. Chaucer, *Miller's Tale*, l. 242:—'This world is now ful tikel, sikerly.'

l. 33. *Rampers*. OF. *rampar*, *rempar*. The modern 'rampart' only came into use at the end of the sixteenth century. See *N. E. D.* s. v. 'Rampire.'

P. 25 l. 28. Towards the sea. The reading given in the footnote *πρὸς τὸν Ἄραριν* is undoubtedly correct.

P. 26 l. 4. *Currer*. OF. *coreor* (*coureur*), late Lat. *curritorem*, is distinct in origin from *courier* (med. Lat. *currerius*), which means a professional runner or messenger. But in English the two words coalesced in the form 'currer' (sixteenth century) and subsequently 'courier'. See *N. E. D.* s. v. 'Courier'.

l. 33. *Alexia*. Now Alise, in the Cote d'Or.

P. 27 ll. 1-2. Three-score and ten thousand. In Plutarch 170,000.

ll. 39-40. Who only did see, that one of them two must needs fall. North has missed the point here, being misled by Amyot's 'qui seul pouvoit espier, que l'un d'eulx deux donnast en terre', which is at best a clumsy paraphrase of Plutarch's ὅς ἦν ἐφεδρος ἀμφοῖν, 'who was on the watch for them both,' i. e. waiting to step in when one of



the combatants was defeated. Crassus' position may best be compared to that of one who has 'drawn a bye' in the semi-final round of a boxing competition.

P. 29 l. 21. *Novum Comum*. Como, called *Novum Comum* after its restoration by Caesar. The younger Pliny was born there.

l. 34. Paul's Basilick. This is the famous Basilica Aemilia on the north side of the Forum, the excavation of which was begun in 1900, and is still being carried on. It was founded in 179 B. C. by M. Aemilius Lepidus and M. Fulvius Nobilior, and was rebuilt by Paullus at the expense of Julius Caesar, c. 45 B. C. It was subsequently destroyed by fire, and rebuilt by Augustus in 14 B. C. Further restorations are ascribed to the sixth and seventh centuries. It is now seen to have consisted of a long *porticus*, a great hall with a marble pavement, and a row of small chambers used as shops and private dwelling-houses. See Mr. E. Burton Brown's *Recent Excavations in the Roman Forum, 1898-1905*, pp. 143-50.

P. 30 ll. 5-6. For the malice and secret spite which the governors there did bear him. North's phrase ignores the emphatic *ὑπούλου* of the original, which is a metaphor of a wound only skinned over and festering under the scab. Amyot's 'mauvaises humeurs cachées' comes nearer to the original.

P. 31 l. 11. Marcellus. A slip on the part of Amyot. Plutarch wrote 'Lentulus'.

l. 39. Three thousand. In Plutarch 'three hundred.'

P. 32 ll. 10-12. Ariminum, (a great city of Gaul, being the first city men come to, when they come out of Gaul). This rather paradoxical note was inserted by Amyot, who apparently did not know that ancient Gaul extended as far south as Ariminum (Rimini).

P. 33 l. 6. 'A desperate man feareth no danger, come on!' North's rendering of Amyot's proverb, 'A tout perdre n'y a qu'un coup perilleux, poulsons.' Both translators relegate the Greek proverb ('*Ἀνερρίφθω κύβος*) to the margin.

P. 34 l. 16. Garboil. OF. *garbouil*, hubbub, tumult. Cf. Stanyhurst's rendering of 'Arma virumque cano', *Aeneid* i. 5 (1582):—

Now manhood and garboyles I chaunt and martial horreur.

See N. E. D. s.v.

P. 36 ll. 5-6. Thou shalt speak in the pulpit. Rather, 'Thou shalt play the demagogue,' *δημαγωγήσεις* (Plut.).

P. 37 l. 7. Posideon. Strictly speaking, the latter half of December and first half of January.

ll. 17-18. It is not our armour, but our bodies that bear the blows away. So Amyot, 'Il n'est pas le fer de nos armes qui ne soit usé à force de coups,' which is the exact opposite of Plutarch's *καὶ σίδηρος ἐξέκαμε πηλαγῆς*, 'our very armour is worn out with blows.'

P. 38 l. 6. Anius. So Amyot for Plutarch's 'Aous'.

P. 39 ll. 29-30. One of Caesar's pages. Amyot renders Plutarch's *ὑπασπιστῆς* by 'escuyer'.

P. 40 l. 8. Straighted, i. e. straitened. In ME. 'strait' (OF. *estreit*, Lat. *strictum*) and 'straight' or 'streijt' (OE. *streht* from *streccan*) were

often confused, in spite of their different origins. But both words must be traced to a common Ind.-Ger. root.

1. 30. That pains. In this sense 'pains' is frequently construed as a singular. See *N. E. D.* s. v. 'Pains,' 6 b., and cf. the modern phrase 'he took every pains to'.

P. 41 l. 5. King of kings. The common Homeric epithet of Agamemnon is *ἀναξ ἀνδρῶν*. Plutarch, however, wrote in this passage the prose equivalent *βασιλέα βασιλέων*.

1. 13. Tusculum. Near the modern Frascati.

P. 42 l. 22. Fetch, i. e. stratagem. See *N. E. D.* s. v.

1. 32. Dost thou think. Both Plutarch and Amyot have the imperative here.

P. 43 ll. 37-8. As a box on the ear that sets men a-fire. North was misled by Amyot's 'soufflet' (bellows), which has the secondary meaning of 'a box on the ear'.

P. 46 ll. 19-23. There is a fine passage in Beaumont and Fletcher's *The False One*, ii. 1, where Caesar laments the death of Pompey:—

O thou conqueror,

Thou glory of the world once, now the pity,

Thou awe of nations, wherefore didst thou fall thus! &c.

1. 22. At one side. The 1579 and 1595 texts have 'at toe side'. The 1603 text alters to 'aside'. The phrase 'at one side' is so common in North as to justify the emendation in the text.

P. 47 l. 7. Treen. A survival of the OE. adj. *trēowen*, wooden.

ll. 10-12. North's figures are confused here. In reality the sum owed by Ptolemy was 17,500,000 drachmae, of which Caesar had remitted the odd 7,500,000. In Amyot the figures are proportionately correct, but he uses 'escus' as equivalent to ten drachmae.

ll. 23-9. Cf. *Sh. Ant. and Cleo.* ii. 6. 68-70, and Beaumont and Fletcher, *The False One*, ii. 3, and iii. 1.

1. 28. Fardel, a bundle. The OF. *fardel* is probably derived from the Arabic *fardah*. See *N. E. D.* s. v.

ll. 29-32. Cf. *Sh. Ant. and Cleo.* i. 5 *ad fin.*

P. 48 ll. 17-22. Cf. Beaumont and Fletcher, *The False One*, v. 4:—

But, got near the sea,

On which his navy anchor'd, in one hand  
Holding a scroll he had above the waves,  
And in the other grasping fast his sword,  
As it had been a trident forged by Vulcan  
To calm the raging ocean, he made a way,  
As if he had been Neptune.

ll. 28-30. Cf. *Sh. Ant. and Cleo.* iii. 6. 6:—

Caesarion, whom they call my father's son.

P. 49 l. 4. Veni. Vidi, Vici. Inserted by Amyot. Plutarch does not quote the Latin.

P. 50 l. 24. Pell-mell. OF. *pes'e-mesle*, *pelle-melle*. This appears to be about the first recorded instance of this word in English writers. See *N. E. D.* s. v.

P. 51 l. 11. The falling sickness, i. e. epilepsy. Cf. Lat. *morbus caducus*, and Ger. *fallende Sucht*. See note on P. 16 ll. 32-3.

P. 52 l. 13. Twenty hundred thousand. In Plutarch 3,000,000.

l. 24. To curry favour. This phrase grew out of the ME. 'to curry favel', i. e. to use insincere flattery for one's own benefit. The metaphor is that of 'stroking down' a person, as if with a currycomb. See *N. E. D.* s. v.

P. 53 ll. 23-8. Cf. Sh. *J. C.* i. 1. 35-55. These lines might be read as referring to a triumph over Pompey himself but for the parallel passage in North, which explains the otherwise misleading phrase 'Pompey's blood' in l. 55.

l. 40. It would be a good mean. 'It' refers to the phrase 'to be ruled by one man alone', and is really pleonastic. North's meaning is, that under a monarchy the people would have the opportunity to recover from their misfortunes.

P. 54 ll. 31-2. Cf. Sh. *J. C.* ii. 2. 32-7:—

Cowards die many times before their deaths;  
The valiant never taste of death but once.  
O! all the wonders that I yet have heard,  
It seems to me most strange that men should fear;  
Seeing that death, a necessary end,  
Will come when it will come.

P. 55 l. 26. The Persians. A slip for 'Parthians', as in Amyot and Plutarch.

l. 41. Seaw, i. e. drain. Cf. 'sewer'. 'Seaw' or 'sew' is an abbreviated form of the OF. *essuyer*, Lat. *exsucare*. See Prof. Skeat's *Etym. Dict.* s. v. 'Sew'.

P. 56 l. 6. Harbouroough. ME. *hereberje*, corresponding to an unrecorded OE. *herebeorg*. Cf. ON. *herbergi*. This form of the modern 'harbour' survives in the place-name 'Market Harborough'. See *N. E. D.* s. v.

l. 7. Arsenal. Arabic in origin, properly meaning 'workshop', 'factory'. The word is common in various forms to Fr., Ital., Span., Portug. The original meaning is retained in the Span. *arsenal*, but in the other languages it has been narrowed down to 'dock' and 'armoury'. The meaning 'dock', as here, is now obsolete. Coryat (*Crudities*, 216) invents an ingenious derivation:—'I was at the Arsenal which is so called *quasi ars navalis*, because there is exercised the Art of making tackling and all other necessary things for shipping.' See *N. E. D.* s. v.

P. 57 ll. 26-8. Cf. Sh. *J. C.* i. 2. 269-70.

ll. 30-4. Cf. Sh. *J. C.* i. 2. 249-59.

l. 41. The feast Lupercalia. Cf. Sh. *J. C.* i. 1. 71.

P. 58 ll. 3-13. Cf. Sh. *J. C.* i. 2. 3-9.

ll. 15-27. Cf. Sh. *J. C.* i. 219-49.

ll. 29-32. Cf. Sh. *J. C.* i. 1. 68-73.

ll. 35-8. Cf. Sh. *J. C.* i. 2. 157-60.

ll. 38-9. Cf. Sh. *J. C.* i. 2. 289-91.

P. 59 ll. 23-8. Cf. Sh. *J. C.* i. 3. 140-4.

*Cin.* O Cassius! if you could

But win the noble Brutus to our party—

*Caes.* Be you content. Good Cinna, take this paper,  
And look you lay it in the praetor's chair,  
Where Brutus may but find it.

1. 29. Cf. *Sh. J. C.* ii. 1. 46:—

Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake and see thyself.

1. 34—P. 60 l. 2. Cf. *Sh. J. C.* i. 2. 191-200:—

*Caes.* Let me have men about me that are fat;  
Sleek-headed men and such as sleep o' nights.  
Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look;  
He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.

*Ant.* Fear him not, Caesar, he's not dangerous;  
He is a noble Roman, and well given.

*Caes.* Would he were fatter! but I fear him not:  
Yet if my name were liable to fear,  
I do not know the man I should avoid  
So soon as that spare Cassius.

P. 60 ll. 2-9. Cf. *Sh. J. C.* i. 3. 10: 'A tempest dropping fire,' and  
26-32:—

And yesterday the bird of night did sit,  
Even at noon-day upon the market-place,  
Hooting and shrieking. When these prodigies  
Do so conjointly meet, let not men say,  
'These are their reasons, they are natural;'  
For, I believe, they are portentous things  
Unto the climate that they point upon.

Also ii. 2. 24-7:—

*Cal.* . . . ghosts did shriek and squeal about the streets.  
O Caesar! these things are beyond all use,  
And I do fear them.

*Caes.* What can be avoided  
Whose end is purposed by the mighty gods?

Cf. again, *Hamlet* i. 1. 113-20:—

In the most high and palmy state of Rome,  
A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,  
The graves stood tenantless and the sheeted dead  
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets;  
As stars with trains of fire and dews of blood,  
Disasters in the sun; and the moist star  
Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands  
Was sick almost to doomsday with eclipse.

1. 10. Cf. *Sh. J. C.* i. 3. 24-5:—

(Women) who swore they saw  
Men all in fire walk up and down the streets.

And again, ii. 2. 19-23.

ll. 11-14. Cf. *Sh. J. C.* i. 3. 15-18:—

A common slave—you know him well by sight—  
Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn  
Like twenty torches join'd; and yet his hand,  
Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.

ll. 14-16. Cf. *Sh. J. C.* ii. 2. 39-40.

ll. 18-21. Cf. *Sh. J. C.* i. 2. 12-24.

ll. 21-5. Cf. Sh. *J. C.* iii. 1. 1-2.

*Caes.* The ides of March are come.

*Sooth.* Ay, Caesar; but not gone.

ll. 29-35. Cf. Sh. *J. C.* ii. 2. 1-3.

l. 39—P. 61 l. 4. Shakespeare has substituted Caesar's statue for the 'pinnacle' of North. Cf. *J. C.* ii. 2. 75-82.

P. 61 ll. 5-7. Cf. Sh. *J. C.* ii. 2. 5-6.

ll. 11-15. Cf. Sh. *J. C.* ii. 2. 38-56.

ll. 21-32. Cf. Sh. *J. C.* ii. 2. 93-9:—

The senate have concluded

To give this day a crown to mighty Caesar.

If you shall send them word you will not come,

Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock

Apt to be render'd, for some one to say

'Break up the senate till another time,

When Caesar's wife shall meet with better dreams.'

P. 62 ll. 4-18. Cf. Sh. *J. C.* ii. 3, and iii. 1. 3 and 6-8:—

*Art.* O Caesar! read mine first; for mine's a suit

That touches Caesar nearer. Read it, great Caesar.

*Caes.* What touches us ourself shall be last serv'd.

The characteristic departure from the original in the last line quoted is in keeping with Shakespeare's whole delineation of Caesar's character, which is, if anything, more sympathetic than that of North.

ll. 30-1. Cf. Sh. *J. C.* v. 1. 77-8, and *Life of Brutus*, p. 145, l. 29.

ll. 36-9. In the *Life of Brutus* this part is played by Trebonius. Cf. Sh. *J. C.* iii. 1. 25-6.

P. 63 ll. 1-8. Cf. Sh. *J. C.* iii. 1. 27-75, and contrast the *Life of Brutus*, where Metellus Cimber is called Tullius Cimber. But the Metellus of the text is due to Amyot: Plutarch wrote Τίλλιος.

l. 27. As a wild beast taken of hunters. Cf. Sh. *J. C.* iii. 1. 204-10:—

Here wast thou bay'd, brave hart;

Here didst thou fall; and here thy hunters stand,

Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy leth.

O world! thou wast the forest to this hart;

And this, indeed, O world! the heart of thee.

How like a deer, stricken by many princes,

Dost thou here lie!

Contrast the passage in Brutus's speech to the conspirators, ii. 1. 171-4:—

And, gentle friends,

Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;

Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,

Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds.

ll. 33-5. Cf. Sh. *J. C.* iii. 1. 77, and iii. 2. 181-91.

ll. 36-8. Cf. Sh. *J. C.* iii. 1. 115:—

That now on Pompey's basis lies along.

And iii. 2. 193-4:—

Even at the base of Pompey's statua,

Which all the while ran blood, great Caesar fell.

l. 37. Gore-blood. Cf. Lyly, *Sapho*, iv. 3. 28: 'I was all in a

gore blood.' The compound is now obsolete except in dialectal usage.  
See *N. E. D.* s. v.

P. 64 l. 1. Three-and-twenty. In Shakespeare 'Three-and-thirty'.  
Cf. *J. C.* v. 1. 53.

ll. 3-7. Cf. *Sh. J. C.* iii. 1. 82-3.

ll. 11-13. Contrast *Sh. J. C.* iii. 1. 96.

P. 65 ll. 3-13. Cf. *Sh. J. C.* iii. 2. 228-64.

ll. 16-33. Cf. *Sh. J. C.* iii. 3.

ll. 33-5. Cf. *Sh. J. C.* iii. 2. 273-4.

l. 39. Pompey also lived not passing four years more than he.  
A mistranslation. Amyot has '(Caesar) ne survescut Pompeius gueres plus de quatre ans', which is a correct rendering of the original. The age of Pompey at his death is not in question at all. For the phrase 'not passing' see *N. E. D.* s. v. 'Passing'.

P. 66 ll. 10-12. Cf. *Sh. J. C.* v. 3. 41-6.

ll. 29-37. Cf. *Sh. J. C.* iv. 3. 274-84:—

*Bru.* How ill this taper burns! Ha! who comes here?  
I think it is the weakness of mine eyes  
That shapes this monstrous apparition.  
It comes upon me. Art thou any thing?  
Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,  
That mak'st my blood cold and my hair to stare?  
Speak to me what thou art.

*Ghost.* Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

*Bru.* Why com'st thou?

*Ghost.* To tell thee thou shalt see me at Philippi.

*Bru.* Well; then I shall see thee again?

*Ghost.* Ay, at Philippi.

*Bru.* Why, I will see thee at Philippi then.

P. 67 ll. 2-3. Cf. *Sh. J. C.* v. 5. 19-20.

ll. 6-9. Cf. *Sh. J. C.* v. 5.

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[The references are to the *Oxford Shakespeare*, ed. W. J. Craig. The passages marked with an asterisk are quoted in full.]

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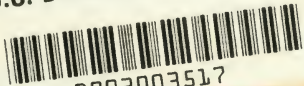
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